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By Ernest F. Henderson

Symbol and Satire in the French Revolution

Blücher, and the Uprising of Prussia against Napoleon

Symbol and Satire in the French Revolution

By

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ERNEST F. HENDERSON

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To

MY MILTON FRIENDS

IN MEMORY OF THEIR KINDNESS AND APPRECIATION

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

PREFACE

HAS sufficient attention been paid to the fact that, apart from all its horrors and injustice, the French Revolution was a beautiful dream? Imagination ran riot as never before. People seemed utterly unable to speak or to think in plain language. In what period of the world's history do we meet with so many fables and personifications, symbols, satires, and emblems? The dawn of French liberty is like the dawn of the world's religion; there is the same conflict between great shapeless monsters that forms the legendary basis of every modern creed. The war of liberty against slavery is one of Titans against gods; the favourite symbol for despotism is the many-headed hydra. The number of these hydras that were slain, of the chains that were broken, of the yokes that were cast off, is simply appalling. The cap of Liberty, the carpenter's level to denote Equality, the scales of Justice, the eye of Vigilance, the bundle of fagots to denote Unity and Indivisibility: all these and many more recur literally thousands of times. Thrones totter, tyrants bite the dust, Liberty accomplishes wonderful feats of prowess and agility, while even the mountain,

symbol of one of the great political parties, shakes or quakes, jumps or falls, belches forth destructive lava or in some other way makes life unpleasant for its opponents.

More interesting in their wealth of symbols than even the speeches and writings of the time are the pictorial satires and allegories, great numbers of which have been preserved. They are documents of real historical importance and have hitherto been much neglected. They reveal the spirit of the time as no mere printed words could ever do. They are products of this special revolution, for nothing like them had ever been known before. They filled a real need, for they appealed even to the illiterate; and three fourths of the population of France at that time could neither read nor write. They show us the Revolution as it was shown to the common man of the period.

But more than this. We find that some, if not all, of these productions were issued as a means of political propaganda, with the direct and avowed intention of influencing public opinion. Cartoons were a strong weapon in the hands of those who held the public funds, and there is reason to believe that millions were spent in producing them. Take, for instance, this extract from a speech of Lequinio's at the Jacobin Club in November, 1791: "You know all the evils that fanaticism caused by spreading pictures throughout the country. I propose that the Society undertake to engage all artists to labour in opposition to this by making pictures that have to do with the Revolution."

In October, 1792, we find an artist accorded honourable mention in the National Convention because of a cartoon representing the soldiers of despotism quitting their standards to enrol under those of Liberty and Equality. The *procès verbal* or Journal of the Convention records the statement that such productions are "one of the most efficacious means of instructing the hamlets and speaking to the eyes of the ignorant and unfortunate inhabitants." The accounts of the Committee of Public Safety later contain an item of three thousand francs paid to an artist for two caricatures, one of which represents a turkey pulling King George of England by the nose. Later still we find the same Committee decreeing that a picture glorifying the patriotic act of a boy, Barra, who died rather than cry "God save the King!" shall be distributed among the pupils of all the schools in France. The patriotic almanac was another means of propaganda employed by the Jacobins.

My cartoons were photographed direct from the originals—almost all of which are anonymous loose sheets. They are to be found for the most part in the Collection Hennin of the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris. Others came from the Musée Carnavalet and a few I was able to purchase from antiquaries. But the demand for such material is very keen, and the productions bring prices beyond the reach of ordinary individuals.

A word about the narrative that accompanies the cartoons. I have taken great pains to avoid what is old and hackneyed, and have consulted

original authorities for every phase of the subject. I have not endeavoured to prove new points or indeed to indulge in controversy of any sort. My single aim has been to illumine. With this end in view I have consulted a number of manuscripts which have proved very inspiring. The National Archives are rich in Revolutionary material, and it is interesting to note how many documents they contain that were written at critical moments: The defiance left behind by Louis XVI on the day that he fled to Varennes; the letter written by Charlotte Corday after the murder of Marat; Marie Antoinette's letter written four hours before her execution; the note pinned by Roland to his coat just before he committed suicide; Robespierre's appeal to Couthon to come to the Hotel de Ville on the 9th of Thermidor, and a host of others. When we come to think of it, it is just such documents that were most likely to be preserved, because they were at once seized by the police and placed on file. There are autographs, of course, of all sorts of interesting personages—of Dr. Guillotin, of Danton, of Marat, of Madame Roland. There is the protest of the seventy-five at the expulsion of the Girondists; Pétion's account of his return from Varennes in the royal coach; Fouquier-Tinville's complaint that the Dantonists on trial for their life are so insolent as to demand that witnesses be heard in their defence; the order of the Committee of Public Safety to separate Marie Antoinette from her son; an indignant protest on Executioner Samson's part that he has not

been selling Louis XVI's hair; the decree in the minutes of the Convention abolishing the Christian Era—in short, there is no end to the treasures of this kind, and the actual handling of them gives one a vivid sense of the reality of the happenings.

I have tried to do justice to the modern authorities; but the literature is very vast and even important works may have escaped me. Aulard, his journal as well as his monographs; Brette, Flammermont, Sorel, Jaurès, Wallon, Mortimer-Terneux, Hamel—all have been of great assistance. I regret that a general account of the Revolution by Madelin has not reached me in time to be of service. I could not begin to mention here the works from which I have extracted some one or more facts; I have given some references in the footnotes. I have chosen the form of a chronological narrative because only thus did it seem possible to show the juncture at which the cartoons were issued and the part that they played as the Revolution progressed.

E. F. H.

Boston, May 25, 1912.

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Symbol and Satire in the French Revolution

Symbol and Satire in the French Revolution

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

IN dealing with the causes of the French Revolution, too little stress has been laid by historians on the peculiar characteristics of the people—characteristics that have since, let us hope, been modified by education, by contact with other nations, and by the general progress of the race. Looking back on the course of events, one can hardly avoid subscribing to the criticism of Senac de Meilhan,[1] a Frenchman himself, who wrote frankly, in 1795, that the frivolity and hot-headedness of the French character bore in it "all the germs of a revolution that one would vainly seek in the multitude of abuses." Marat himself once wrote of France as "unfortunately the most frivolous of all the nations of the world"[2]; while

[1] *Du gouvernement . . . en France avant la Révolution*, Hamburg, 1795, p. 134.

[2] *Journal de la République Française*, No. 15.

Dumouriez, too, the famous general, speaks of "the impetuous character of this volcanic nation."[1] Certainly there seems to have been a great lack of ability to form calm judgments or to appreciate the logic of facts.

This was undoubtedly due in part to misgovernment under the old régime. It is incredible how little had been done for the education of the people. There were parts of the kingdom in which educational establishments were altogether lacking; there were others where the public-school teachers were so scantily paid that they had to beg from door to door; the universities turned out graduates not fitted to teach even the most elementary branches. In a list of complaints handed in to the States-General by the Paris clergy, there is a request that the university henceforth give degrees to no one "who has not done a piece of work and acquired some knowledge," while the clergy of Mantes petition that the children of their district at least be taught to read, "so that when they grow up they will be less likely to be surprised."[2]

Doubtless the example of Louis XV, too, had done much to encourage immorality. "Morals?" writes a journalist,[3] "alas! we no longer have any; no nation is more immoral." In the National Assembly itself, there are allusions to the dangers the country members run in coming to wicked Paris. A formal report fixes the number of gambling hells in the capital at no less than three thou-

[1] *Mémoires*, ii., 24. [2] Champion, *Les Cahiers de 1789*, 199–209.
[3] Prudhomme.

sand. The clergy ascribe the evils to the increasing disregard for religion, to the frightful progress of incredulity, to the "unbridled license with which in our day men hurl themselves on so venerable a cult." They speak of the "impious and audacious sect that desecrates its false wisdom with the name of philosophy and labours to overthrow the altars." As the prelude to a music-drama contains strains that are to recur later, so these complaints sent in to the States-General sound the first notes of much that was to be distinctive of the Revolution.

The more one studies the period the more one finds what an immense influence was exercised by the teachings of Jean Jacques Rousseau. Doubtless it is his followers who are referred to as an "impious and audacious sect." Already in 1791, Mercier, better known for his *Tableau de Paris*, published a work entitled *Jean Jacques Rousseau Considered as One of the Prime Authors of the Revolution* in which he declares that Rousseau's maxims had been incorporated in the majority of the existing French laws and that the *Contrat Social* was the lever by which the enormous Colossus of despotism had been overthrown. Terms invented by the philosophers had become the coin of common parlance.

Rousseau, doubtless, is even responsible for the symbolism—as we know he is for the sentimentalism—of the period. The vignette of the original edition of the *Contrat Social* displays Justice with the scales in one hand and the spear and cap of

Liberty in the other. The worship of reason and of the Supreme Being are outgrowths of his teachings; it is he who inspired Robespierre with the idea of reducing God to a tutelary deity of France. Rousseau insists on this adoration of one's country, declaring that to die for it is martyrdom, to violate its laws impiety—yes, he urges the putting to death of any one who is false to a patriotic profession of faith once made:—such a one "has committed the gravest of crimes, he has lied before the law."

Rousseau gave precepts, but another great influence, too, was at work: that of example—the example of the young republic that had been founded across the seas and the Constitution of which had been adopted in the year in which the French disturbances began.

Already in 1778, Turgot, who had been dismissed from his position as Minister of Finance under Louis XVI, writes that America is the hope of the human race and may become its model; that the world will now learn to exist without the chains imposed by tyrants and charlatans in every dress; that the earth may seek consolation in the thought of the asylum now open to the down-trodden of all nations. What a commentary on the state of things in his own country when he asks his correspondent not to answer these reflections because the letter would surely be opened in the post and he, Turgot, would be looked upon as too great a friend of liberty![1]

[1] Turgot's letter, to Dr. Price, is published as an appendix to Mirabeau's *Considérations sur l'ordre de Cincinnatus*, London, 1785.

In 1781, Abbé Raynal writes of the American Revolution: "At the sound of the snapping chains our own fetters seem to grow lighter and we imagine for a moment that the air we breathe grows purer at the news that the universe counts some tyrants the less." In 1783, the Duc de la Rochefoucauld with his own hand translated all thirteen of the constitutions of the American States, publishing them anonymously[1]; while Mercier, in 1791, states distinctly: "The emancipation of America gave us the thoughts and presently the voice of free men; it made us see the possibility of resistance and the need of a constitution." He tells us that the troops sent across the ocean had come back as if electrified.

From 1777 to 1785 there had resided at Paris the great American to whom the whole civilized world looked up with reverence. When people would come to Franklin to ask how the American Revolution was progressing, his stereotyped answer was *ça ira;* and later these words were adopted as the refrain of one of the most popular French revolutionary songs. "Homage to Franklin!" cried the Mayor of Auteuil at a civic fête held in 1792; "he gave us our first lessons in liberty; he was the first journalist of the hamlets; he wrote the proverbs of Poor Richard; he even invented the refrain *ça ira*, an air so dear to patriots![2]"

[1] My own copy was a presentation copy *ex dono Domini Ducis de la Rochefoucauld*, and the dedication goes on to state that the Duke was the translator.

[2] Both the *Moniteur* and the *Feuille Villageoise* give this credit to Franklin for the *ça ira*.

Franklin once declared that through the many portraits that had been made of him his face must have become as familiar as that of the man in the moon. Men dressed *à la* Franklin; mothers loved to give his name to their babies. His bust, long after his departure, figured side by side with that of Rousseau at republican fêtes.[1]

Editor Prudhomme, in 1790, declared that philosophy and America had brought about the Revolution. What then of the oppression by the nobles, the want and misery of the people? Both have been exaggerated. We know now from a careful study of the plaints and grievances submitted to the States-General that actually more assemblages of nobles demanded reform of some of the chief abuses than was the case with assemblages of the people. It was the nobles of Paris who first demanded the destruction of the Bastile. The nobles and clergy in general were just as eager for a constitution, for responsible ministers, and for curtailment of the king's privileges, as was the third estate itself. To be sure these same nobles were consumed by pride of caste and showed a galling contempt for the *roturier*. In these very complaints some of them demanded that nobles of either sex be distinguished from the common herd by some distinctive mark—a cross, a scarf, a cord, the exclusive right to wear the sword as an emblem of their courage and their virtues.

The old explanation of the Revolution as the

[1] In Plate 1, p. 7, we have Liberty crowning Franklin at one of these fêtes.

Plate 1.—Liberty crowning Benjamin Franklin. (The child is pointing out the close proximity of Philadelphia to Paris.)

sudden uprising of a people wronged and oppressed beyond human endurance is no longer satisfactory. It has been estimated[1] that the feudal dues about which so much has been written could not have amounted to much more than two per cent. of the gross product of the soil. Carlyle speaks, indeed, of a "dark, living chaos of ignorance and hunger five and twenty millions strong," but the whole population of France was only 25,000,000 and there must have been a great number of persons engaged in profitable commercial enterprises, for statistics show that the exports and imports amounted in 1787 to eight hundred million francs. When the lands of the clergy were placed on sale in 1790, the lower classes invested in them to the extent of billions. We know now that those who started the Revolution were not the impecunious but the comparatively well-to-do — those who feared for their investments, for their annuities should the state become bankrupt; those who dreaded the influence of the proletariat. These same earliest Revolutionists had a clause inserted in their new constitution restricting the ballot to property owners.

Were the peasants then not oppressed and unhappy? Assuredly, though probably not much more so than at any time during the previous two centuries. But the cost of living had increased for all; the harvest in 1788 had been bad; unrest was spreading; the fundamental injustice of it all was beginning to be appreciated. It is to be

[1] Jaurès, I, 19.

NE POUR LA PEINE
Reveille Matin de la Campagne
Taille payée
LA BEILLE ou Mouche à Miel
Chacun a part à ses travaux
LA VACHE
par son lait on lui fait du fromage
LE COCHON
LA POULE
Attributs
l'Homme de Village
Tous les jours au milieu d'un Champ
Par la Chaleur par la froidure
L'on voit le Pauvre Paysan
Travailler tant que l'année dure
Pour amasser par son labeur
De quoi payer le Collecteur

Plate 2. Born to trouble. (A comparison of the peasant with domestic animals.)

feared, too, that agitators, for political ends, deliberately stirred up the people. By whom else could the cartoon entitled "Born to trouble" have been issued?[1] The peasant would not have gone to the expense himself, nor is it likely that the production emanated either from the clergy or the nobles. The engraving shows the poor peasant burdened down with his tools and his flail and feeding his poultry. The cock, perched on his hat, is there to wake him at daybreak with its crowing. Through heat and through cold, from year's end to year's end, he has to toil early and late. And for what? All roads lead to the house of the tax-collector. In what do the attributes of the peasant differ from those of the animals around him? He works merely for others, even as the cow gives milk or the bee amasses honey for others to enjoy. No more respect is paid to him than to the pig, which is scorned and despised even by those who know that it is necessary.

Productions like this, of course, tended to make the so-called privileged classes—the clergy and the nobility—more and more unpopular. Louis XVI was not, as yet, personally attacked. The fiction was long to be kept up that even where his acts seemed oppressive, foolish, or bad, this was to be credited not to himself but to his evil counsellors. For this good but weak king there was still a great feeling of love and loyalty. He was such a vast improvement over his predecessor, under the *hic jacet* of whose tombstone some wag,

[1] See Plate 2, p. 9

voicing the common sentiment, had written *Deo gratias!*

But how incredibly incompetent Louis XVI was! Already before he came to the throne the Austrian minister, Mercy d'Argenteau, had written of him[1]: "Though endowed with sense and good qualities, the Dauphin will probably never have either the force or the will to rule by himself. If not by the Dauphiness, he will be governed by some one else." What are we to think of a man who burst into tears when scolded by his wife for being late to dinner, and who, at one time, was so enraptured of the game of blind man's buff that serious-minded persons could suspect a plot to withdraw his attention from an impending war?

This Mercy d'Argenteau who relates these incidents was himself the evil genius of France. If Marie Antoinette was to govern her husband, it was Mercy's avowed intention, as accredited agent of Austria, to govern Marie Antoinette. He never quite accomplished his object, but he tainted all her conceptions, encouraged her in underhanded intrigue, impressed her with a sense of her power and influence, and did more than any one else to make her deserve the epithet, later to be hurled at her with such deadly effect, of *l'Autrichienne!* Mercy once writes to Marie Antoinette's mother, the Empress Maria Theresa, that he has spies in every room the Dauphiness is likely to enter; again and again he tells how he has insinuated opinions and advised not merely courses of action, but even

[1] Correspondence, ii., 31.

the very attitude and style of language he wishes her to adopt.

It was a poor service this imperial mother and her minister rendered the poor young Queen of France. They helped her to consummate the ruin of her adopted country. There were times when the most important matters of state were decided by her mere whim. She writes herself in 1775 that the departure of Minister Aiguillon has been entirely her work. Still worse, in the following year, her intrigues contributed largely to driving out Turgot, the one man who still could have saved France. "The Queen's project," writes Mercy, "was to make the King dismiss Turgot and even put him in the Bastile." And Mercy writes of Breteuil who wishes a place in the ministry: "I shall show him that his best means of achieving this lies in the protection of the Queen." "I insinuated to the Queen every shade of language she is to use either to the ministers or to the King," Mercy writes in 1778, in connection with French policies of the utmost importance. He tells how, with the Queen's aid, he means to hoodwink the French Prime Minister and, later, he gravely considers the wisdom of putting another, Lomenie de Brienne, in the Prime Minister's place and induces Marie Antoinette to procure the *cordon bleu* for Lomenie.

The recklessness with which the Queen indulged in the pursuit of pleasure must have made her seem all the more unfit to exercise such enormous political influence. She was constantly rushing to

Paris to attend public balls which lasted until six or seven in the morning. Mercy himself reports that in February, 1777, she has been to two balls at the Palais Royal and to five or six masqued ones at the Opera-House; that she has talked to all sorts of people and has walked round accompanied by young men, among them many Englishmen, for whom she shows a marked preference; and that her familiarity of manner is sure to offend the public.

Meanwhile, the extravagance of the court was becoming more and more of a popular grievance, and the blame for it was being more and more thrown on Marie Antoinette's shoulders. She has favourites, Madame de Lamballe and Madame de Polignac, on whom she showers gifts and pensions that not only help to deplete the Treasury but also serve to make others envious and jealous. For herself she spends enormous sums on jewels. Once, in almost the same breath in which she is discussing the hardships caused by certain financial measures, she announces her intention of buying diamonds worth 460,000 francs. Her own special palace and park—the little Trianon—devour immense sums. The whole park is transformed from a French formal, into an English informal, garden, with a lake, a grotto, a hamlet of thatched cottages, a stream meandering through a meadow, wonderful little marble pavilions, a theatre, a temple of love. Her gambling, too, becomes a public scandal. The King once, without a murmur, pays her debts to the amount of half a million francs, while Mercy objects not so much to her playing as to her careless

methods, which make it almost inevitable that she should lose. And there are indecorous scenes, too —accusations of false play, the letting down of the social barriers in favour of those who have money to stake.

These were things that the French nation never forgot. The chief charge later hurled against Marie Antoinette was that she had wantonly dissipated the resources of France; that, sunk deep in frivolity, she had failed in her duty as wife and mother.

She had begun to reform—had consented that her new-born daughter should have a retinue of but eighty instead of two hundred and fifty people; had submitted to having the appropriation for lighting the Versailles palace cut by Necker from 450,000 to 50,000 francs a year; had refrained from buying costly jewels that she coveted, when an affair in which she was merely an innocent victim revived all the hatred against her and ruined her irrevocably in the minds of the French people.

It was a diabolical plot, this diamond-necklace affair—one of the most remarkable in all the annals of crime. A clever adventuress, pretending to be a friend of the Queen, duped the ambitious Cardinal de Rohan—who was convinced that Marie Antoinette's disfavour barred him from playing the political rôle he desired—and acquired such boundless influence over him that she could dispose of his enormous fortune almost at will.

A very few words must suffice us for this epi-

sode.[1] Madame de la Motte brought to Cardinal de Rohan letters apparently in Marie Antoinette's handwriting; she persuaded the Cardinal that the Queen was relenting; that on a certain occasion the Queen would make a sign to him—later, that the Queen really had made the sign. All this was not sufficient for the Cardinal. He demanded a personal interview with the Queen. This, too, Madame de la Motte, who herself had never had a word with Marie Antoinette, promised to procure. So she decked out a woman of the streets in a mode of dress the Queen was known to affect, brought her at dusk into the park of the palace, had her give the Cardinal a rose as a sign of forgiveness and begin to murmur soft words which were immediately interrupted by the alarm that the Comte d'Artois was approaching.

Thoroughly convinced now that all was as represented, Cardinal de Rohan, ostensibly for the Queen's use, gave hundreds of thousands of francs to Madame de la Motte. Then the latter persuaded him that Marie Antoinette, who from motives of economy had refused to buy a certain diamond necklace worth more than one and a half million francs, was secretly most desirous of possessing it, and, if the Cardinal would make the arrangements with the jewellers, would agree to pay them for it by instalments. We cannot follow here the web of deceit drawn about the jewellers as well as about the Cardinal. The necklace found its way into Madame de la Motte's hands and the

[1] Funk Brentano, *L'affaire du Collier*, 5th edition.

diamonds were sold separately in London and in Paris

Then came the partial unravelling of the mystery, the falling of suspicion on the Cardinal, his arrest at the very moment when, clad in all his pontifical robes, he was proceeding down the Galerie des Glaces to read mass in the chapel of the palace.

In the long trial that ensued, Marie Antoinette lost her last vestige of reputation. She was a party, and many believed not an innocent one, in a *cause célèbre*. Pamphlets unspeakably vile were circulated against her. Her portrait was mutilated; she was hissed at the opera.

The Cardinal, on the other hand, when finally acquitted, was accompanied to his home by ten thousand people.

But mere animosity against the Queen did not account for the outbreak of the Revolution. There were problems of government involved that demand, however briefly, some treatment here.

Turgot,[1] in 1774, had inaugurated a régime of order and economy that might have staved off disaster. He had even demanded that the other ministers should draw up budgets for their departmental expenses—a radical innovation. For a time, upheld by the King's favour, he had been a sort of financial dictator. But the pedantic *Parlement*, or highest law court, had treated him as an

[1] In these financial matters, I have followed mainly the works of Gomel, of Glagan, and of Chereste.

enemy of the state and of the monarchy. Writings directly inspired by him were condemned to be publicly burned as "contrary to the laws and customs of France, the sacred and inalienable privileges of the throne, and the rights of private property." Turgot himself was satirized as a wild innovator, a dreamer, a subverter of customs that had done very well for a thousand years. His real crime had been that he tried to equalize taxation. The *Parlement* finally decreed that those who even discussed established rights were "rebels against the law and disturbers of the peace."

Yet Turgot's final fall—as has only recently become clear—was due not so much to opposition to his reforms as to his attitude on the question of sending aid to the American colonies. He considered it suicidal to engage in a war with England when the Treasury was so in need of replenishment—and the future was to justify his attitude. The threatening bankruptcy that precipitated the calling of the States-General was the direct result of the American war.

Loaded down with debt, all future ministerial efforts at reform were to prove in vain. Necker was considered for a time a wizard of finance, but his panacea for all ills—to contract new loans—was as dangerous to the national health as the worst kind of a narcotic. Not until years afterwards was it recognized on what disadvantageous terms these loans had been incurred.

The episode of Calonne's administration reads like a romance. Brought to the King's notice by

intriguers in the palace who adroitly left an open letter praising his abilities where Louis was sure to find and read it, Calonne adopted a policy that for a time made him the very idol of the court. To be rich one had only to seem rich. The good old days of Louis XIV returned once more. The King was encouraged to spend 18,000,000 francs in purchasing the estate of Rambouillet. The Queen bought St. Cloud for 6,000,000 francs, and her pin-money was more than doubled. Pensions were once more showered right and left. The debts of the King's brothers, amounting to millions of francs, were paid in full. In a single year, Louis XVI drew sight-drafts to the amount of 136,000,000 francs, of which 20,000,000 were made payable simply to "bearer."

Not merely the court but the people at large were to be made to believe that the millennium had come. Public works were undertaken on a large scale: the docks at Havre, the harbour at Cherbourg. Disallowed or superannuated claims were cheerfully paid, new subsidies given. And how was this accomplished? By clever jugglery. People were delighted to find that old obligations were being paid off by the Government, but they were not informed when new ones were contracted. When credit runs high, much is possible—there Calonne was perfectly right. But there is a point beyond which inflation cannot go, and that point was finally reached.

It was reached when the *Parlement* refused any longer to follow Calonne in his flights and register

more fiscal edicts. *Parlements* could be coerced by so-called beds of justice, but how would the money-lenders respond to such violence? Brought to bay, Calonne proposed reforms which Louis XVI designated in horror as "Necker pure and simple"; they included taxation of the privileged classes and also the summoning of notable men from all parts of France to serve as a sort of advisory council.

Calonne's notables finally came together, but he treated them so superciliously, intimating that they were to have no voice in affairs but merely to give advice when asked, that nothing was gained by the measure. Carlyle speaks of a caricature of the time[1] which represents a farmer asking his fowls with what sauce they would like to be roasted, and telling them when they demurred at being roasted at all that they were wandering from the point. Calonne, for his part, refused to give a plain statement of the causes of the deficit in the Treasury, merely saying sarcastically, "The gentlemen are very curious." Calonne's successor, Lomenie de Brienne, brought matters to the breaking-point with the *Parlement*, which flatly declined to register the decrees he required, and demanded an Assembly not merely of men designated by the King, but one that should be really representative. The old antagonism of the Crown and the lawyers revived in full force. The most drastic means were employed against the *Parlement;* members were even banished and imprisoned. Louis finally legislated the whole *Parle-*

[1] I have not been able to procure it.

ment out of existence and established a new court: he was reminded that "there are laws which may not be violated without shaking the world's foundations and preparing the fall of empires." Yet he continued on his course by Lomenie's advice. At dead of night the Palais de Justice was surrounded by troops and the members still to be found there were bodily carried off. There was an uprising in southern France led by the adherents of the local *Parlement*, and troops were despatched to the neighbourhood of Vizille, where the rebels were congregating.

Louis and his ministers finally found that the States-General, to be composed of delegates from every part of France, was their own last hope. A complicated system of election was adopted with an equally complicated system of sending in books of plaints and grievances from each and every district. Lomenie was dismissed, and Necker, although he himself expressed a fear that it was already too late, was recalled. When this became known, government bonds rose thirty points in the course of a single morning. Mirabeau declared that in summoning the States-General the nation had progressed a century in twenty-four hours.

Post tenebras lux[1] is the title of a broadside issued at this juncture and representing the King and Necker emerging from the clouds, united by a double chain. Both have the same love and the same care for the people, we are told in an inscrip-

[1] Plate 3, p. 21.

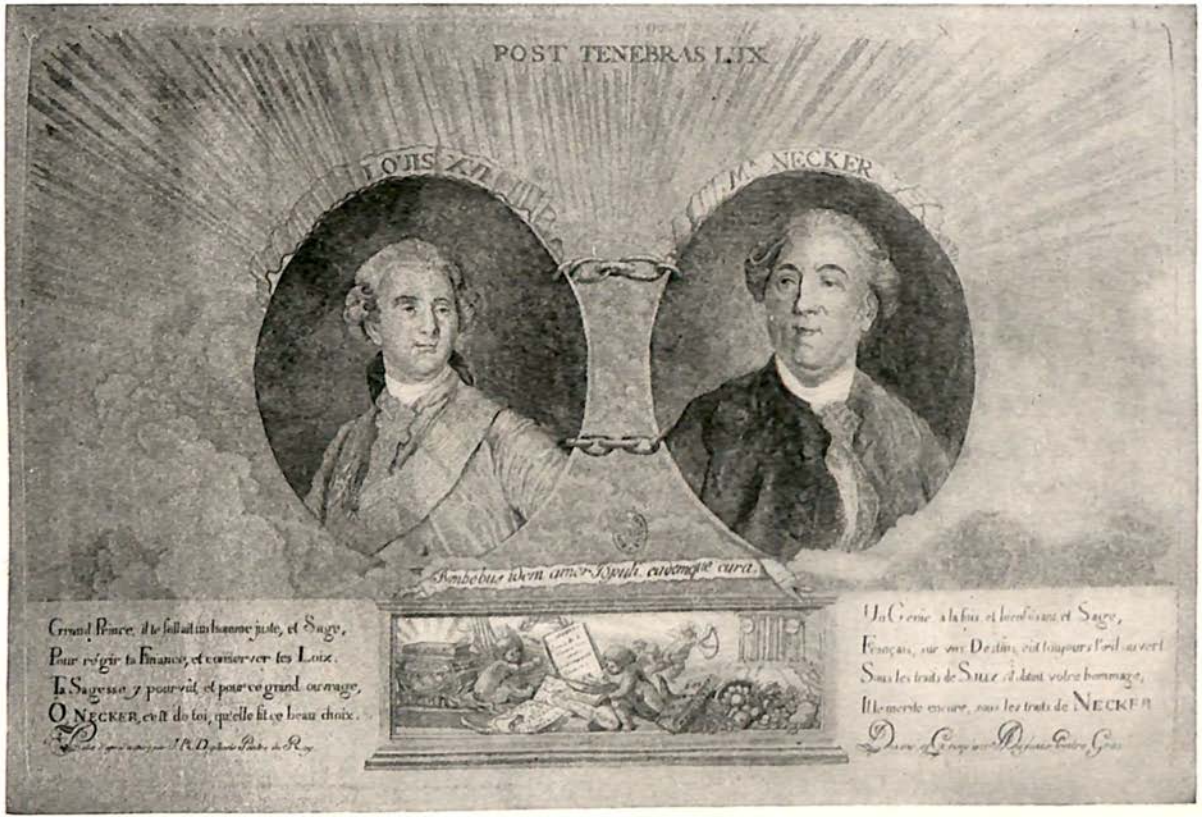
POST TENEBRAS LUX
LOUIS XVI
M. NECKER
Bombebus idem amor Psyche, cavumque curat.
Grand Prince, il te fallait un homme juste, et Sage,
Pour régir tes Finances, et conserver tes Loix.
La Sagesse y pourvût, et pour ce grand ouvrage,
O NECKER, c'est de toi, qu'elle fit ce beau choix.
Un Génie à la fois et bienfaisant et Sage,
Français, sur votre Destin, veit toujours l'œil ouvert
Sous les traits de SULLY il dicta votre hommage,
Il le mérite encore, sous les traits de NECKER

Plate 3. *Post tenebras lux.* (An allegorical representation in honour of Necker's recall in 1788.)

tion; while underneath are texts and emblems to the glory of the reunited pair.

The formal summons to the States-General was

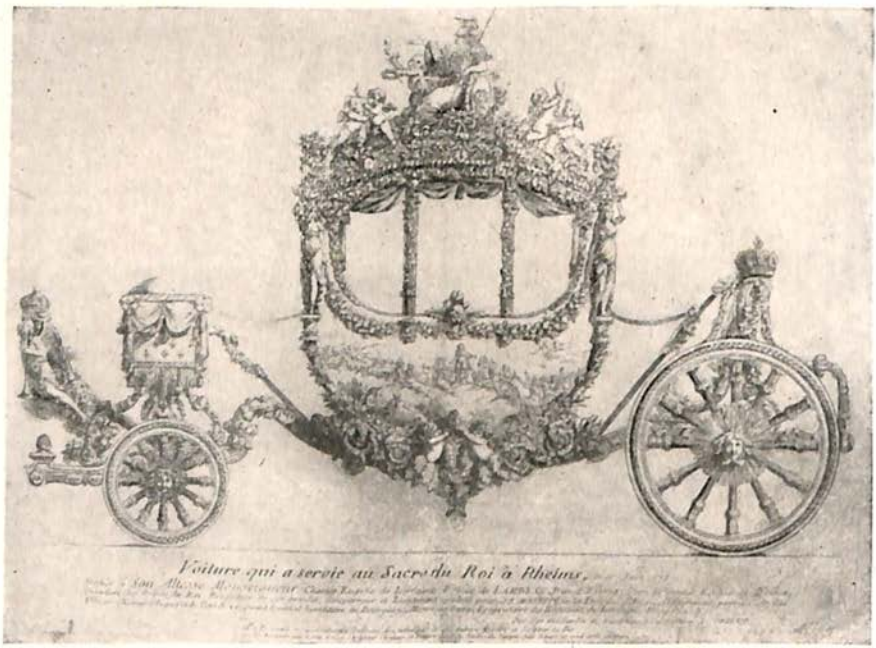

Plate 4. The coach ornamented with symbols in which Louis XVI went to his coronation in 1774.

issued on January 24, 1789, and the date finally set was May 5th of the same year.

Off to Versailles! That was the cry that now rang through France and the artists were inspired by the theme. The King had gone to his coronation in a coach adorned with symbols[1]—France pointing the way, suppliants falling at the King's feet, Fame heralding the royal progress, crowns,

[1] Plate 4, above.

fleurs-de-lis, the blazing sun of the Bourbons. It was a coach with symbols, too, though of a different kind, in which the three estates were now repre-

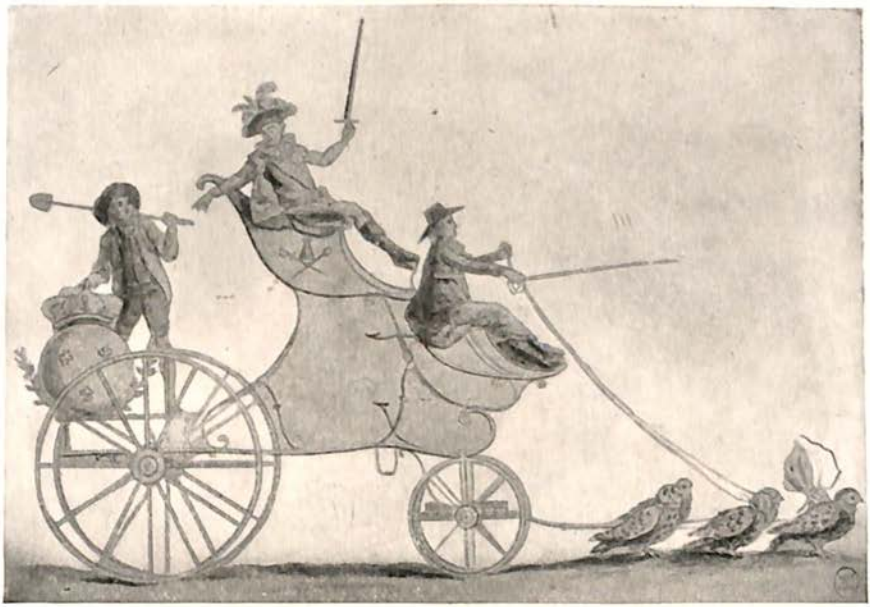

Plate 5. A symbolical representation of the three estates proceeding to Versailles in May, 1789

sented as departing for Versailles.[1] The coach is drawn by six owls representing wisdom. The clergy drives, the nobility sits at ease and waves his sword, while the peasantry stands behind, his spade across his shoulder, and supports the orb and the crown.

An interesting variation of the theme[2]—in allusion possibly to the fact that the third estate had meanwhile been accorded double representation—

[1] Plate 5, above.

[2] Plate 6, p. 24

shows the peasantry driving, while both the clergy and the nobility are in the body of the coach. Each order has an animal for its emblem: the

Plate 6. Another version of the symbolical representation of the three estates proceeding to Versailles in May, 1789

peasantry, a sheep; the nobility, a lion which, incidentally, does all the supporting of the orb and crown; and the clergy, a leopard.

CHAPTER II

LIBERTY

ON Saturday, May 2, 1789, the representatives of the French people were received by the King in his palace of Versailles: the clergy at eleven, the nobility at one, the third estate at four o'clock. Two days later came the religious consecration of the assemblage in the local church of Notre Dame, after which the three orders filed past the King and Queen who returned the salutation of each individual member.[1] Through streets gay with flags and hangings they then passed in procession, every available space being crowded with spectators.

The deputies wore their costumes of ceremony[2] symbolical of their relative pretensions. The robes of the clergy were rich and trailing, calculated only for display; the nobles were in evening dress with facings of cloth of gold. Their mantles were of silk, their broad *cravates* of lace, their hats adorned with plumes. The deputies of the third were in plain black suits, with cloaks of cloth and *cravates*

[1] Le Hodey, *Journal des États Généraux.*

[2] Plate 7, p. 26

of simple muslin. It is thus that the Marquis de Ferriéres describes them and thus that our artist depicts them. A separate representation of a deputy of the third estate[1] gives us a chance to study his costume more fully.

Plate 7. The three estates in their respective costumes of ceremony.

Many were impressed by the dignified bearing of these popular deputies, while from one of them, Mirabeau, Madame de Staël, Necker's daughter, tells us it was difficult to turn the eye away. Though his face was strikingly ugly, his "whole

[1] Plate 8, p. 27.

Plate 8. The costume of a deputy of the third estate.

person gave the impression of an unrestrained power, but of such power as one associates with a tribune of the people."[1]

Ferrières describes himself[2] as plunged in the sweetest ecstasy at the sight of the procession. He seemed, he says, to hear France calling: "Lay aside your childish quarrels, for the moment has come which will give me new life or annihilate me forever." Yet, far from being laid aside, these same childish quarrels had by May 6th brought matters to a complete deadlock.

The fatal mistake had been made by the King's ministers of having no definite programme to present for the consideration of the States-General. The deficit? Necker spoke of that as a mere trifle —something that could very easily be remedied. But if so, why then these elaborate preparations? Why this urgent appeal to the people?

The deputies began to wrangle over matters that should have been settled long beforehand—whether they should verify their powers in common or separately: whether they should vote as orders or as individuals. The nobles and clergy finally refused flatly to have their credentials passed upon in presence of the third estate and withdrew from the common meeting-hall to separate apartments in the same building. It was an unwise move from every point of view. Sitting there in their great hall in the midst of a crowd of spectators, the third estate represented the nation far more than did the other two assemblies.

[1] *Considérations*, i., 186.

[2] *Mémoires*, i., 19–20.

Week after week passed and the deadlock continued unbroken. The whole machinery, not only of reform, but even of government, had been thrown out of gear. In the country at large, all the evils of anarchy broke loose. Trade was at a standstill; money was hoarded; labour could find no employment. Organized bands of thieves began to scour the country. A great panic fell upon the peasants. From everywhere came tales of brigands, the actual evils being exaggerated tenfold. Arthur Young, the English traveller, found the peasants of one district in a dreadful fright because they had heard that the Queen meant to blow them all up with gunpowder. And the States-General, the assembling of which had been welcomed as a panacea for all evils, was accomplishing literally nothing. In strife with each other, the people's deputies were not lifting a finger to alleviate the general misery.

The third estate held firm. The clergy tried to throw upon them the odium of the schism and of the sufferings of the peasants, and made bitter recriminations. Once a clerical emissary appeared in the hall and flourished a piece of the loathsome black bread that the poor were condemned to eat. The clergy and nobles, it was declared, were all eagerness to take in hand the work of relief, but the people's deputies stood in the way. If the clergy are so troubled about the poor, was the response, why do they not join the third estate, or why do they not furnish relief from their own vast surplus of wealth?

This idea that the people's representatives were

turning the needy away from the sanctuary of the law was exploited, doubtless in the interests of the clergy, by means of an engraving entitled "Ah, how hard are the times!"[1] An agonized mother with four children has appealed in vain for aid but

Plate 9. A symbolical representation entitled "Ah, how hard are the times!"

is sternly being repulsed by the Genius of France himself.

The last attempt at conciliation was made on June 9, 1789. On the 10th, Mirabeau declared

[1] Plate 9, above.

Plate 10. A cartoon showing the third estate welcoming the clergy to the ranks of the National Assembly, June 13, 1789.

that some decision must be made, and Sieyès moved to proceed to a roll-call and begin to verify powers no matter who might fail to appear. "The time has come," he declared, "to cut the cable!"

"Seneschalry of Aix, gentlemen of the clergy? No one present. Gentlemen of the nobility? No one present." So the roll-calling began, the members of the third alone stepping forward as the names of their districts were called. On the 13th of June when "Seneschalry of Poitou, gentlemen of the clergy?" had been reached, there suddenly was a profound sensation. Three ecclesiastics stepped forward and offered to produce their credentials. First there was a stir and a bustle, and then the hall resounded with applause. The next day, six more of the clergy responded when their districts were called, and it was made known that a majority of the order were in favour of joining the third estate.

It is this moment that one of our cartoonists chose for his theme.[1] He shows the peasant leaving his plough, doffing his hat, and going forward to greet the curate: "Shake hands, Mr. Curate, I knew that you were going to join our side!"

Fiery debates began on June 15th concerning the name that should be given to the new Assembly. Should it be called, as Mirabeau wished, "Representatives of the French nation," or, as a deputy from Berry proposed, simply "The National Assembly"? On June 17th, the latter designation was formally adopted and at the same time it was voted

[1] Plate 10, p. 31.

to proceed to the work of national regeneration stopping at no obstacle or interruption. The die had been cast and there were to be no half measures. The Assembly boldly seized the reins of government and exercised a formal act of sovereignty. It declared that all the existing taxes had been illegally imposed. It did not suddenly abrogate them, however, but ordered that they be collected, exactly as before, so long as the Assembly should remain in session—a clever move, for should the King dissolve the Assembly it could be claimed that the taxes were not legal, and many, of course, would have rejoiced to escape payment. The general feeling towards Louis was that at heart he was the people's friend, but that, like Luther's pope, he was badly advised. There were still hearty *Vive le roi's* when his name was mentioned. He had summoned the States-General; he would eventually himself head the Liberal movement. But the National Assembly meanwhile felt its own dignity and importance. The members agreed to bind themselves by a solemn oath. In the midst of a crowd of excited spectators, all rose and stood with raised right hand while President Bailly pronounced the formula: "We swear and promise to fulfil with zeal and fidelity the functions we have assumed." "We swear and promise," was repeated by all.

It was realized that the task of regeneration might take long and the National Assembly proceeded to make itself as much at home as possible. The ventilation of the hall was bad, the seats were

uncomfortable; but there was a man with considerable mechanical ingenuity among the members, and he was entrusted with the task of finding a remedy.[1] His name was Dr. Guillotin and he was presently to invent one kind of a remedy at least for all the ills to which flesh is heir. "With my machine I chop off your head in the twinkling of an eye and you don't even notice it," he explained when exhibiting his invention in one of the sessions, which remark caused such inextinguishable laughter that the Assembly had to adjourn.

President Bailly, in his famous memoirs, complains bitterly that from the first the members of the National Assembly, according as their individual votes were pleasing or not to the spectators, were subject to praises or insults. He sees in this calling in of the people the source of the worst evils of the Revolution. The judgment of a mob at a time of crisis is about as reliable as that of a drove of horses that has been stampeded; and decisions had far better be left to those who at calmer moments have been chosen as legislators because of their sound views and their thorough training. In the case of the National Assembly, there was an organized system of intimidation. Lists of deputies who were supposed to be not voting as they should were distributed among the masses, and Bailly tells of members who came to him in great alarm because they had heard that their names had been placed on such a list.

It was June 17th, as we have said, when the first

[1] *Débats et Décrets*, June 17.

revolutionary measures were passed. For the next three days the court party remained abashed and disconcerted, the nobles railing at the third estate and accusing it of a desire to usurp the whole power. Then the King acted—most unwisely, as it was to prove.

It was apparently to frustrate the joining of the National Assembly by a considerable number of the clergy who, on June 19th, had made their decision to that effect, that Louis XVI, on the twentieth, ordered the doors of the Assembly-hall to be shut and no members to be admitted. The pretext was that his Majesty had determined to hold a royal session of all three orders combined and that it was necessary to have carpenters make certain changes in the hall. Seeing that the three orders had met together in that very hall on the fifth day of the preceding month, the reasons advanced could not have seemed very cogent.

The King's treatment of the National Assembly was unceremonious to say the least. The President, Bailly, was officially informed of the closing of the hall only an hour or so before the regular session was to have begun. The first intimation to the members themselves was the finding of the entrance barred by troops. There were bitter recriminations on the one hand, threats of violence on the other. "Strike, it will bring revolution all the sooner!" cried a deputy when a bayonet was pressed against his breast.[1]

It was Dr. Guillotin, always quick and inventive,

[1] *Débats et Décrets;* Brette, *Serment du Jeu de Paume.*

who made the suggestion of adjourning to a building not controlled altogether by the court, although its chief patron was the Comte d'Artois and its owner enjoyed the title of purveyor to the royal family. Over the door blazed the sun of Louis XIV, and on the blue ceiling were golden fleurs-de-lis. In all other respects, the Tennis Court was a thing of utility rather than of beauty. The walls were painted black in order that the white balls might be more visible, and a net, waist high, divided the hall in halves.[1] The proprietor of the establishment received the deputies with every token of joy but could do little to make them comfortable. A few benches and a writing-table were the extent of the furniture.

Only an hour and a half had been lost by the unexpected change of locality. The deputies had gained enormously in popularity because of their firm attitude, and a crowd of people surrounded the door and stretched far back into the streets. Excitement was at the highest pitch. Sieyès would have liked to have the Assembly cut loose from the King and move in a body to Paris[2]; but Mounier intervened with the proposition then and there to take an oath "never to separate, but always to reassemble, when circumstances required, until the constitution of the kingdom should be established on solid and firm foundations." To this oath, each member subscribed in writing, though one member quickly wrote "opposing"

[1] Aulard, *Études et Leçons*, i., 62.

[2] Mallet du Pan, *Mémoires*, i., 165, note.

Plate 11. Mirabeau in the name of the National Assembly defying De Brézé, Master of Ceremonies of the King.

after having affixed his signature.[1] That he left the hall alive seems to have been due only to Bailly's interference. Yet the Assembly decided not to erase his name.

The King, it will be remembered, had announced his intention to hold a royal session. This the National Assembly voted to attend, but it also voted to remain in the hall after the session should be over and transact its own business. It had meanwhile been joined by the majority of the clergy—not in the Tennis Court, for the Comte d'Artois had sent word to the proprietor that he wished to play a game of tennis—but in the church of St. Louis. The royal session was held on the 23d of June. Never again was a king of France to appear with such pomp and circumstance. Through the crowded streets, Louis XVI's carriage advanced in the midst of the falconry, the pages, the squires, the regiments of body-guards. Arrived at the hall, the King, followed by the princes of the blood, the dukes and peers of France, the captains of the guards, the king-at-arms, and the heralds, advanced to the platform and seated himself on the throne that had once done service for Louis XIV.

The nobles and what remained of the clergy had been allowed to enter from the Avenue de Paris, and to take their seats without delay. Was it accident, was it negligence, now, that the National Assembly was kept waiting for an hour at the back entrance where only a portion of the members

[1] The modern restorers of the Tennis Court have foolishly stricken Martin Dauch's name from the list of signers. (Jaurès, i., 246.)

could find shelter from the rain? De Brézé, the King's master of ceremonies, declared that the delay was due to the sudden death of one of the royal secretaries, but Bailly maintained that these "vain puerilities" had been resorted to in order to prevent any attempt to take the seats reserved for the clergy and nobility.

Louis XVI's opening speech was a defiance which he proceeded to soften by the offer of great concessions. "The King wills," it began, "that the ancient distinction of the three orders in the state be preserved in its entirety as a fundamental part of the constitution of his kingdom." The measures passed by the Assembly on June 17th were simply annulled, and the King "willed to make it known" in what manner future deliberations should be held. We know now that all this was contrary to the advice of Necker but that the counsels of Marie Antoinette and the Comte d'Artois had prevailed. Necker had then remained away from the session.

The concessions offered were indeed considerable and would have been hailed with enthusiasm had they been presented as a programme on the 5th of May. Reform in taxation, a yearly budget, eventual suppression of the *lettres de cachet*, partial liberty of the press—all this formed a tempting bait. The King grew pathetic over his intended generosity: "If by an unanticipated fatality you abandon me in so fine an enterprise *alone* I shall accomplish the good of my people; *alone* I shall consider myself their veritable representative."

He ended by ordering the members to disperse and to resume their sessions as separate bodies on the following day. The court filed out, as did also the nobility and the loyal remnant of the clergy. The National Assembly did not move.

If defiance was in order, the National Assembly could be defiant. Mirabeau's answer to Master of Ceremonies De Brézé, when he approached and asked if the King's intentions had been understood, was one of those shots fired round the world:

> Yes, Sir, we have heard the intentions imputed to the King. But you who are not his proper representative in the States-General, you who are out of place here and have no authority to speak, you are not the one to remind us of his discourse. Yet, to avoid all ambiguity and all delay, I will say to you: if you have been commissioned to make us leave here, you had better procure orders to use force; for nothing short of bayonets will make us quit our places![1]

There was a cry of "That is the will of the Assembly!" and De Brézé was so astonished at the storm he had conjured up that he retired backing out, we are told, as he was accustomed to do from the presence of royalty.

An engraving of the time[2] shows Mirabeau addressing De Brézé. It would be interesting to know whether the symbolical representations of liberty and law could possibly have been included among the decorations that Louis XVI had sanctioned for the hall of the States-General. More likely the liberation of captives and the breaking

[1] This is the version given by the *Débats et Décrets* which is, on the whole, the most reliable of the newspapers.

[2] Plate 11, p. 37.

of chains were a fanciful addition of the artist first inspired by the fall of the Bastile.

The King's command to disperse had been flatly and openly disobeyed. The National Assembly

Plate 12. A cartoon showing the third estate welcoming the other two estates to the ranks of the National Assembly, June 30, 1789

seized that very occasion to reaffirm emphatically its previous decrees. And what action was taken by Louis XVI? None. He very characteristically remarked to De Brézé: "If the gentlemen of the third estate do not wish to leave the hall, there is nothing to do but to allow them to remain there." Indirectly, indeed, there was some action taken.

Thirty carpenters were despatched to the hall. "It was hoped," wrote Ferrières, "that the noise

Plate 13. A cartoon showing the three estates as musicians at last playing in tune.

of such a house-moving would force the gentlemen of the third to end their session and go away. The gentlemen of the third remained impassive and

continued their deliberations." They crowned their work by declaring the person of each and every national deputy inviolable.

Louis XVI had renounced further conflict. He

Plate 14. A cartoon showing concord holding the three estates united by flowery chains.

wrote and requested his faithful clergy and nobility to unite with the third estate and hasten the accomplishment of his paternal views. This both orders finally voted to do, taking their seats on the 30th of June.

It was a busy time for symbolists! We have first a production[1] in which the peasant welcomes

[1] Plate 12, p. 41

the other two orders, using the same terms with which he had previously welcomed the advance-guard of the clergy: "Shake, gentlemen, I knew very well that you would join our side!" Then again,[1] under what may be meant for a tree of

Plate 15. A cartoon showing the three estates shouldering in common the burden of the national debt.

liberty, we have the three estates, easily recognized by their respective costumes, playing each on a different instrument, while beneath are the words, "Good, now we are in tune!" Or still again,[2] Concord, clasping a bundle of fagots, holds the estates by flowery chains, while to her right are the medallions of three good kings, to her left those of three good ministers.

In one representation[3] the three orders in com-

[1] Plate 13, p. 42 [2] Plate 14, p. 43 [3] Plate 15, see above.

mon have shouldered the immense burden of the national debt and are sharing the land-tax in common. They do not look happy, but each, at any rate, is bravely doing his duty.

Much more elaborate is "The Triumph of the three Orders."[1] On a huge car, drawn by prancing

Plate 16. A cartoon entitled "The Triumph of the Three Orders," showing France and her three sons, the clergy, nobility, and third estate, on their way to the Temple of Justice.

steeds, France and her three sons are borne towards the Temple of Justice where Father Time awaits them, holding open the book of history at the page entitled "Age of Louis XVI." Headlong into the abyss are plunging horrible envy and the furies; while behind the car, with dignified tread, are marching Hope, Peace, Justice, and Commerce. One knows them by their attributes: Hope has the anchor; Peace, the extinguished torch; Justice, the

[1] Plate 16, see above.

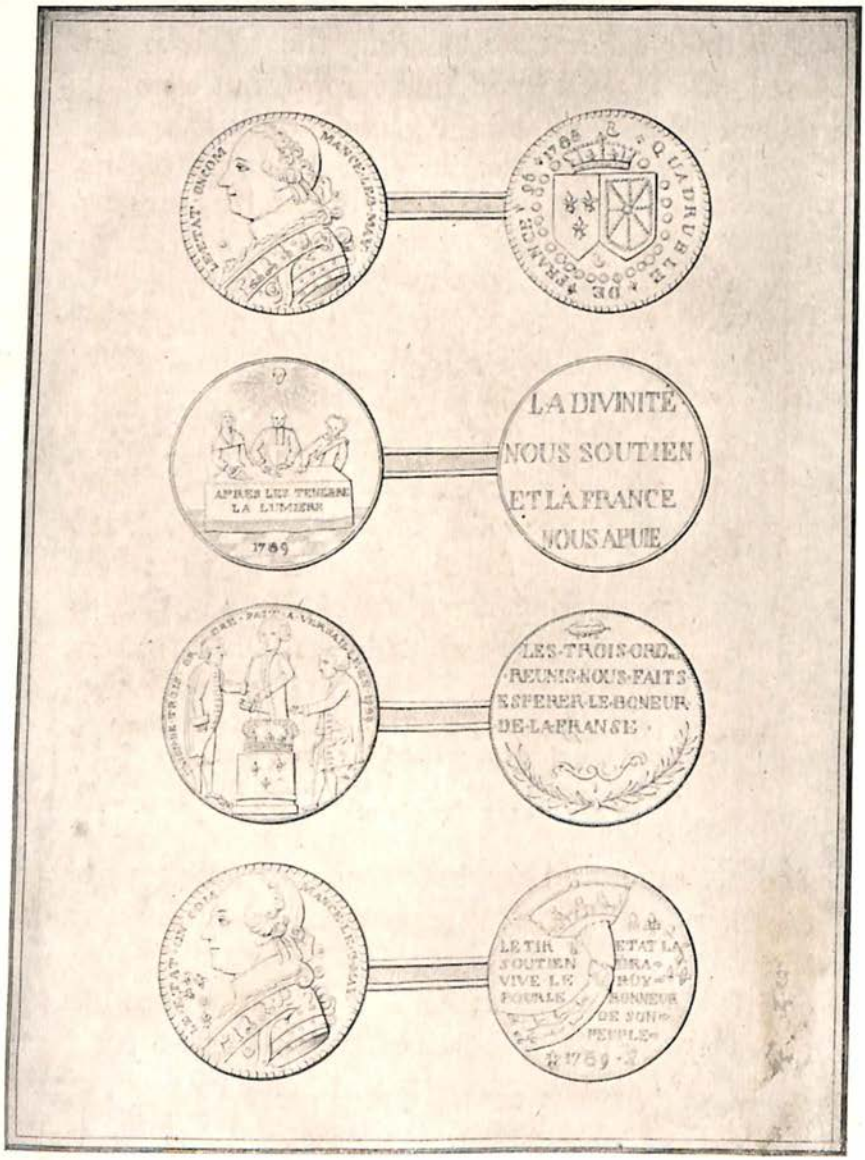

Plate 17. Facsimile of medals commemorating the harmony of the three estates in the summer of 1789

sword; and Commerce, the bundle of hemp and various implements.

Not alone in broadsides and loose-sheet engravings, but also on coins and medals[1] do we see this

Plate 18. A cartoon representing the third estate awakening from his long slumber, casting off his chains and terrifying the other two estates.

new harmony of the estates celebrated with ingenious allegories and patriotic utterances. It all shows with what breathless interest these first experiments in government by representatives were followed by the country at large.

A new series of events gave a fresh direction to

[1] Plate 17, p. 46.

artistic endeavour. But first we must trace briefly the rapid decline of the royal power.

Louis XVI could neither lead nor follow; he blew neither hot nor cold; his acts and his words did not agree. On June 30th, eleven of his guards who had sworn to disregard any orders that might seem to be directed against the National Assembly were incarcerated; they were released by the mob and Louis XVI pardoned them. A few days later, there was general panic and dismay at the news that royal troops were converging on Paris and Versailles. Mirabeau, in the Assembly, drew a lurid picture of the situation and of the thousands of soldiers who had arrived, were arriving, or were about to arrive: "It is thus that revolutions begin," he cried; "thus that excesses are committed; thus that blood is shed!" The Assembly sent fiery petitions to the King:

> Sire, we conjure you in the name of the fatherland, in the name of your happiness and of your glory, send back your soldiers to the posts whence your councillors have drawn them. . . . Your Majesty does not need them. Ah, why should a monarch adored by twenty-five million Frenchmen summon several thousand foreigners around the throne at great expense?

Louis's reply only increased the consternation. The troops were there to maintain order, he declared; and he suggested that if their presence gave umbrage to the National Assembly, the latter should move to Noyon or Soissons! On July 11th, the King dismissed his ministry. Yet Necker had

seemed to the people the only man living who could avert bankruptcy. The worst horrors were imminent: blood was about to flow, eternal shame to fall upon France. The Assembly voted that Necker carried with him its esteem and its regret, and continued to insist on the removal of the troops.

Through the streets of Paris, Necker's bust was carried veiled in *crêpe;* the foreign troops were stoned and reviled; the theatres were forcibly closed; the toll-bars of the city burned. A revolutionary body established itself in the Hotel de Ville, and Dr. Guillotin, that useful man, was commissioned to make this latter measure of safety acceptable to the National Assembly. The protection of Paris was handed over to a citizen guard.

On July 14th, after barricades had been erected, paving-stones torn up, muskets seized, and an entry forced into the Hotel de Ville, attention was turned to the Bastile. Here was a symbol of tyranny that threw all others into the shade. Into those dark dungeons any one could be thrown on the mere signing of a slip of paper by the King.

The Bastile might have resisted a sudden storm but was not provisioned for a siege. The old governor, De Launay, surrendered even before the cannon that the mob brought with them had been fired. It was a day of misunderstandings. Did De Launay purposely lower the drawbridge to lure the people into the courtyard and there shoot them down? Had the garrison made signs to the people to approach, or had these signs been for the purpose

of warding them off? Had flags of truce been used as decoys? One will answer these questions, even to-day, according to one's sympathies, and it can easily be imagined what fierce protestations and denials there were at the time.

The bald facts can be briefly stated. The besiegers, joined by a detachment of the King's former guards, dragged cannon through the court-yards while the garrison fired shots and missiles at them from above, killing some eighty-three persons and wounding as many more. There are curious discrepancies as to the intensity of the struggle. "World-bedlam roaring"; "noise as of the crack of doom," are expressions used by Carlyle in this connection. Yet one eye-witness, Pasquier, declares "the so-called fighting was not serious; the resistance was absolutely nil"; while a reputable modern authority, *The Cambridge History*, speaks of the whole affair as "a petty incident that holds an altogether disproportionate place in the imagination of mankind."

That the storming of the Bastile did hold this place in the popular imagination is, however, undisputed, and that is what particularly interests us here. It mattered little that only seven prisoners were found—not in dungeons but in well-lighted cells; that of these seven all were there for just cause. These seven prisoners, all the same, were borne along in a great procession while every sort of an emblem of tyranny was flourished as a product of the dark depths: bits of armour, keys, handcuffs, chains, old bones, caps of liberty, and

crowns of laurel. In the country at large, too, and even in other countries, the fall of the Bastile created an immense sensation. It was as though a second David had slain his Goliath. We only need

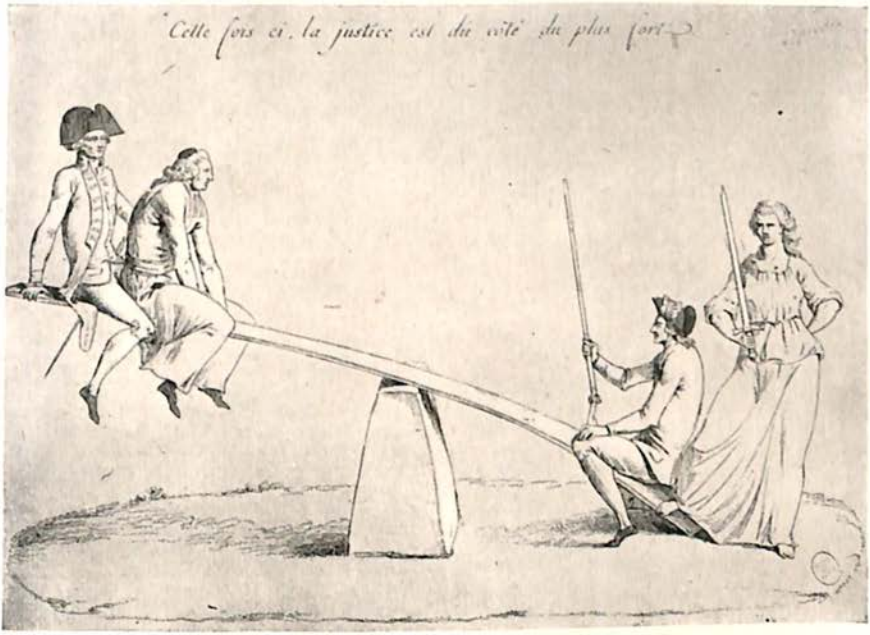

Plate 19. A cartoon entitled "This time Justice is the strongest," and representing Justice and the third estate weighing down the clergy and nobility.

to look at the cartoons of the period to find proofs of the excitement.

"Faith it was time for me to wake up, for the weight of my chains gave me a little too bad a nightmare" is the text under a broadside[1] entitled "The awakening of the third estate." The third with fierce determination in his countenance, has broken the great iron ring to which his chains were

[1] Plate 18, p. 47.

attached and is stretching out his hand to seize his weapons, at which sight the clergy and nobility start back in horror. In the background, the Bastile is being demolished, while the two heads borne

LE NOBLE PAS DE DEUX
A votre tour M.r l'Abbé ! la Danse n'est pas ce que j'aime, elle m'est deffendue par état
allons sans grimace et de bonne volonté soiez d'accord avec nous et vive la Liberté
bien entendue que nous payerons les Violons

Plate 20. A cartoon entitled "The noble Two-step," in which a noble and an abbé are dancing to the piping of the third estate.

on stakes are those of the governor, De Launay—who had been jeered at, pelted with filth, pricked with sword and spear, stabbed, finally, and his head severed by a cook with a penknife—and of the provost of the merchants, Flesselles, whose great crime had been that, when ordered by the sovereign people to furnish arms, he had sent up to the Hotel de Ville some boxes which had then been found to contain nothing but old linen.

"This time Justice is on the side of the strongest" is the heading of another representation,[1] where Justice stands with the third estate on one end of the see-saw and weighs down the clergy and

Plate 21. A cartoon entitled "Despotism overthrown," and likening the storming of the Bastile to the slaying of a hydra.

nobility; while in "The noble Two-step,"[2] we have a nobleman and an *abbé* dancing to the piping of a national guard.

Occasionally we find productions that are extremely elaborate, like the one entitled "Despotism overthrown."[3] Here a band of determined pike- and swords-men, who have a cannon in reserve if it

[1] Plate 19, p. 510 [2] Plate 20, p. 520 [3] Plate 21, see above.

shall be needed, are attacking a frightful many-headed monster whose great claw is outstretched to rend them in pieces. A number of heads have already been severed and lie on the ground. They are those doubtless of De Launay and Flesselles and Foulon and Berthier, of whom we shall speak presently. One head on a pole is being carried about. We have a banner waving from the parapet of the conquered Bastile, while in the corner sits a weeping figure intended to represent royalty, for on the head is a crown, while the hand rests on a shield covered with fleurs-de-lis. The text tells us at considerable length that

> On July 12, 1789, towards four o'clock in the afternoon, a wild beast in the form of a horrible monster was seen on the road from Versailles to Paris. Connoisseurs assured us that it was preparing to enter and ravage the capital. At once there were cries of "To arms! to arms!" With guns and halberds all the citizens ran out and vainly sought the devastating monster. On the fourteenth, at last, it was learned that he had retired to a den called the Bastile near the Porte St. Antoine. There was a rush to besiege it in that place and, having forced it from this last entrenchment, it was a question of who should cut off the greatest number of heads. For the monster had several and, as was the case with the hydra, all had to be cut off to keep them from growing again.

The deliberations in the National Assembly on the day after the storming of the Bastile took on a tone that had as yet been lacking—one full of bitterness against the court. Mirabeau maintained that the princes and princesses had visited the "foreign

hordes" whom the King had called in; that they had caressed, exhorted, and rewarded them; that "these foreign satellites gorged with gold and wine had foretold in their impious songs the enslavement of France"; that this barbarous music had served as an accompaniment to the dancing of the courtiers, and that "such was the prologue of St. Bartholomew!"

There was a change in the attitude of the Assembly when, as mid-day was approaching, the King suddenly appeared in their hall. In a short speech he announced that he had given orders to the troops to withdraw and that the Assembly was authorized to make known the news in Paris. It was a surrender at discretion. Louis's discourse made a touching impression on the Assembly and, as it ended, "transports and tenderness reached their climax"—to quote a contemporary newspaper, the *Journal de Paris*.

But danger lurked in all this emotional folly. The Assembly was establishing the precedent that the King was to be lauded to the skies when doing its will; that it could coerce him by showing disapproval. Had Louis been a different kind of a man, he might have established his position as at least a co-ordinated and equal power in the state. But now he entered into explanations; he allowed the president to chide and warn him, and then seemed to enjoy the "signs of love and gratitude," the acclamations, the renewed "inexpressible transports" that his humility called forth. When he finally spoke words "seemingly less prepared and

therefore coming more directly from the heart," the liveliest emotions were excited. Almost the whole Assembly rose and followed him back to the palace. Deputies of all three orders, joining hands, formed a sort of precinct, a semicircle, in the centre of which walked the deluded monarch and his two brothers. An immense crowd followed behind shouting *Vive le roi!* Some one was heard to remark: "He needs no other body-guards!" Every one spoke to him and he spoke to every one, which was very unwise and unkingly. A woman of the people, we are told, threw herself on his neck and he showed no objection to being kissed by her. Quite the contrary! To those who attempted to pull her off he said, "Let her come!" And the band of the Swiss guards gaily played the vulgar popular song of the hour: "Where is one better off than in the bosom of one's family?" Louis was to hear that song again at a less happy moment, as we shall see in time. He was all amiability now, all subservience. He went so far as to say of De Launay who had tried to defend his Bastile: "Ah, he merited his fate!"[1]

The *cortège* followed him to his chapel; the crowd called him out onto his balcony; the applause was deafening. The Queen and the Dauphin, too, appeared on the balcony before their loving people. Only too soon they were to appear there again under different circumstances.

The deputation from the Assembly sent to bring the news to Paris were greeted literally as "angels

[1] Bailly, ii., 42.

Plate 22. A representation of Louis XVI driving up to the Hotel de Ville in Paris on July 17, 1789, where he was acclaimed " Restorer of French Liberty."

of peace." "Never," so they themselves reported to the Assembly,[1] "was public festival so beautiful, so touching. . . . History offers no other such example; history will never succeed in reproducing what we saw, and, above all, what we felt." It was in the midst of all this enthusiasm that Lafayette was appointed commander-general of the Parisian militia, and Bailly, mayor of Paris. A crown of laurels was placed on the latter's head and he was hailed as the man who had laid the corner-stone of French liberty.

Louis XVI, in response to the clamours of the people, now sent a letter recalling Necker to the Assembly, begging that it be forwarded to its destination. He himself prepared to harvest more "transports and tenderness" by appearing among his beloved Parisians.

The visit took place on July 17th and all Paris joined in the welcome. The streets, the windows, and the roofs, were thronged with people. Rich and poor consorted together. Affable and charming ladies scattered tri-coloured cockades from their balconies. The tufts of ribbon floated in the air, rose, fell and were fought for by eager warriors.

We have an elaborate engraving showing Louis XVI approaching the Hotel de Ville.[2] Bailly had already met him at the city gate and presented him with the keys of Paris, explaining that they were the same keys which had once been presented to Henry IV. His words were slightly double-edged: "He [Henry IV] had re-conquered his people

[1] *Débats et Décrets*, July 16, 1789.

[2] Plate 22, p. 57

Plate 23. An engraving showing Louis XVI with the cap of Liberty, which he publicly donned on July 17, 1789.

but now it is the people who have re-conquered their king." Through the Place de Grève Louis advanced in his coach and eight. In front of him, on the face of the clock that surmounted the Hotel de Ville, was the inscription: "To Louis XVI, father of the French and King of a free people." All around him were national guards and behind them was a vast concourse of people. Bailly now gave him a tri-coloured cockade with "Sire, I have the honour to present your Majesty with the distinctive mark of the French." Louis took the cockade and affixed it to his hat, and an engraving commemorates the moment.[1] On the edge of the cap the words are inscribed: "The second crown of Louis XVI." Louis stood at a window of the Hotel de Ville to show the crowd that he had accepted the cockade. Cries of joy rent the air, and the ladies of the market presented him with boughs of laurel, symbol of peace. It was voted by acclamation to erect a statue on the site of the Bastile to "Louis XVI, Restorer of French Liberty."[2]

The revolutionary newspapers are wild with joy, of course, over this self-abasement of the King and take occasion to glorify the French people: "O my country, thou alone knowest how to adore, even as thou knowest how to avenge!"[3] It is considered remarkable that a people which has just been "snatching from the breasts of traitors their palpitating entrails" should now "go with radiant brow

[1] Plate 23, p. 59

[2] Plate 24, p. 61

[3] *Révolutions de Paris*, July 17.

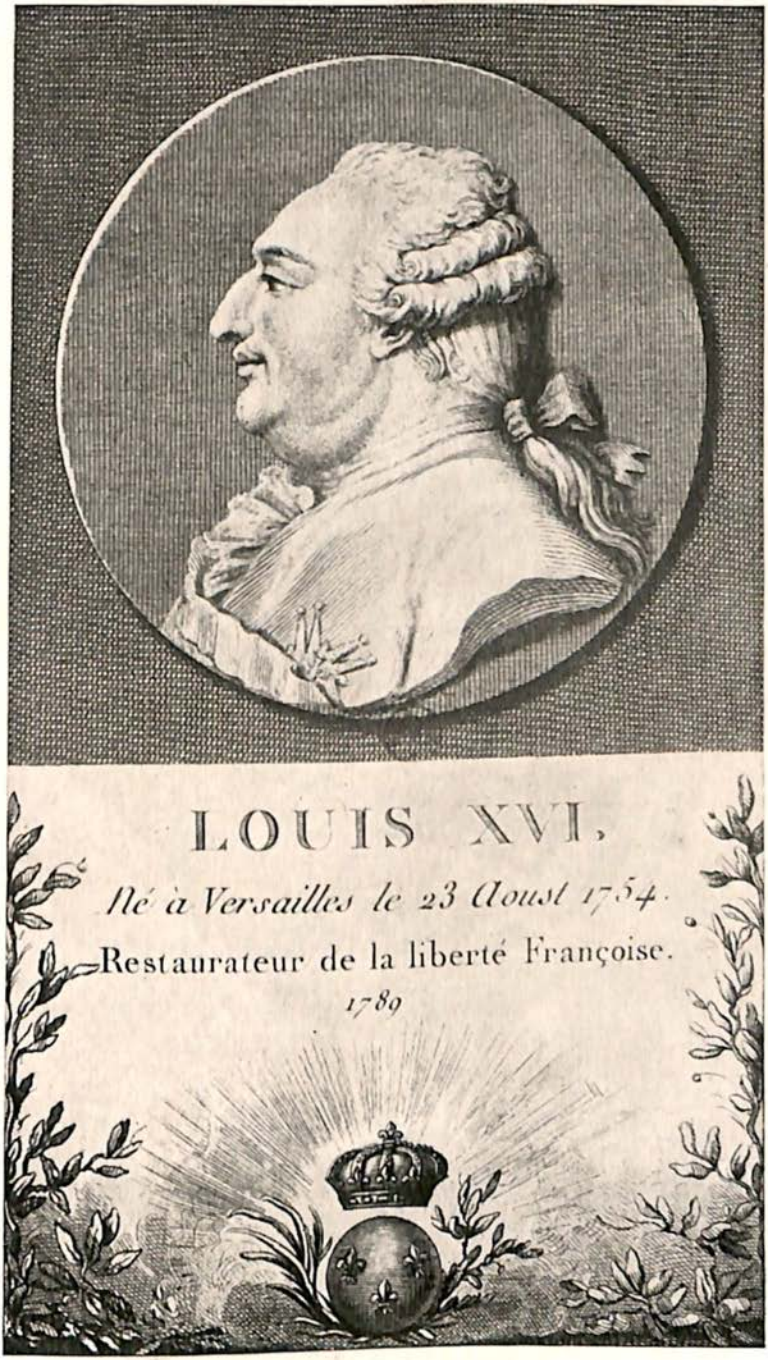

Plate 24. Louis XVI depicted as the "Restorer of French Liberty."

to offer its king the palm of peace." "Frenchmen what loyalty, what confidence!"

The cult of the revolution was fast becoming a religion. Over a portrait of Bailly[1] engraved in connection with his appointment as mayor, we have the tri-coloured cockade with a motto otherwise associated only with the cross of Christ: *In hoc signo vicimus.*

Adoring and avenging were indeed to be very closely associated in these first exciting days of the Revolution. A week after the storming of the Bastile, there was another bloody demonstration in Paris. Foulon, Necker's temporary successor, and Foulon's son-in-law, Berthier, fell as victims to the popular hatred. Had not Foulon enriched himself at the expense of a starving people? Had he not, fearing the people's wrath, pretended to be dead and caused a dead servant in his place to be given a pompous burial? As a matter of fact, he had probably done neither of these things—but the mere rumour of them sufficed to ruin him. Foulon was arrested at the country house of a friend, a Monsieur de Sartines, and because either he or Monsieur de Sartines—no one was quite sure which—had asked why the people if they were so hungry did not eat hay, was sent to Paris with a bundle of hay on his back and a bunch of thistles in his button-hole. He was strung up to the lamp-bracket at one corner of the Place de Grève. The rope broke with his weight; he was strung up again, this time successfully. He was decapitated;

[1] Plate 25, p. 63

M. BAILLY ÉLU MAIRE DE LA VILLE DE PARIS LE 15 JUILLET 1789.
EXTRAIT du Discours au Roi, à son entrée dans Paris le 17 Juillet 1789.
Sire,
J'apporte à votre Majesté les clefs de sa bonne Ville de Paris; ce sont les mêmes qui ont été présentées à Henri IV. il avoit reconquis son peuple, ici c'est le peuple qui a reconquis son Roi.
Sire
Herein I present to Your Majesty the Keys of your good City of Paris they are the same that were presented to King Henry IV. He had reconquered his people but here the People have reconquered their King
Dédié et Présenté à Messeigneurs de l'Assemblée Nationale;
Par leur très humble et très

Plate 25. A portrait of Bailly over which is the national cockade with the motto *In hoc signo vicimus.*

his head was stuck on a lance and, with a wisp of hay fastened in his mouth, was paraded about the streets. The wisp of hay in his mouth was, says the *Révolutions de Paris*,[1] "a striking allusion to the inhuman sentiments of this barbarous man";

Plate 26. A satirical production called "The Conclusion of the Diet," showing the evil results of forcing one cap upon the three estates.

and the same journal tells us that Foulon's body was dragged everywhere through the mud and "announced to the tyrants the terrible vengeance of a justly irritated people."

Some one had the humourous idea of thrusting Foulon's gory head into the carriage which bore Berthier, his son-in-law, to Paris. It was a fine

[1] July 23d.

Plate 27. A bloodthirsty cartoon called "The Patriotic Calculator," showing the Frenchman making out a bill for eight heads paid on account, twelve still due.

reminder of the fate that was impending for Berthier himself. Each zealous patriot vied with the other in showing disgust for such enemies of the people. Berthier's head on a stake already seemed too tame an emblem. His heart, too, was cut out

Plate 28. A cartoon called "The great Step accomplished, or the Dawn of a fine Day," which shows the Frenchman advancing over heads, Bastiles, etc., to join with the King and observe the law.

of his body, was stuck on the point of a knife and carried about. The *Révolutions de Paris* seems rather to gloat over the episode. It tells how some went so far as to dip the shreds of flesh into the beverage they were consuming: "Frenchmen, you exterminate tyrants; your hatred is revolting, it is frightful—but at last you shall be free!"

Plate 29. A cartoon called the "Constitution of France," showing Necker borne aloft by the Duc d'Orléans and Lafayette, while the chains of servitude are trampled under foot.

A satire of the time entitled "The Conclusion of the Diet"[1] shows the net result of trying to fit the cap of liberty onto the heads of the three orders.

Plate 30. An allegorical representation to the glory of Necker, entitled "Virtue surmounts all Obstacles." (Remarkable because the recall of Necker is attributed to the Queen.)

All have woe-begone expressions of countenance, while everywhere one sees nothing but death and destruction.

The blood-thirstiness of the time is well shown

[1] Plate 26, p. 64

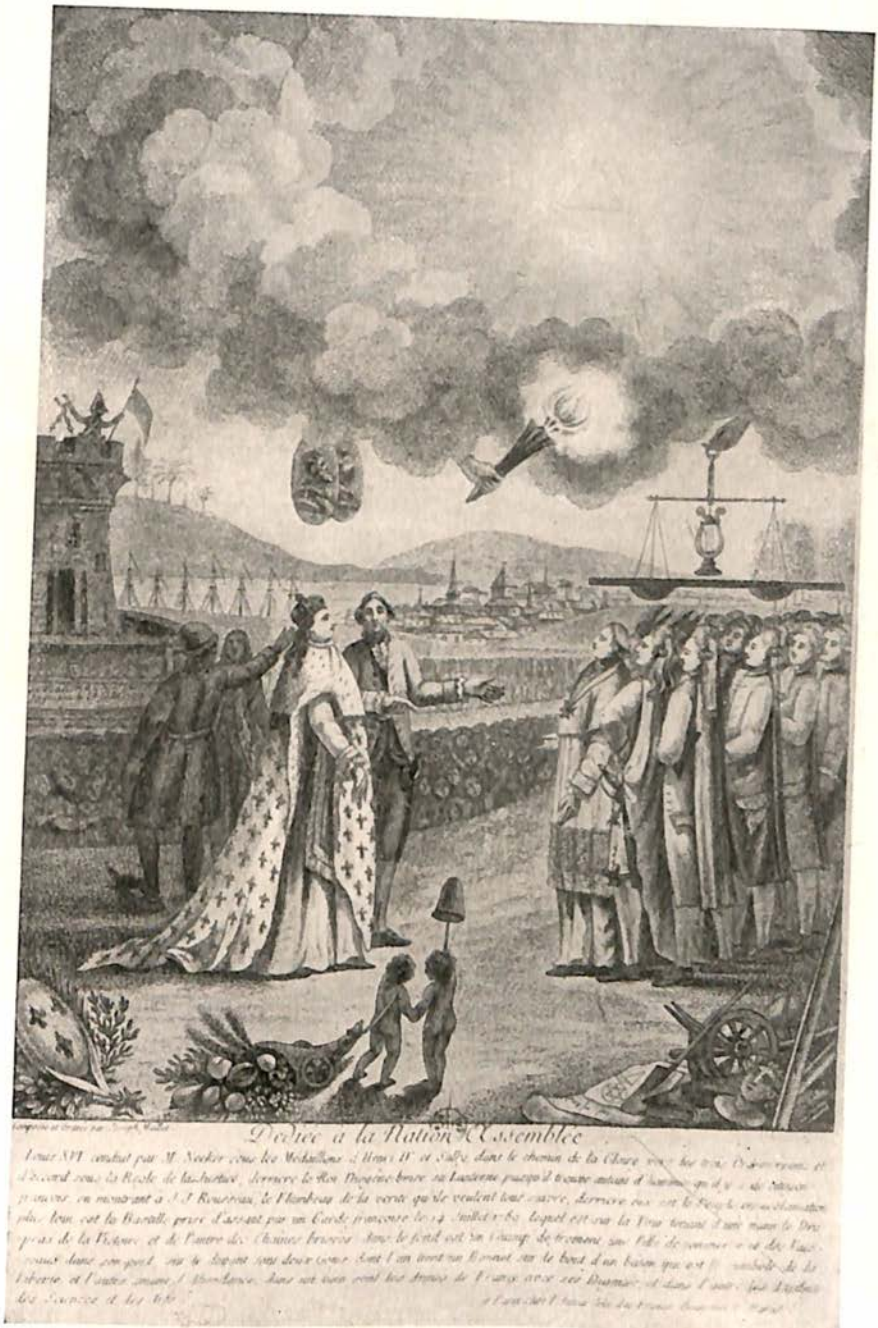

Plate 31. An elaborate allegorical representation in which Louis XVI conducts Necker along the path of glory and presents him to the National Assembly.

forth in some of these artistic productions. In the "Patriotic Calculator"[1] the worthy citizen smiles as he sits before his table of heads—one sees that of Foulon among the others, with the wisp of hay in its mouth. On his tablet the citizen writes: "Due, twenty; paid on account, eight; remainder, twelve." In "The great Step accomplished, or the Dawn of a fine Day,"[2] we see how, over the ruins of the Bastile, with one foot planted squarely on the heads of the fallen, the French patriot is hastening to join hands with Louis XVI so that together they may govern in the name of the law; while the sun, rising in full splendour, gives promise of brightness for the coming day.

The next great popular excitement, also mirrored freely in the artistic productions of the time, was the return of Necker in answer to the invitation sent him by Louis XVI. He came like a conquering hero, an immense multitude going out to the city gate to welcome him. Tears of joy, we are told, fell from almost every eye, and each would have been glad of a thousand voices, a thousand hands: "Oh, who will paint the delicious transports of this fête?" asks a newspaper. . . . "Here, crowns of flowers are offered to the liberator of France; there, tributes of the ingenious muses who celebrate his talents and his virtues." Among the "tributes of the ingenious muses" we must reckon our allegorical representations. In one entitled the "Constitution of France,"[3] we have Necker borne aloft by Lafayette and D'Orléans

[1] Plate 27, p. 65. [2] Plate 28, p. 66. [3] Plate 29, p. 67.

while with his feet he tramples on the instruments of slavery. With one hand he holds up the crown of France; in the other he carries a pole with a cap

Plate 32. A cartoon in which the King and Necker are breaking the chains of a grateful third estate while Discord takes to flight.

of liberty. In "Virtue surmounting all Obstacles,"[1] we have France showing Necker to her children while Fame announces him with her trumpet. Justice, Abundance, and Prudence sit at his feet,

[1] Plate 30, p. 68.

and Apollo with his darts chases away loathsome Envy, Hatred, and Discord.

More elaborate still is a production called, "The Epoch of French Liberty"[1] where an ermine-clad and fleurs-de-lis-covered Louis XVI conducts Necker along the path of glory towards the three estates, which stand together under the equally-balanced scales. A hand in the clouds holds the torch of truth which Diogenes is pointing out to Jean Jacques Rousseau. The sage of the tub is trampling on his lantern. What need has he now of any artificial light? Is not his search ended? Has he not found in every French citizen that for which he was looking—a man?

In still another allegory,[2] the King and his minister are breaking the chains of the third estate, while hideous Discord is taking to flight.

[1] Plate 31, p. 69.

[2] Plate 32, p. 71.

CHAPTER III

EQUALITY

AFTER the fall of the Bastile, the National Assembly began to busy itself in earnest with the new constitution. A cartoon[1] shows the three estates, each with his great hammer, welding into shape the book of the law which lies on an anvil. On the very day of the attack on the fortress a committee had been appointed to formulate the rights of man—his fundamental, inalienable rights—and this was to serve as a preamble to the whole.

Already on July 11th Lafayette had handed in a draft of "rights,"[2] reminiscent of the American constitution, that would have answered very well for every practical purpose. They included liberty of person, speech, and opinion, the right to one's own property, the right to be happy and to resist oppression. But instead of adopting this bodily and proceeding to take up the evils that were crying aloud for remedy, these twelve hundred men debated hour after hour and week after week on purely theoretical matters. Ignorance of these rights of man, it was argued, had kept the French

[1] Plate 33, p. 74

[2] Buchez et Roux, ii., 78.

under the heel of despotism; the programme must first be laid down before any individual measures were discussed. In vain Dumouriez, the future

Plate 33. A cartoon showing the three estates forging away at the new constitution.

victor of Valmy and Genappe, declared that what Frenchmen needed was a knowledge of their duties rather than of their rights; in vain he pleaded that this was the plan on which the much-admired Americans had proceeded.[1]

[1] *Mémoires* (Hamburg, 1795), ii., 24.

Triumphantly at last the world was told that "all men are equal before the law;" that "liberty consists in doing whatever does not harm others;" that "no one may be punished save by a law established and promulgated previously to the crime;" that "every man is to be presumed innocent until he has been declared guilty;" that "no one is to be molested on account of his opinions." These—and there were many more—were laid down as those rights of man "ignorance, forgetfulness, or scorn of which are the sole causes of public misfortunes."[1] Had these "rights" been formulated for the very purpose of presenting a contrast to the principles that were to govern the Revolution they could not have been worded more strongly. How many persons, for instance, were to be presumed innocent until they had been declared guilty? Foulon, perhaps? Or Berthier? And the rights of property—how about the forced loans, the "voluntary" contributions? As for non-molestation on account of opinions, it is safe to say that the grand majority of arrests and guillotinings were to be more because of opinions expressed, or even supposed to be cherished in secret, than for any other cause.

Never could there have been a less favourable time for prolonged and unpractical deliberations. Brigands—some few, perhaps, in the flesh, but many thousands more in the frightened popular imagination—were terrorizing the country districts;

[1] Duguit et Mounier: *Les constitutions et les principales lois politiques de la France depuis 1789.*

châteaux and monasteries were being sacked in search of title-deeds and feudal charters; the skies were red with burning buildings. Feudal dues and rents could no longer be collected; the laws were without force, the magistrates without authority. "The peasants," writes a newspaper,[1] "declare that neither their persons nor their goods can form part of the property of the seigneurs." It was a new phase of the eternal dispute between capital and labour. Beyond a doubt there were evils that needed reforming; but in this imperfect world the coöperation of the capitalist, be he feudal lord or merely a more enterprising fellow-citizen, is necessary to make labour of any tangible value.

What course could the National Assembly pursue? It was bound to respect the rights of property, yet it stood for freedom and for emancipation from the old trammels. It could not well attempt to suppress the troubles by force of arms; it could not even permit this to be done by the King, the chief executive power. How could it entrust him with an army after the uproar caused by his ordering a few regiments to Paris? The Assembly had already declared itself in favour of enjoining on the peasantry the necessity of paying the customary feudal dues; it had spoken of the "sacred rights of property" and of the "ancient laws that still subsist and that must be obeyed until the authority of the nation shall have modified or abrogated them," when there suddenly was enacted one of the most striking scenes in all French his-

[1] *Journal de Paris*, Aug. 6.

tory, one that changed the whole course of events. But was it altogether wise this sweeping concession to popular demands, demands presented, so to speak, sword in hand?

In the National Assembly on the evening of

Plate 34. A cartoon representing the French nation in a patriotic delirium breaking down feudalism on August 4, 1789.

August 4, 1789, the measures to be adopted with regard to the peasants were under discussion, when the Vicomte de Noailles, seconded by other nobles, rose and proposed the abolition of all feudal rights over persons and the redemption for money of all feudal dues that had to do with landed property. This proposal of De Noailles seems to have been made partly from a spirit of pure devotion and

generosity, but also partly because by renouncing possessions that had become untenable it was hoped to secure other advantages. Whatever the motives, a strong wave of renunciation swept over the Assembly. The members were seized with what a cartoonist depicts as a patriotic delirium.[1] They are hammering to bits with their flails all the emblems of the feudal system—the armour, the shield; the sword of the noble, the crozier and mitre of the ecclesiastical prince.

The allegory is no exaggeration. The system that had lasted for nearly a thousand years fell in a single night. Those four hours saw greater changes than had been witnessed by many centuries.[2] Never, we are told, had so many deputies claimed the floor, and no one spoke but to offer, promise, or consummate some sacrifice. There were eloquent appeals, too:

"Be just, sirs," cried a Breton deputy; "let them bring to us here those title-deeds that outrage not merely modesty but even humanity! Let them bring those deeds that humiliate the human race by requiring men to be harnessed to a plough like beasts of burden; let them bring those deeds which oblige men to pass nights in beating the edges of ponds to keep the frogs from troubling the sleep of their voluptuous lords! Who of us, sirs, would not make of these infamous parchments an expiatory pyre and would not apply the torch to consummate their sacrifice on the altar of the fatherland?"

Motions of renunciation were made, seconded

[1] Plate 34, p. 77

[2] The *Débats et Decrets* and the *Journal de Paris* give the best accounts.

Plate 35. An allegorical representation which shows France inscribing on a monument the feudal privileges renounced on August 4, 1789.

and passed with such rapidity that they could scarcely be recorded. Seigniorial jurisdictions; whole categories of tithes and clerical fees; the odious hunting privileges that had so often been the ruin of the farmer's fields; the right to keep doves who lived on his grain; the *main morte* or exemption of church lands: all this and much more was declared abolished. Taxation was to be equalized; the administration of justice reformed so that the poor might more readily be given satisfaction; local barriers of privilege even between province and province to be thrown down.

"At last," writes the *Journal de Paris*, "this magnificent scene, so worthy to be transmitted to all ages and to serve as a model for all nations, was terminated by a motion of the Duc de Liancourt to consecrate it by a medal on which should be engraved the inscription: 'To the abolition of all privileges and to the perfect reunion of all the provinces, and all the citizens.' In a moment so beautiful, of such great felicity, it was natural for souls full of joy and tenderness to be uplifted to Heaven. The Archbishop of Paris proposed a general prostration at the feet of the altars of Notre Dame and the singing of a Te Deum. All the deputies seemed as religious as this prelate."

An allegorical representation[1] entitled "The liberty of France" shows France inscribing on a monument all the achievements of August 4th. To the right, youths and maidens are gaily dancing on the turf; to the left, we have Commerce reviving, while above, in the air, we have Fame blowing her trumpet

[1] Plate 35, p. 79.

Plate 36. A representation of the Frenchwoman become free.

and the devil flying away with the tithes and privileges.

The *Révolutions de Paris*[1] tells us with what an intoxication of joy the news of the happenings in the Assembly was everywhere greeted. The deputies were hailed as fathers of their country. A new day was believed to be dawning for France. Groups formed in the streets or waited to tell the good news to those who came over the bridges. Every one congratulated every one else—nay one saw citizens fall into each other's arms.

Happier than any one else seem to have been the women of the market. Whether they really ever dressed as an engraving of the time represents them[2] is not certain. At all events, they love to place themselves in evidence, now, on all occasions. A number of them appeared at the palace of Versailles and congratulated the King and Queen on the general progress of events. They addressed the former as "dear man," "good friend," and the like, and said to the Queen, "Open your heart [the word used is *entrailles!*] to us even as we open ours to you." Their majesties, we are told, received them in the warmest manner. The people were not slow to take advantage of their new privileges. What a joy to kill the game—the does and stags, the rabbits, hares, partridges, and pigeons—that had so long been looked upon as nothing but a scourge! We hear of districts where not even a sparrow was left alive. Only the preserves of the Duc d'Orleans, that cousin of the King who had

[1] Aug. 5th.

[2] Plate 36, p. 81.

taken his seat in the States-General as a simple deputy, were spared. His name was everywhere uttered with tenderness.

One can imagine that the artists were not idle at this time. More than once we find the subject of the abolition of the privileges treated on the plan of before and after. In one such production[1] we have first the peasant, "the man of tears," bent double beneath the weight of the fat prelate and the smug noble, the latter with a sword that is "reddened with blood." One sees the rabbits busily eating the peasant's cabbage and the pigeons his grain.

But in the pendant to the picture,[2] all is changed. The peasant shouting "Long live the King, long live the nation!" is riding on the back of a most chastened noble who wears the tri-coloured cockade in his hat and whose sword bears the inscription, "To protect the nation." The noble in turn is leaning on a chastened clergy who bears in his hand the emblems of liberty and equality and relief for the people. The peasant is clapping his hands in glee; on his shoulder is a sword with the inscription, "Full of courage," and from the end of it dangles a dead rabbit. The pigeons lie prone on their backs, their stiffened legs in the air, while the cabbage, no longer nibbled and gnawed at, has thrown out fine curling leaves.

A somewhat similar double production is called "The Frenchman hitherto,"[3] and "The Frenchman to-day."[4] It is consecrated to the abuses of

[1] Plate 37, p. 84.
[2] Plate 38, p. 85.
[3] Plate 39, p. 86.
[4] Plate 40, p. 87.

Plate 37. A double cartoon representing the change wrought in the condition of the peasant by the renunciations of August 4th. Before.

Plate 38. A double cartoon representing the change wrought in the condition of the peasant by the renunciations of August 4th. After.

Plate 39. A double cartoon representing the Frenchman formerly and the Frenchman now. The Frenchman formerly.

Plate 40. A double cartoon representing the Frenchman formerly and the Frenchman now. The Frenchman now.

the law-courts remedied by these decrees of August 4th and by subsequent ones. All the different

Plate 41. A national guard in uniform.

fees and exactions are represented as so many rats gnawing at one who cannot escape, being held in

a sort of crate which is chained to the mill and baking-oven of the feudal lord. The former police is represented as the very devil, as a spy and a rogue. But in the companion picture, all is changed, and the ghastly heap of heads on the ground at the left gives one an inkling of how it has been accomplished. The rats are all dead and hang by the tails from the shaft of the national weapon, the pike. If we compare the dress of the peasant with the uniform of the National Guards[1] we shall see that we are dealing with a defender of his country. The coat was of royal blue, the collar red, the trousers, waistcoat, and facings white.

An era of peace and good-will did, indeed, seem to have dawned. Ladies of the market in processions gay with garlands and ribbons give thanks to patron saints; the great lantern is put back on its bracket in the Place de Grève as though no further hangings were anticipated; the National Guards are given a new ensign, representing not an eagle but a cock which, we are told in an inscription, can sing as well as fight. A banner is to display the sentence: "Under Louis XVI the Frenchman has become free and a soldier, and the soldier has shown himself a citizen." This is to replace the old oriflamme of the Bourbons.

Meanwhile the work on the Constitution made such progress that, by the beginning of October, the Rights of Man and nineteen articles had been completed. Friction in the Assembly, indeed, had delayed the work considerably. One faction saw

[1] Plate 41, p. 88.

no reason for not taking over from England what was best in her Parliamentary institutions; but this idea was opposed tooth and nail by others who professed to think that England was under an oppressive government. Horrible were the pictures, literally pictures, in which these ideas found vent. In one called "The English Constitution,"[1] we have Pitt trampling the crown under foot. In his right hand he holds the ends of the chains that are around the necks of the king, the lords, and the commons; in his left is the staff of the flag of tyranny, with fetters, flails, and instruments of torture. In the background are a gallows with its noosed ropes, and a scaffold with the headsman and his axe.

Equally specific is the cartoon entitled "The Frenchman and the Englishman rendering homage to Liberty each after his own fashion."[2] The Englishman is chained to his constitution, his civil list, his House of Lords, his Parliament, his clergy, his taxes on the very air one breathes. One sees that he is cursing Liberty and is trying to escape. But the Frenchman is burning incense to her on an altar; he waves his hand in her direction with a happy, satisfied air of proprietorship. Behind him are a tree of liberty, a cap, a tri-coloured banner. One sees broken chains, and he is treading on the fleur-de-lis.

One must make large allowances for artistic license in all this. Very far was the Frenchman at this juncture from being happy and contented.

[1] Plate 42, p. 91. [2] Plate 43, p. 92.

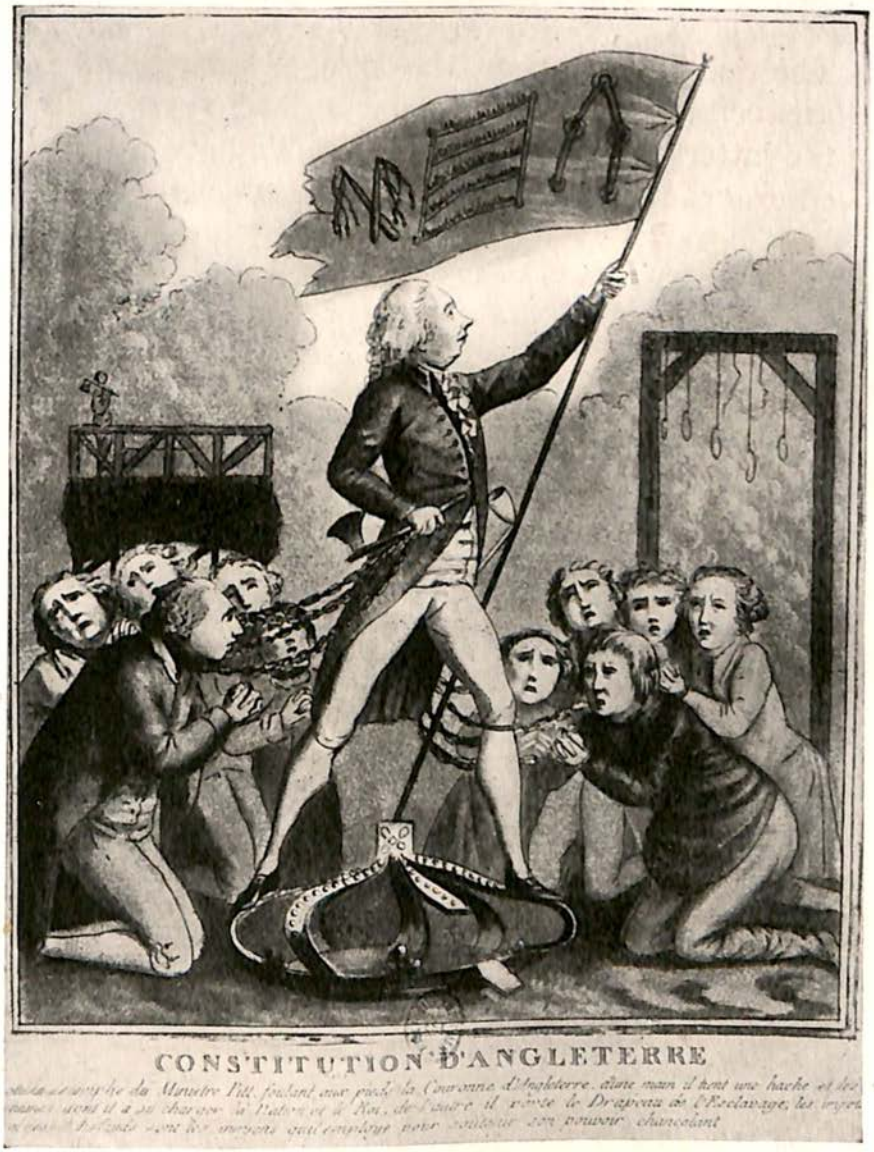

Plate 42. A representation intended to show what an advantage the free Frenchman has over the enslaved Englishman. Pitt is trampling on the crown and holding the parliament enchained.

The rich and the poor, the common man and the aristocrat, were in bitter enmity. More and more the latter were taking to flight. We have a caricature[1] of the first batch of *émigrés* which included

Plate 43. A cartoon showing the contrast between an Englishman's manner of doing homage to Liberty and a Frenchman's.

the Queen's favourite, Madame de Polignac, and the King's younger brother, the Comte d'Artois. It is Madame de Polignac who is sitting in the basket and belabouring her donkey.

The whole relation of employer and employed had been radically changed. Gone were the re-

[1] Plate 44, p. 93.

spectful lackeys and grooms of other days. The army of the unemployed grew from day to day, almost from hour to hour; and want and misery now did, indeed, assume frightful proportions. The necessaries of life were growing appallingly scarce;

Plate 44. A caricature of the first *émigrés* leaving France. Madame de Polignac, the Queen's favourite, is in the donkey-basket. The King's brother is on horseback.

the whole machinery of supplying them had broken down. The discontent grew in proportion—among the women, especially, who had to stand in line many hours at a time waiting to purchase a few pennies' worth of bread at the bakeries.

Patient the French never were. The present crisis was not the fault of any one or two persons—not of the King, not of the Queen. Indeed the royal pair did their best to alleviate the suffering

by sending their silver plate to the mint and having the waters of Versailles harnessed to the flour mills. It was the fault of circumstances: of the disorganisation of trade, the upsetting of credit, the general unrest. The harvest of 1789 was excellent,[1] but those who should have been gathering it were busy elsewhere, busy playing politics or enrolling in the National Guard.

"To-day there were violent struggles at the doors of the bakeries—happy is he who can get bread," writes the *Révolutions de Paris* on August 25th, "there is no more in the villages near the capital—they are living on vegetables; at Sèvres they are making cakes."[2] The same paper accuses the court and the aristocrats of a diabolical plot, with deliberately causing famine and fomenting anarchy in order to disgust the people with the new order of things.

The National Assembly itself was in financial straits and was glad to receive voluntary gifts. There was something sentimentally gratifying in the sight of these ladies entering the august precincts and laying down their jewels on the altar of the fatherland. In a moment of patriotic exaltation, the deputies even removed the silver buckles from their own shoes. But it was a most uncertain manner of providing revenue for the government of a great state; and moreover the time wasted in receiving and duly honouring generous-minded deputations was considerable. We hear of young women haranguing and being harangued,

[1] Jaurès, i., 331.

[2] *Brioches* is the French word.

of honours accorded to them hitherto reserved exclusively for crowned heads. Necker finally invented an effective compromise. He called for a general "voluntary contribution" which was to amount to one quarter of each person's income. Where the voluntary part of it came in is difficult to see. There was to be a tax, too, on all silver and gold plate. One might assess oneself, but the amounts were to be publicly listed.

As the poverty increased so did the general excitement. The women began to give louder and louder voice to their grievances, sending deputations to the Hotel de Ville, demanding lower prices, less delay. They were goaded on by the newspapers and especially by the hysterical shrieks of Marat's *Publiciste de Paris*, forerunner of his *Ami du Peuple*. Marat is the enemy of all who are not zealous Revolutionists: "I am the eye of the people, you are but its little finger!" he said proudly to the authorities in the Hotel de Ville.[1]

There were two main grievances against the court at this time. The King had not yet sanctioned, indeed had dared to criticise, the "Rights of Man," and—with the consent of the local authorities, as well as of the National Assembly[2] indeed—had summoned a fresh regiment, the regiment of Flanders, to Versailles. On October 1st his guards had fêted this regiment in what was reported as an anti-national orgy; a Versailles newspaper published the

[1] Jaurès, i., 332 ff.

[2] See the testimony of Miomandre de Chateauneuf in the *Procédure criminelle instruite au Chatelet*, ii., 350.

announcement that the national cockade had been publicly insulted and trodden under foot.

In not sanctioning the "Rights of Man" and the other constitutional articles that were presented to him, the King was fully within his rights. He had not even gone so far as to veto them, although a suspensive veto had just been accorded him by the terms of the constitution itself. His whole crime now was that he had suggested delay. He had proposed postponing the adoption of the Rights of Man until the laws for which they were to serve as a basis had been put into operation. Yet Robespierre cried out in the National Assembly: "The King's reply is destructive not merely of any constitution but even of the national right to have a constitution."

The reports concerning the banquet or "orgy" at Versailles had been grossly exaggerated. Such attentions to a visiting regiment had been in accordance with old-established custom. Among the guests, furthermore, had been some twenty officers of the citizen-guard of the town. All that actually happened was that enthusiastic cheers were given for the King and Queen when, by invitation, they appeared in the hall and made the round of the tables. Some one, a National Guard doubtless, had suggested playing the inevitable "Where is one better off than in the bosom of one's family?" but the bandmaster had refused and had, instead, struck up the tune of Blondel's song in Grétry's *Richard Lion-hearted*: "O Richard, oh my king, the universe abandons thee!" The

implication, of course, was that Louis XVI would find here adherents as faithful as Blondel had been when the latter ended his long search by finding his master in the tower.

Plate 45. A cartoon showing Chabroud endeavouring to clear the Duc d'Orléans of complicity in the events of October 6, 1789.

Never in history did the playing of a refrain have such consequences! Not only was the episode made the most of at the time but it was treasured up for the trials for treason both of the King and of the Queen.

The assertion that the tri-coloured or national cockade was trampled under foot and a white

cockade substituted for it has often been made.[1] The man who presided at the banquet, De Canecaude, asserted positively in his testimony during the Châtelet investigation that nothing of the kind took place. He is corroborated by another eye-witness. The whole story was a newspaper invention and has been traced to the *Courier de Versailles*.[2]

On October 4th, in the garden of the Palais Royal, a woman rose and exhorted her hearers to follow her to Versailles and demand bread from the King and his family. She gave a box on the ear to an individual who made light of her exhortations. But that same day the details of the expedition must have been arranged. Whether or not the gold of the Duc d'Orleans played any part in the matter is a question that has been much debated. We have a cartoon[3] showing his official defender at the Châtelet investigation vainly attempting to wash him clean; and when public indignation against him was at its height he disappeared from view, accepting a mission to England.

The events of the 5th and 6th of October can be described only briefly.[4] On the morning of the 5th a bevy of women entered the courtyard of the Hotel de Ville. They were for the most part young, and many were clad in white as for a fête.

[1] Carlyle speaks of "fair fingers handing white Bourbon cockades," of "trampling of national cockades," etc.

[2] *Procédure*, i., 58.

[3] Plate 45, p. 97.

[4] Morse Stephens's account is teeming with errors. I have tried to compare the testimony of all the different witnesses before the Châtelet.

Their manner was playful, their intentions apparently harmless. They peered into different rooms as if from curiosity. But their numbers kept increasing; worse elements came in; there was soon a regular rabble and acts of violence were com-

Plate 46. A contemporary drawing of the expedition of the women of Paris to Versailles on October 5, 1789.

mitted. Some mounted the belfry and sounded the tocsin; others liberated some persons who had been arrested and were awaiting a hearing; others, still, proceeded to sack the building.

By way of diversion some one cried, "To Versailles, to Versailles!" A certain Stanislas Maillard, a conqueror of the Bastile, placed himself at their head and they marched.

Both the printed descriptions and an artist's hasty sketch of them as they passed[1] show them to have been armed with every sort of weapon: pikes, bayonets, scythes, axes, and pitchforks, and even brooms. One eye-witness declares that they reminded him of an army of crusaders.[2] Their cry was for bread and for the King's removal from Versailles to Paris. They demanded that the Paris National Guards march with them and exterminate these body-guards and these officers of the regiment of Flanders who had dared to trample under foot the emblem of French liberty, the national cockade. The guards themselves urged their commander, Lafayette, to let them go, but he held them in leash throughout the greater part of the day.

Very quickly the women covered the distance to Versailles. They appeared before the hall of the National Assembly; Stanislas Maillard made an address and the women finally invaded the hall, took the seats of the deputies and even that of the president. There was disorder and drunkenness.

A band of the women had gathered in front of the palace railing, and those within the building could hear coarse and cruel threats against the Queen. They called for her head, for her heart. They persuaded the regiment of Flanders to desert the King. They held a sort of awful revelry in the Place d'Armes. When the King and Queen tried to escape, their horses were seized and their coaches led back to the stable.

[1] Plate 46, p. 99. [2] Testimony of Grandchamp, *Procédure*, i., 108.

As night came on the scene grew bacchanalian. Fires were lighted in the square, for a chill rain had begun to fall. One saw groups cutting up and roasting the flesh of a horse that had fallen. A deputation which the President of the National Assembly, Mounier, accompanied, had been admitted by the King and their requests granted. The women came back radiant over their reception, some of them kissing the *gardes du corps* as they passed.[1]

But enthusiasm for the graciousness of the King was not what the crowd wanted. They kicked, hit, and almost strangled the fairest of the emissaries declaring that she had been bought with royal gold. She was obliged to return to the King with the other women and obtain the concessions from him in writing. He signed a paper exculpating her and appeared with her on the balcony.[2]

Late that night, Lafayette's army approached with flaring torches and beating drums. Was he coming as friend or foe? "What does your army want?" was the first question asked him as he entered the Assembly. "There goes Cromwell!" some one cried, as he crossed the *œil-de-bœuf* on his way to pay his respects to the King. "Sir, Cromwell would not have come alone," he answered.

Lafayette undertook to guard the palace, but retired about dawn having seen that all was quiet. He felt that he had earned an hour's rest.

The blame for what followed should fall on the

[1] *Procédure*, ii., 318. [2] Testimony of Louison, *Procédure*, ii., 33 ff.

Paris National Guards. They gave no alarm, offered no resistance, when armed bands filed into the Place d'Armes or outer courtyard.[1] There was an inner court, and even an inmost one, each separated by a strong iron railing. The crowd penetrated into both—no one knows whether the locks were forced or turned.[2] Then like tigers the mob fell on the sentinels. Two were dragged all the way to the Place d'Armes and their heads hewn off with axes and carried about in triumph for hours.

Never were fouler passions generated than by this revolution. As the bodies lay there, gloating bystanders dipped their hands in the blood and smeared their own faces with it. Women jumped on the corpses, kicked them, tore off shreds of the bloody clothing.[3]

But the real object of pursuit was the Queen. The King from his window saw them rush for her staircase and he hurried through a secret passage to her rescue. It all passed with the utmost rapidity: The attack on the *gardes du corps* at the head of the staircase; their retreat into the great hall of guards through the door that faces the stairs; their rescue of one of their companions; their final entrenchment in the *œil-de-bœuf* after the other doors had been broken in.

In the Queen's apartments there was less resistance. The double door of her hall of guards was

[1] Mounier, *Appel au Tribunal de l'Opinion Publique*, 173.
[2] The question was asked at the time. *Procédure*, ii., 6.
[3] *Procédure*, ii., 260.

on the right of the little landing. Through it poured a cursing, howling mass of men and women clamouring for the Queen's head, heart, and entrails.[1] One of the guards was struck down and left for dead, but not until he had given the alarm to the ladies-in-waiting who hurried Marie Antoinette, half-dressed, through the four little rooms that connect with the *œil-de-bœuf*. A closed door almost checked the flight, but it was finally opened from the other side.[2]

The arrival of Lafayette with his guards quieted the troubled waters. The King appeared on the balcony and asked pardon for his defenders. There was a sudden fraternisation between the forces that had just been opposing each other. Then the Queen was told that the people wished to see her on the balcony. The Marquis de Degoine, who was present, relates that she hesitated, that Lafayette urged her, that she answered courageously, "it may be to execution, but I will go!"[3] Another eye-witness[4] tells us that as she stepped out on to the balcony, holding her children by the hand, there were shouts that children were not wanted. She thrust them back and came out alone.

It had all been such an ordeal for the King and Queen of France that it is a wonder Louis XVIth did not abdicate then and there. Judging from what we know of the sentiments of the people, such a course would probably have resulted in his keep-

[1] Numerous witnesses specify these cries.

[2] *Procédure*, i., 172, 184, 243; ii., 368, 370, 378 ff.

[3] *Procédure*, i., 330.

[4] Derosnet, *Procédure*, ii., 79.

ing, instead of losing, his throne. But he chose to suffer every possible humiliation rather than relinquish his hereditary rights.

As they stood there on the balcony, a voice called out, "The King to Paris!" The cry was taken up until it became a roar. Wavering, Louis XVI

Suite de Versailles à Paris
Le Retour triomphant des Heroines Francaises de Versailles à Paris le 6 Octobre 1789.
Ramenant avec Elles sur la Foire au chateau des Thuileries la Fe Royale.
Et le Gros boulanger.

Plate 47. A contemporary drawing representing the women of Paris returning from Versailles on October 6, 1789.

passed back and forth between his room and the balcony, and then made one of the most fateful and fatal decisions of his life. Leaning far out over the railing, he declared that he would go to Paris with his wife and children. Lafayette repeated the announcement in a louder tone, and, in order to spread the news more quickly it was written on bits of paper and thrown down among the crowd.[1] A few hours later the cortège started; the heads of

[1] Batiffol: *Les journées des 5 et 6 Octobre, 1789.*

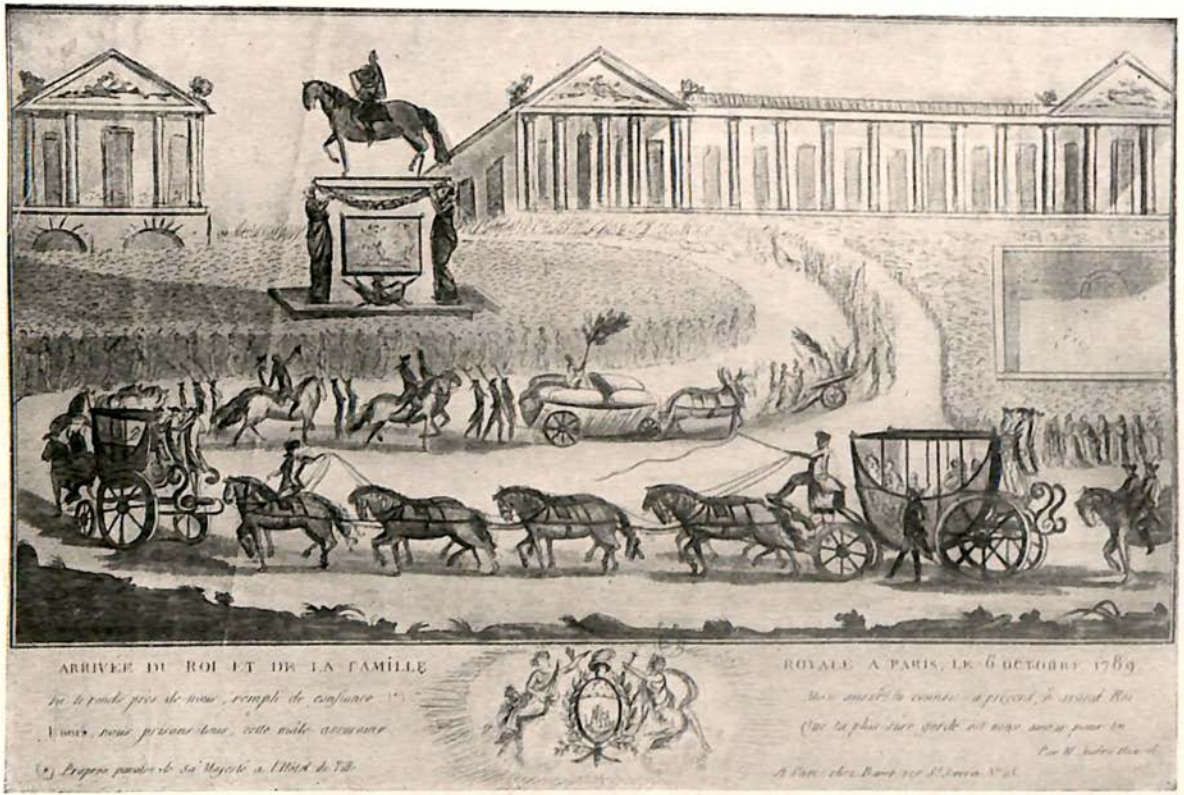

Plate 48. A representation of the arrival of the King and Queen in Paris on October 6, 1789. One sees the women leading the cortège.

the slain guards, stuck on poles, had gone on before.

To the descendant of St. Louis and the daughter of Maria Theresa, that procession must have seemed like some old grotesque dance of death. It would have seemed still more so could they have looked into the near future. Until the Revolution began, they had been isolated from the world by their great body of noble pensioners and their thousands of attendants. Nine hundred body-guards had always been at hand to do their bidding. Now, that armour was pierced. They had become the plaything of the mob. Their carriage was accompanied by fishwives and street-walkers for whom the affair was a continuous frolic. These women danced by the roadside, sat on the cannon, tried to mount the horses of the soldiers, and screamed with delight when they fell back into the mud. They broke boughs from the trees; they snatched ribbons from the head-dresses of those of their sex whom they passed on the road.

We have an artistic production[1] illustrating all this, and Heaven only knows whether it was intended seriously or as a caricature. It is called "The triumphant Return of the French-Heroines from Versailles to Paris." "Heroines of liberty" was the name by which these women were to be known throughout the remainder of the Revolution, and we shall see them still glorified in 1793.

The attitude of the crowd in general seems to have been respectful, but people jested among

[1] Plate 47, p. 104.

themselves. Louis was the baker because he was bringing with him bread for hungry Paris. Marie Antoinette was the baker's wife, the Dauphin the baker's boy.

We have an elaborate representation[1] of the arrival in the Place Louis Quinze—which famous square we shall soon learn to know under quite other names. As yet the great equestrian statue of Louis XV stood in its midst. Round this the cortège wound on its way to the Tuileries palace. In front of the cannon and the maidens, one sees what may have been intended for the heads of the murdered guards; then follows a waggon with bags of meal, and then come the royal coaches.

We have a most curious and bloody satire on the subject of these murdered guards[2]—a satire which shows the pitiless attitude throughout the Revolution towards the vanquished and slain. One can well imagine the smiles that this ingenious production called forth. It is of value to us as showing that the cartoonist must have counted on a sufficiently large public to make his enterprise profitable Nor could he have feared suppression.

Bearing their own heads on stakes, the two guards appear on the banks of the Styx, together with the unfortunate governor of the Bastile, with Flesselles, Foulon, and Berthier, and a baker who in these days was killed by mistake because accused of hoarding bread. Such mistakes were small matters, for it was easy to shift the odium on to the aristocrats. Charon clubs back with his

[1] Plate 48, p. 105.

[2] Plate 49, p. 108.

oar all the headless ones save the baker, the "victim of aristocratic fury"; him he ferries across to where Calas, once persecuted by the Church and defended by Voltaire, awaits him in the company of other martyrs.

Messieurs Delaunay Flesselles Berthier Foulon et les deux Gardes du Corps qui ont été Decolés par le Peuple voudraient passer jusqu'aux Champs Elisées en dépit de Caron qui ne reçoit dans sa Barque que le S.t Remy François Boulanger Victime innocente de la Fureur Aristocratique l'infortuné Calas &c. autres viennent le recevoir a l'autre bord.

Plate 49. A cartoon representing Charon refusing to ferry over any of the headless ones save a baker who had been killed by mistake.

We have meanwhile lost sight—every one lost sight—of the National Assembly of France. From first to last it had played an undignified rôle—allowing the women to enter its precincts and conduct themselves as though they were in a *café chantant;* taking no apparent interest in what was going on at the palace; allowing so vital a matter as

Plate 50. A symbolical production showing Reason in the act of explaining the new divisions of France while Envy and Hatred seek to hamper her.

that of the King's change of residence, which would necessarily affect them deeply, to be decided by a lawless mob.

There were those who felt all this keenly. The president of the Assembly, Mounier, fled from France and took refuge in Geneva. On one pretext or another some two hundred members left Versailles.[1] We have the defiance that one of them hurled at those who remained[2]:

Neither this guilty town nor this still guiltier Assembly deserve that I justify myself. I had not strength any longer to endure the horror inspired by this blood, these heads, this queen all but butchered; this king led as a slave and made to enter Paris in the midst of his assassins and behind the heads of his unfortunate guards; these perfidious janissaries, these murderers, these cannibal women, this cry of "all bishops to the lantern!" as the King was entering Paris with his two episcopal councillors in his coach; the shot I saw fired at one of the Queen's carriages; Monsieur Bailly calling this a great day; the Assembly declaring coldly that morning that it was beneath its dignity to go and protect the King; Monsieur Mirabeau telling this same Assembly with impunity that the ship of state would not only not be impeded in its course but would hasten towards regeneration more rapidly than ever; Monsieur Barnave joining with him in a laugh when waves of blood were lapping round us; virtuous Mounier escaping as by a miracle from the twenty assassins who tried to add his head to their trophies: now you know my reasons for swearing never again to set foot in this cave of anthropophagi where I could no longer find strength to raise my voice, where I had raised it vainly for six weeks, I, Mounier, and all honest folk.

[1] Séance of Oct. 9, *Rév. de Paris*, No. xiv.

[2] Appendix to Bailly's Memoirs, iii., 435. It was Lally-Tollendal.

The Assembly voted to follow the King to Paris where the City Council promised it absolute liberty. It held its first sessions in the Archiepiscopal Palace and then moved to the Manège or riding-school near the Tuileries. Here in the course of the next five months it passed a number of epoch-making decrees all tending still further to weaken the authority of the King.

The old provinces of France, products of the feudal system, were divided up into eighty-three departments; the towns became self-governing communes.[1] The importance of this will be realised when one learns that these changes left far more than a million offices of one kind or another to be filled, and that the King no longer had any voice in the matter.

We have a symbolical representation[2] in which Reason, aided by the genius of Geography, is explaining the new divisions. She is trampling under foot the old title-deeds which horrible Pride vainly tries to snatch away. Citizens from all parts of the kingdom embrace mutually; a foreigner asks permission to marry a Frenchwoman and thus become a citizen. Behind Reason is Law whose votaries are swearing to observe equality.

France has adopted Equality, now, and has placed her quite on a level with Liberty. In an engraving of the time[3] we see them both under the outstretched arms of the Genius of the Fatherland.

[1] Decrees of Nov. 11 and 12, 1789; also Jan. 15 and Feb. 26, 1790.

[2] Plate 50, p. 109.

[3] Plate 51, p. 112.

Equality has the crude carpenter's level of the day, while Liberty has the usual pike and cap.

It is unquestionable that neither Liberty nor Equality would have prevailed as they did but

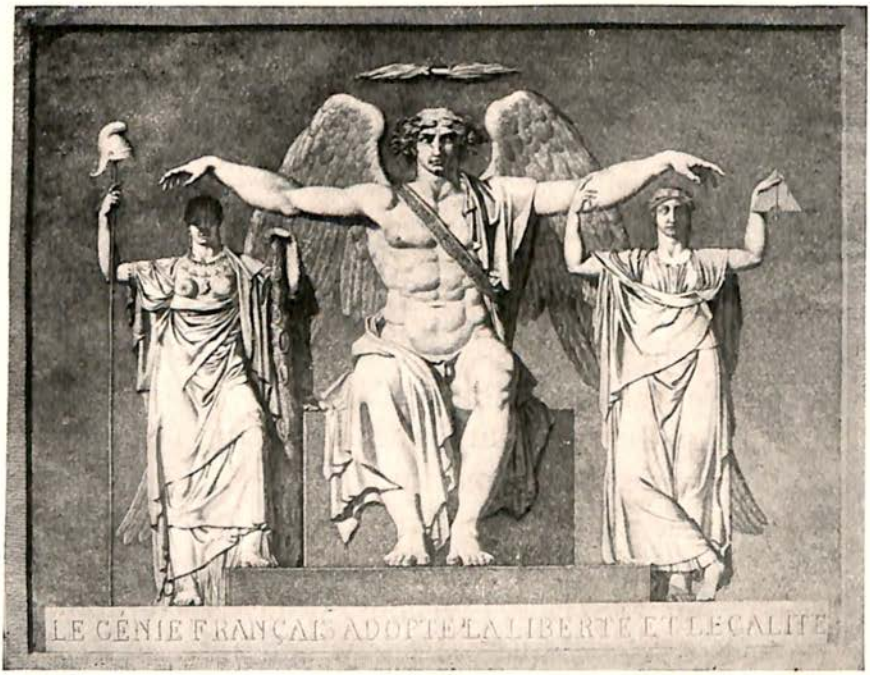

Plate 51. A symbolical production showing the Genius of France adopting Liberty and Equality.

for the aid of an organisation, daily becoming more powerful, which soon grasped with its tentacles all the thousands of new communes. The Jacobin Club was to the Revolution what the Jesuit Order had been to the Roman Catholic reaction of the 16th century. The monastery of the Rue St. Honoré became the centre of a regular network of supervision and control. We have a representation of it[1] that belongs to a later period of the

[1] Plate 52, p. 113.

Revolution but that gives us a clear idea of its general appearance. The façade was adorned with such emblems and inscriptions as befitted the main citadel of liberty.

Plate 52. A Dutch engraving showing the Hall of the Jacobin Club in Paris.

The chief virtue that the Jacobins ascribed to themselves was vigilance, and a great open eye became their symbol. It floated on their banners; we even see it on the cap of the typical Jacobin[1] drawn by a patriotic artist. In his hand is the bell with which he is to be ever ready to sound the alarm. Exercising inquisitorial power over men's

[1] Plate 53, p. 114.

opinions, supervising the conduct of those in authority, and controlling elections by all manner

Plate 53. A representation of the typical Jacobin. One sees the eye of vigilance on his cap.

of intimidation and bribery: those were the chief activities of the omnipresent Jacobins. On

Jadis je fut un bon gros Moine
Plein d'alimens jusques au Cou
Comme le Porc de S.t Antoine
Mais je suis aujourd'hui maigre comme un Coucou

Plate 54. A cartoon showing the clergy despoiled of its possessions. Once it was fat, now it is lean.

innumerable occasions, the measures that were passed in the National Assembly had been concocted or hatched out at a session of the famous club.

Plate 55. A caricature called "The Overthrow" relating to the confiscation of the estates of the clergy.

A measure quite as radical as the division of France into departments was the confiscation of all the landed property of the Church, amounting to nearly one third of all French territory. Already in September, 1789, the clergy had been invited to carry to the mint all silver not essential to the

carrying on of Divine Service.[1] After that had come the demand for a voluntary (?) contribution, and finally, on October 10th, Talleyrand, bishop of Autun, began the great onslaught on his own order: "There is one immense resource which can be

Plate 56. A caricature called "the present time," showing the clergy reduced to a skeleton and standing humbly before the other two estates.

reconciled with the rigid respect for property; it consists in the estates of the clergy."[2] He reckoned the sum that would accrue from their sale at two billion one hundred million francs. Two days later, Mirabeau moved that these estates be declared the property of the nation, fair provision being made for the clergy. This opened up, as may be imagined, a heated discussion as to what

[1] Duvergier, *Collection complète*, i., 44.

[2] *Débats et Décrets*, Oct. 10 ff.

right the National Assembly had to take such action and provoked the bitterest attacks from the clergy. The debates lasted from October 12th to November 2d, and the motion was finally passed by 568 to 346 votes. The contention was that the

Plate 57. A caricature against the clergy entitled "The patriotic Reducer of Flesh"

clergy were tenants, not owners of the property, and that furthermore, by recent decrees of the Assembly, there was no such thing as an *order* of the clergy in which the ownership could be vested.

The glee of the radicals knew no bounds. Never were the cartoonists more active, more full of ideas. One such satire[1] showing the same man before and after, bears the inscription: "Once I

[1] Plate 54, p. 115.

was a big fat monk, as full up to the neck with food as St. Anthony's pig; but now I am as thin as a cuckoo." In a production labelled "The Overthrow,"[1] one of the clergy is toppling over backwards, while his tormenters pursue him with unseemly gestures implying "I told you so." In another entitled "Here the first shall be last,"[2] we have the third estate commanding the other two. The noble stands meekly at attention, while the clergy is an actual skeleton resting his hands on a spade.

Grotesque in the extreme is the cartoon entitled "The patriotic Reducer of Flesh."[3] A great fat priest is held fast, but is told "Patience, sir, your turn will come next." In a press formed of two boards another priest is being flattened and is disgorging gold from his mouth; while others still, thin and making gestures of absolute despair, are disappearing in the distance.

It would lead us too far to deal with the manner of disposing of these confiscated estates and how they became the basis or guarantee for the assignats or new paper money of France. The first emission of assignats, in the spring of 1790, was for 400,000,000 francs. The clergy offered to raise that amount if only they might retain their title to the lands. This was refused and the bitterness increased. A member of the clergy after the turning down of a motion at least to decree that the "Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman religion" was the state religion, solemnly pronounced the Divine

[1] Plate 55, p. 116. [2] Plate 56, p. 117. [3] Plate 57, p. 118.

malediction over the whole National Assembly.[1] Another clerical firebrand, D'Epresmesnil, reminded the Assembly of the crucifixion of Christ. To still another, who cited a compact made by Louis XIV with his clergy, Mirabeau made a stinging retort: if historical reminiscences were in order, he begged to remind him that from the very platform where he was standing he could see the spot where benighted ecclesiastics caused a French king to give the signal for the St. Bartholomew massacre![2]

That crime of the French monarchy was in every one's mind at this period. A play called *Charles IX* was being given at the Comédie Française. It threw all the blame for St. Bartholomew on the intriguing Cardinal de Lorraine.

"The performance of this tragedy," writes a contemporary,[3] "brought a fatal change into the character of the Parisian people. They came forth drunken with vengeance and tormented with a thirst for blood. When, at the end of the fourth act, a tolling bell announces the moment of the massacre, one heard them groan dismally or else cry out furiously: "Silence! Silence!" as though they feared that the sound of the death-bell would not penetrate deeply enough into their hearts and they thus lose some of the sensations of hatred it was intended to encourage."

[1] *Journal de Paris*, Apr. 14, 1790.
[2] *Journal de Paris;* also in Ferrières.
[3] Ferrières, *Mémoires*, i., 351.

CHAPTER IV

FRATERNITY

AN event happened on Christmas Day, 1789, that placed Louis XVI in an embarrassing position. An apparent plot to carry him off, to murder Bailly, Lafayette, and Necker, and reduce Paris to submission by famine, was discovered, and the chief conspirator, the Marquis de Favras, was arrested. Favras was then tried, convicted, condemned to death, and executed. A cartoon[1] shows us what a warm reception he met with in Hades from DeLaunay, Flesselles, Foulon, and Berthier, not to speak of Cerberus and a poisoner named Desrues.

Louis XVI was advised to give some proof of his patriotic sentiments, and accordingly, on February 4, 1790, appeared in the Assembly without pomp or ceremony and ended a conciliatory discourse by uttering a vow to uphold constitutional liberty and to see that his son was brought up in sympathy with the new order of things.[2] The whole Assembly then took the civic oath—the oath of fidelity to the nation, the law, and the King. Such a chorus of "I swear it's" had never been

[1] Plate 58, p. 123.

[2] *Journal de Paris*, Feb. 4th, Feb. 6th.

heard in France. Not only did the deputies take the oath, but all the spectators, and, later, all the National Guards.

It was at this time that the strangest secret alliance was concluded—one between Mirabeau, whose influence in the National Assembly was so great that he said himself: "When I shake my terrifying mane no one dares to interrupt,"[1] and the King and Queen. Louis XVI would not believe in Mirabeau's sincerity until the latter had committed himself in writing.[2] Yet Mirabeau was no ordinary traitor. He called himself a constitutional royalist. He believed that he could be true to both sides. He promised the King "a loyalty, zeal, activity, energy, and courage of which no one can have the least conception." Unfortunately he accepted pay, and very high pay, for these loyal services: he was to have a million francs on the dispersal of the Constituent Assembly should he have lived up to all his promises, while the King, in addition, was to expend some 200,000 francs in paying Mirabeau's debts. He was to have a salary, too, of 6000 francs a month. Is it strange that the King and Queen never looked on Mirabeau in any other light than a paid agent? They so doubted his honesty that they would not trust to him the sums for the payment of his creditors. Yet Mirabeau seems to have served the court as well as circumstances permitted.

The stream was too strong to be held back. One by one the King's prerogatives were voted

[1] Stern, ii., 133. [2] Stern, ii., 140.

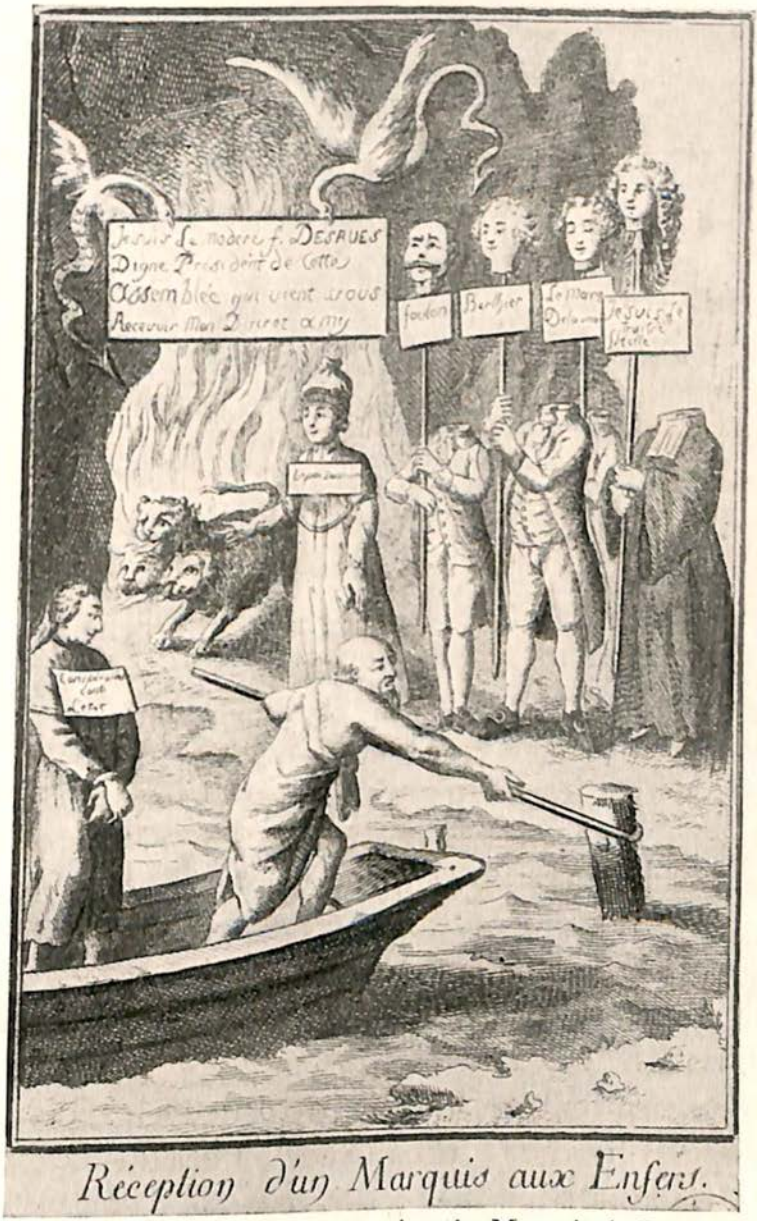

Plate 58. A cartoon representing the Marquis de Favras being received in Hades by Foulon, Berthier, and other headless ones.

away by the National Assembly. Even the royal title was no longer "Louis by the grace of God King of France and of Navarre," but plain "Louis, King of the French," and an attempt had even been made to add "by consent of the nation."[1] All persons imprisoned under *lettres de cachet* had been declared at liberty; the lists of the King's pensioners, with the amounts accorded, had been published. Mirabeau had endeavoured to have the King retain his right to declare war or to make peace, but in vain. He had carried his efforts so far that he had been called a traitor and reminded of the Tarpeian rock, but had finally saved appearances. On November 5th the natural supporters of the King, the nobles and the clergy, had been pronounced equal before the law with the third estate.

Constitutionalism was making very rapid strides. The first steps had been taken towards introducing trial by jury, towards establishing one general system of weights and measures; educational problems were under discussion—even such a matter as self-government in schools. The city of Paris decided to put this latter plan into execution.[2]

France had gone wild in turn over Liberty, as typified by the storming of the Bastile, and Equality, as furthered by the decrees of August 4th and the subsequent legislation. There was now to be a new object for patriotic enthusiasm—Fraternity. France herself was to encourage her children to

[1] *Révolutions de Paris*, Oct. 8th.
[2] *Ibid.*, lxi. (Sept. 4–11, 1790).

clasp hands. In one of our cartoons we find her actually fulfilling this benign duty.[1]

Plate 59. A symbolical representation of France making her children clasp hands in token of fraternity.

From various districts there had come news of so-called fêtes of federation to celebrate the brotherly feeling between the old soldiers of the line and the new National Guards. It was considered highly

[1] Plate 59.

desirable that France should learn the number of her true defenders. There were patriotic assemblages in which the warriors publicly swore to defend unto death the new constitution of the kingdom and to perish together rather than renounce liberty for a single instant. There were scenes of supreme exaltation,[1] with endless cheering, waving of hats on the points of bayonets, fraternal embraces. There were joyous dances in which all differences of rank and station were forgotten. There were rhapsodies like this: "Barbarous ages! Ages of fanaticism! Ages of slavery: How hideous you seem when compared to our own beautiful days! . . . We are born anew to glory and have recovered all our dignity!"

In Paris, on June 5th, a deputation from the municipality submitted to the National Assembly what the *Journal de Paris* calls "one of the happiest and most brilliant ideas inspired by patriotism since the Revolution began to elevate and fecundate men's minds." This was, no longer to have separate fêtes of federation in the provinces, but rather one grand general fête in the capital under the eyes of the monarch and the legislators.[2] From every section of France were to come delegates of the National Guards and of the troops of the line. As the orator of the deputation unfolded his plan, he grew more and more fervid:

Scarcely ten months have elapsed since the memorable epoch when, from the walls of the conquered Bastile, arose

[1] Such a fête is described in *La Révolution Française*, i., 15.

[2] *Journal de Paris*, June 7, 1790.

a sudden cry of "Frenchmen, we are free!" On the corresponding day let there be heard this still more touching cry of "Frenchmen, we are brothers!" . . . How bright will be the day of the alliance of the French! A people of brothers, an empire's regenerators, a citizen king, all rallying round the altar of the fatherland to take one common oath—what a new and imposing spectacle for the nations![1]

The spark thus communicated soon became a roaring flame. This Revolution which was to bring forth so many scenes of the bloodiest cruelty and injustice was also to become memorable for scenes of popular rejoicing which have scarcely been equalled in any other land or at any other period. It is a side of the movement which we, in our present study, can least of all afford to ignore. It was chiefly in symbolism that all this enthusiasm found vent.

"The trumpet," declared Anacharsis Cloots on June 19th,[2] has sounded the resurrection of the French; a joyful chorus twenty-five millions strong has awakened all the peoples long buried in slavery." He begged to be allowed to bring a band of foreigners to rally round a liberty pole and appear at the Fête of Federation, not as slaves in a Roman triumph, but as men freed of their chains by France's wise laws. The petition was granted and, when doing so, the president of the Assembly took occasion to give what he considered wholesome advice to the respective rulers of Cloots's foreigners. Cloots himself became known as the "orator of the human race."

[1] Buchez et Roux, vi., 275.

[2] *Débats et Décrets*, June 19th.

Alexander von Lameth, in this same session, moved that as the French were no longer slaves they should no longer have their sight offended by "monuments recalling to the eye the servitude of our fathers." This was amended to read that all inscriptions, all attributes, and all emblems in connection with such monuments should be effaced in favour of simple recitals of fine actions. In especial it was voted that the four chained figures under the statue of Louis XIV in the Place des Victoires should be removed before the Fête of Federation.[1]

It was then moved by Lambel and seconded by Lafayette and Noailles[2] that hereditary nobility be forever abolished in France; that the titles prince, marquis, baron, excellency, highness, eminence and the like be no longer conferred on any one whatsoever; that no one might display armorial bearings or clothe his servants in livery. In short, "incense is to be offered to no one but is only to be burned in temples of worship to honour the Divinity."

Yet it was something very like incense that the National Assembly in this same session of June 19th accorded to the "Conquerors of the Bastile" for having "flung off the yoke of slavery and made their country free." Each was to be given the complete uniform and equipment of a National Guard. On the sleeve or lapel of each coat was to be a mural crown, on the barrel of each gun a dedication. The Conquerors were to be accorded

[1] *Révolutions de Paris*, No. 51. [2] *Ib.*

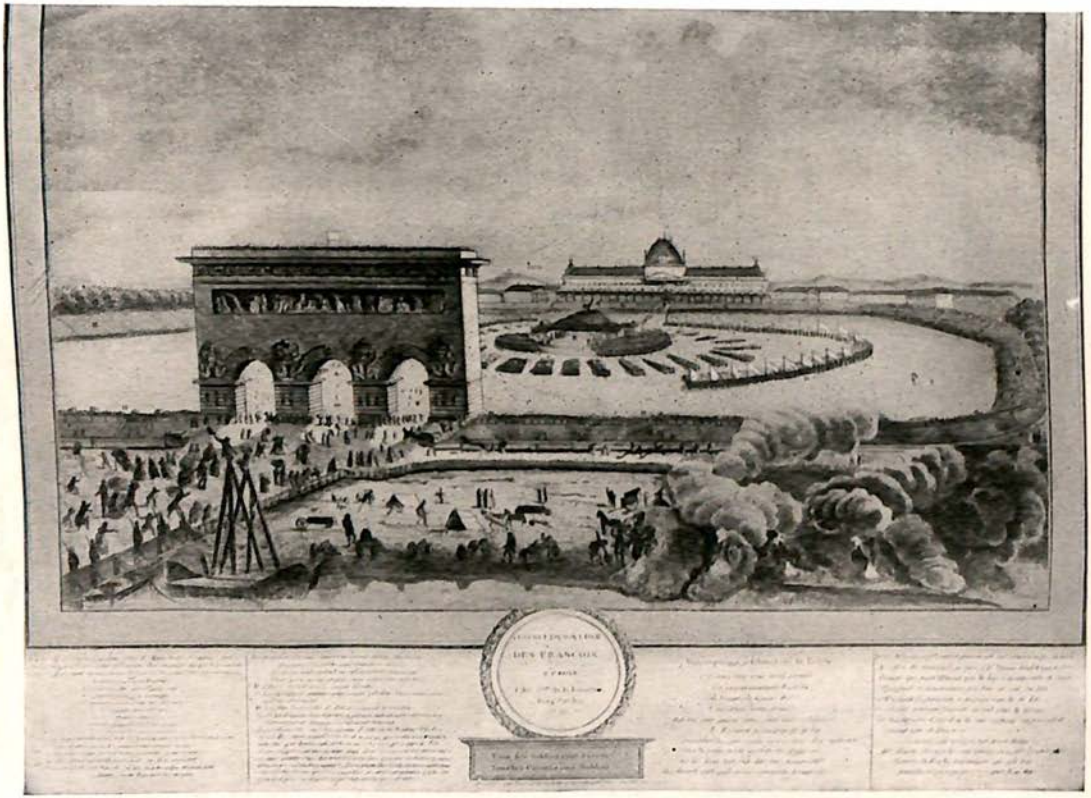

Plate 60. A representation of the Fête of Federation on the Champ de Mars, July 14, 1790.

an honourable and conspicuous place in the celebration of July 14th.[1]

The Assembly soon found, indeed, that it had jumped into a hornet's nest; that jealousies were rampant between the citizens and the military as to who had played the more important rôle on the great day; that hundreds claimed to be Conquerors who had not been near the spot; that the pecuniary gratifications the prospect of which was held out in this same decree were likely to amount to considerable sums. The various disputes threatened to end in violence and bloodshed when the Conquerors themselves voted to refuse the proffered honours.

The preparations for the Fête were made on an enormous scale. It was solemnly declared by the committee of arrangements that as the spectacle of a whole nation renewing its vows of mutual fraternity was worthy of being witnessed by all the inhabitants of the universe, the first thing to do was to choose a stage of vast dimensions.[2] The Champ de Mars or great parade-ground, with its natural amphitheatre and its surrounding trees, seemed to offer the most advantages. The artists of Paris proffered their assistance and threw themselves enthusiastically into the work. It was no light task. There was a prejudice against the use of wood in making tiers of benches, therefore it was determined to throw up a great bank of earth which should provide seats for 160,000 people. There was to be standing-room for 100,000 more;

[1] Duvergier, i., 218.

[2] *Journal de Paris*, July 8th.

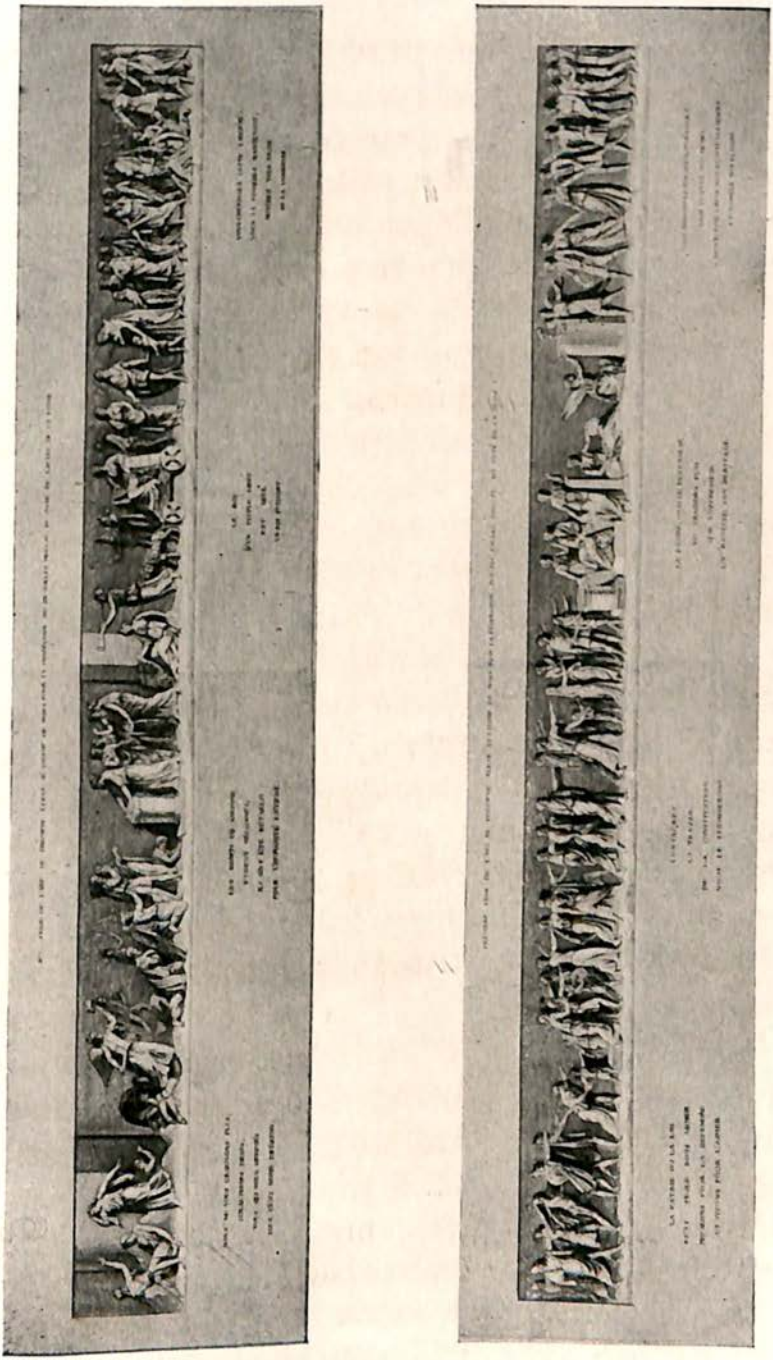

Plate 61. A facsimile of a portion of the frieze on the great arch at the Fête of Federation.

and 40,000 delegates from the provinces were to take part in the evolutions in the centre. There was to be an altar to the Fatherland of magnificent proportions, with huge flights of steps leading up to it on all four sides. The entrance to the field was to be through a great triumphal arch adorned with patriotic scenes, emblems, and inscriptions. We have many representations of the scene during the celebration. The one given here[1] was drawn by Gentot on the spot and gives one a very clear view of the whole. We have the details, too,—doubtless the artist's own drawings—of the frieze and inscriptions on the triumphal arch.[2] Bas-reliefs are to show every kind of act of sacrifice and devotion and there are to be mottoes of a patriotic nature: "Petty tyrants, you who oppressed us under a hundred different names, we fear you no longer!" "The only powerful king is the king of a free people!" "The rights of man were not appreciated, they have been revived for all humanity." "You longed for liberty, you are now its possessor: show that you are worthy to retain it."

The preparations for the Fête fostered the spirit of fraternity in a truly remarkable manner. There came a sudden fear lest with all the thousands of hired labourers the whole would not be completed in time. Then, indeed, one saw extraordinary sights! There was a sudden outpouring of all patriotic Paris. Old and young, rich and poor, even the halt and the blind hurried to the spot and

[1] Plate 60, p. 129. [2] Plate 61, p. 131.

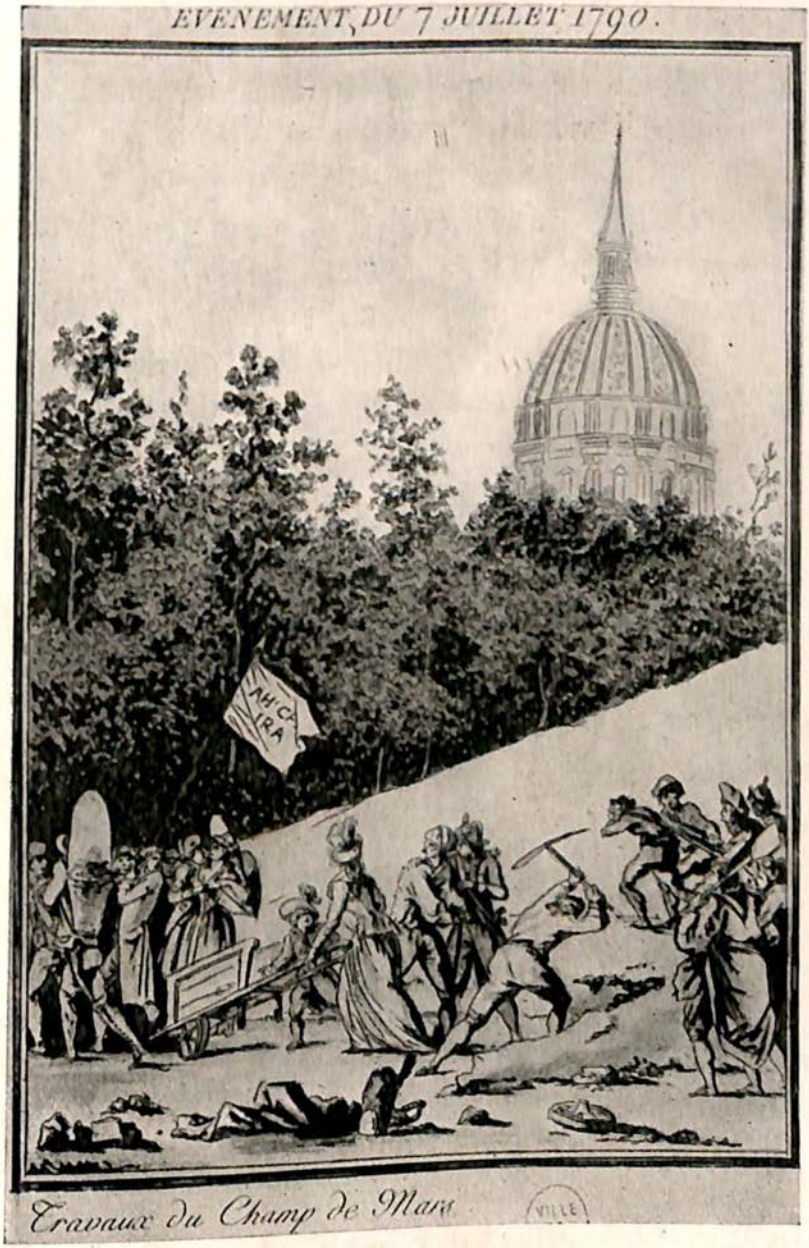

Plate 62. A contemporary illustration showing the people of Paris at work transforming the Champ de Mars in preparation for the Fête.

began picking and delving. Gaily dressed women with waving feathers in their hats and with the blush of rouge still on their cheeks wielded pick-axes or carried earth or pushed wheelbarrows and carts. Side by side with them worked *abbés* and curates. We can see them toiling thus in two

Plate 63. Another view of the people of Paris at work on the Champ de Mars.

of our illustrations.[1, 2] In another,[3] purely imaginary of course, the King himself has taken a hand.

The *Révolutions de Paris*, with some exaggeration, speaks of 300,000 persons as taking part in these labours. All greeted each other, we are told, and talked together. The young people danced, sang, waved branches of trees, and otherwise disported themselves in the neighbourhood. That

[1] Plate 62, p. 133. [2] Plate 63, p. above. [3] Plate 64, p. 135.

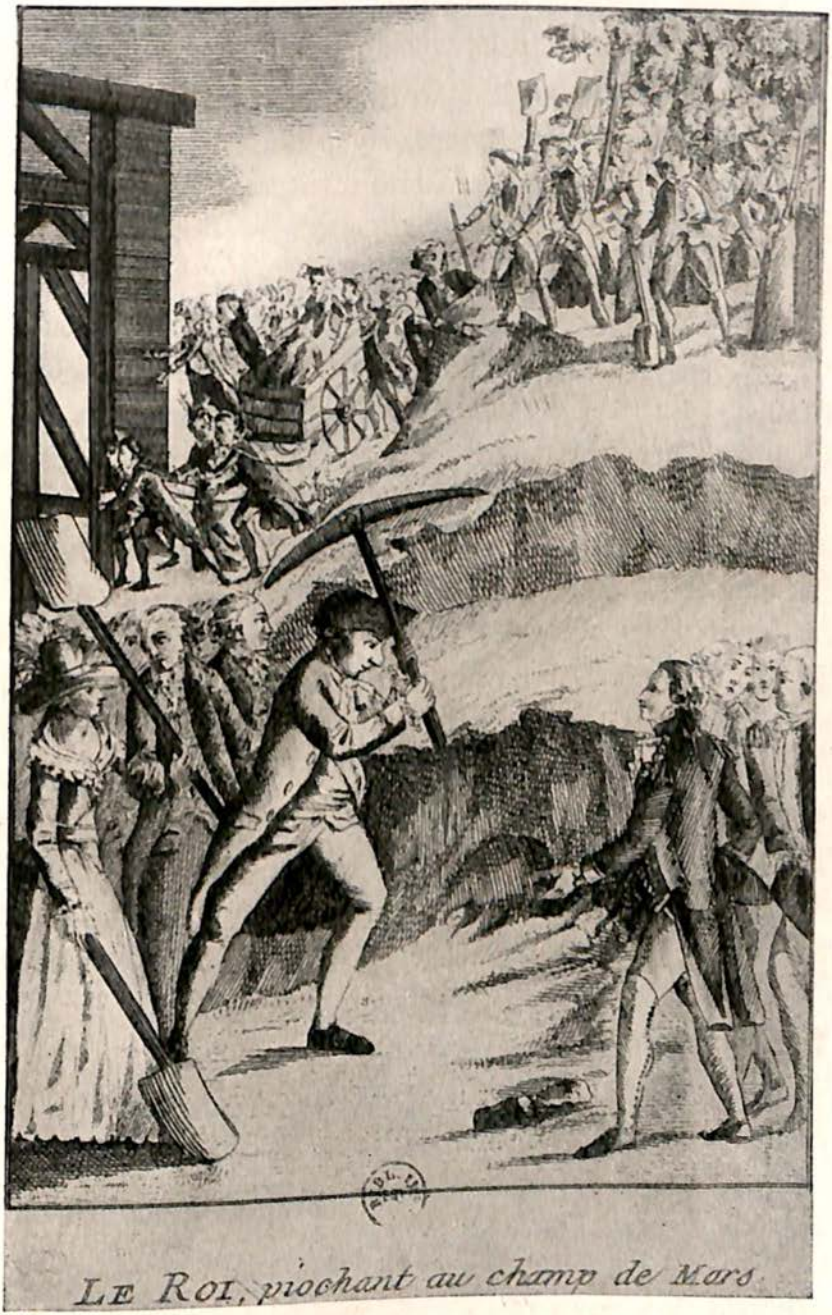

Plate 64. A fanciful representation of the King aiding in the work of transforming the Champ de Mars.

they were all of great assistance in furthering the work cannot be maintained. On July 8th the municipal commissioners, by placard, were ungallant enough to beg that the citizens kindly remain at home. The request was not heeded, so far as we know.

When the day's work or play was done, a great cortège formed, the men giving the women their arms. They marched through the streets of Paris to wave after wave of applause. Each day was a veritable civic fête in itself, and the air was rent with cries of "Long live the nation!", "Long live liberty!"[1]

A vital question for a time was what part should be conceded to the King in the approaching feast to Fraternity. It is curious to note the intense fear of conceding to him too much, of yielding some jot or tittle of the newly attained Liberty and Equality. Was he already head and chief of the Federation by virtue of his office? If not, should he be appointed by the nation to that position? There was a grave question of precedence too: Should the King sit on the right of the president of the National Assembly or should the president sit on the King's right? And what form of oath should Louis take, and in what capacity? As king of the French, or as first citizen? It was objected at the time that such discussions smacked too much of the etiquette, the haughty feebleness, the vain jealousies of courts. But the *Journal de Paris*[2] invoked the example of antiquity and

[1] *Révolutions de Paris*, July 3d–10th.

[2] July 10, 1790.

Plate 65. A caricature of Mirabeau's brother called "Barrel Mirabeau" because of his love of drink.

declared that magnificent spectacles displayed to men should serve to engrave forever on the inmost surface of their souls the ineffaceable impression of their duty to their country; and that, therefore, it was right to attach high importance to the forms of the solemnities. The disputes finally ended with ingenious compromises. The King was to be *invited* to be nominal head and commander of the troops sent as delegates by the different departments, but was to appoint substitutes. He was to sit on the left of the president, which might be equally well construed to mean that he, the King, was the chief personage and had accorded the position on his right to the president. Mirabeau's brother—known to the satirists as Barrel-Mirabeau[1] because of his love of drink—had asked during the discussion of this matter that the National Assembly determine by a decree whether the right or the left was the place of honour. He was answered with one of those clinching arguments that the French Revolutionist loved: God the Father had sat on the left of God the Son, so why should any one quarrel with that position? A place in the centre of the representatives of France was the most glorious that a king could occupy on earth. The form of oath was to be this: "I, citizen, King of the French, swear to the nation to employ all the power delegated to me by the constitutional law of the state in maintaining the constitution, and providing for the execution of the laws."

[1] Plate 65, p. 137.

There was an undercurrent of radicalism in the Paris press that even the approaching fête could not divert. There is much growling at the deputies because they had allowed the King so large an income as 25,000,000 francs and the Queen, in addition, 4,000,000 francs. Brutal insults are uttered against the Queen and sarcasms against the King because of the revelations in the book of pensions, the *livre rouge*. There are attempts to boost up the waning prestige of the Conquerors of the Bastile, sneers at the dangers of making an idol of Lafayette.

It is the fate of revolutions to engender demagogues with crude ideas and enough brute force to ensure for them a wide hearing. Representative government was exactly a year old in France, yet here were men already raising the cry that no nation is really free when the will of its representatives takes the place of its own.[1] All sober-minded men know that there is no such thing as government by the whole people. Human nature is so made that one portion of a community always will guide the other; and men chosen with calm deliberateness after full discussion of their merits will in nine cases out of ten be safer guides than those who emerge as heroes of the moment from the troubled waters of popular excitement. The immediate future was to show how easily such heroes of the moment can come to be the intolerant heads of political factions, and end as fanatics and persecutors. This development was proceeding

[1] *Révolutions de Paris*, June 5–12, 1790.

fast at the time of the Fête of Federation. Prudhomme with his *Révolutions de Paris* was soon to yield the palm to Marat and his *Ami du Peuple.* Yet, in general, there was delirious joy at the prospect of the Fête. There was a fierce outcry, indeed, at the announcement that only ticket-holders would be admitted. How unfraternal! But the municipality was soon made to see the error of its ways, and, at dead of night, sent men with drums to awaken the citizens and tell them that cards would not be needed.[1]

The next day, the great Fête of Federation took place. The elements were unpropitious. The rain came down in torrents as the various processions formed at daybreak. "It was desolating," writes a deputy,[2] "but we chose the better part; everything can readily be made a source of joy if only joy abides in the soul. We determined to smile at our disaster." And this optimist deputy even took occasion to admire the effect of the umbrellas of the spectators which formed above their heads "a sort of roof of many-coloured silks."

The showers ceased, then began again. They seemed to have conspired to sadden the Fête but the glorious optimism continued. No one would acknowledge to himself that here was an evil omen for the progress of Fraternity in France. In the midst of the downpour, some of the military delegates started to dance. We have a representation of the scene in which the artist seems to have

[1] *Révolutions de Paris*, July 10th–17th.

[2] *Journal de Paris*, July 15th.

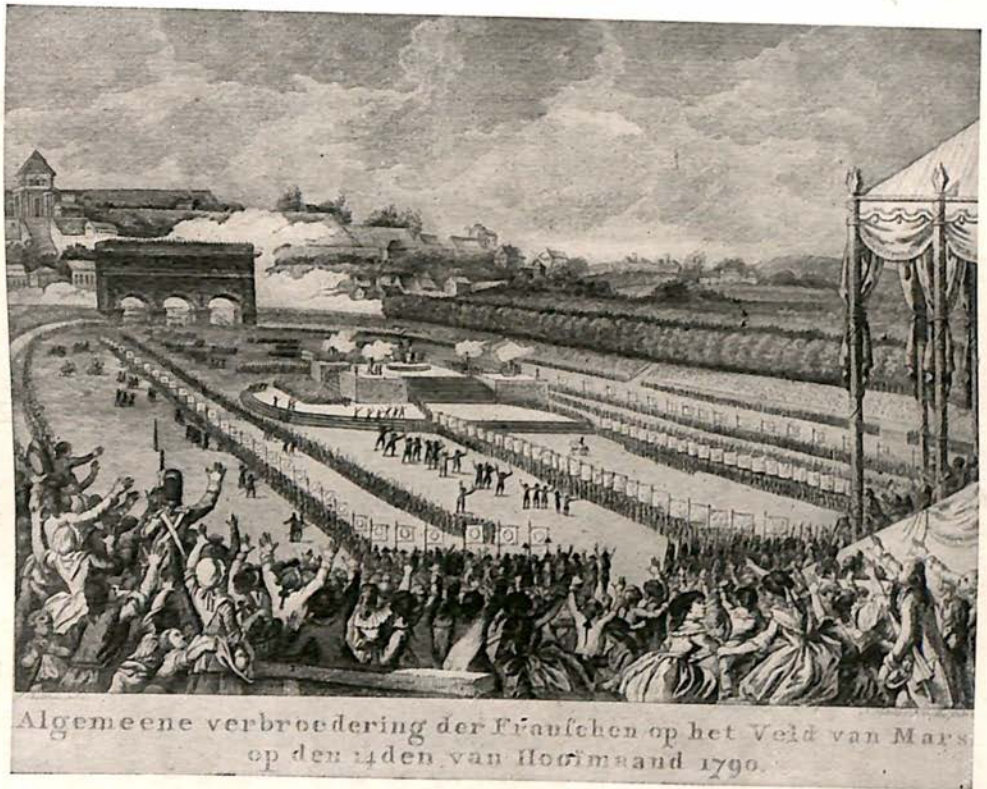

Plate 66. A representation of the Fête of Federation, showing the deputies dancing around in glee.

seized this moment.[1] The *Journal de Paris* describes how circles were formed, small and few at first, then multiplying surprisingly—sometimes broadening out again until a very few of them covered the whole Champ de Mars, then contracting again into a greater number. One saw nothing but guards and grenadiers running and jumping hand in hand, while the air was filled with bits of song and cries of joy. "Never," writes a member of the National Assembly, "was there a spectacle at once more agreeable and more impressive than that of this army, at the moment of swearing to shed its last drop of blood for liberty, dancing around the altar of the fatherland under the gaze of the legislators."

One sees from this why an artist thought it worth while to include the dancing members in his representation of the scene. But it must be chronicled that some persons did not view the episode in the same light. Count Axel Fersen, a Swedish military attaché and the especial friend of the Queen, is aghast at the want of discipline exhibited by men who called themselves soldiers. He had seen them run up to the altar, seize a priest and two monks, force caps and guns upon them, and then parade them round the field "singing and dancing as savages do before eating a Christian." [2]

We need not dwell on the evolutions, the cheers, the vows, the frantic enthusiasm for Lafayette whose very legs were covered with kisses as he sat

[1] Plate 66, p. 141.

[2] *Klinckowstrom*, p. 56.

Plate 67. A representation of the typical "Conqueror of the Bastile."

on horseback; the celebration of mass on the altar of the fatherland by three hundred priests wear-

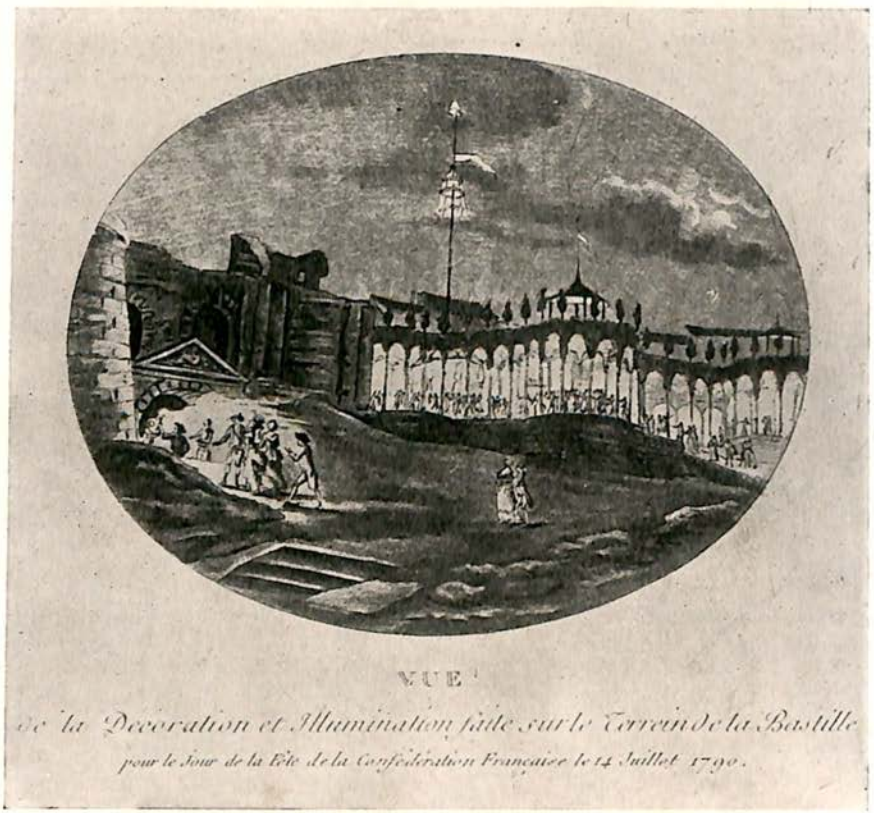
VUE
de la Décoration et Illumination faite sur le Terrein de la Bastille
pour le Jour de la Fête de la Confédération Française le 14 Juillet 1790.

Plate 68. A representation of the dancing on the ruins of the Bastile on the anniversary of the fall of the fortress.

ing tri-coloured scarves; the consecration of the banners of the eighty-three departments.

The radicals were angry because the King had taken the oath from his seat in the gallery and not on the altar of the fatherland; because white flags had waved among the tri-coloured ones; because the royal family had been too warmly applauded,

and last but not least, because the Conquerors of the Bastile had been ignored. We have an illustration of a "Conqueror"[1] which may have been intended to represent him in the costume he wore that day. It was a pity to have gone to such expense and then not have it appreciated! Yet we are told by the *Révolutions de Paris* that there was "not a word, not a single homage to the memory of those who, on the corresponding day, perished under the walls of that horrible fortress!" The delegates from the eighty-three departments had not even asked to see the Conquerors. They had danced on the ruins of the Bastile (indeed one of our illustrations[2] shows them thus occupied) and had not said to themselves, "Last year nearly a hundred citizens perished here; they have wives and children, let us visit, embrace, and succor them."

It was utterly in vain that the poor Conquerors tried to make the delegates from the provinces take an interest in them. They announced a memorial celebration, on the scene of their former glory, in honour of the glorious slain. Around an impromptu mausoleum they grouped all the widows, orphans, maimed, and wounded. They sent a special invitation to the delegates, yet few came at all and none officially. "The standards of the eighty-three departments were not there," wrote the *Révolutions de Paris*, and it published a formal "Complaint to the departments on the conduct of the delegates to the federation." The latter, it declared, had missed seeing the Conquerors of the Bastile and

[1] Plate 67, p. 143.

[2] Plate 68, p. 144.

pressing to their bosoms the cripples, orphans, and widows. There was surely some conspiracy, some plan to discourage others from following the noble example of the Conquerors.

The matter was not so unimportant as might at first appear. Is it not the first symptom of the cleft that was to yawn between the capital and the provinces? The ideals were different. The provinces cared much more for the larger aspects of the Revolution; the self-glorification, the narrowness, the violence of the Parisians disgusted them. The Parisians on the other hand were consistently to maintain the same attitude here adopted. It was they who had given liberty to France: all who believed otherwise must be in league with the aristocrats. We shall see later how this attitude paved the way for one of the most incredible, indefensible, and cowardly acts of the Revolution—the expulsion of the Girondist members from the lap of the National Convention.

CHAPTER V

FLIGHT

FOR a short time after the Fête of Federation things were seen in a rosy light. We have an allegorical representation[1] which shows the King, father of a free people, accepting from the hand of France the Constitution and the pact of federation. Abundance is pouring out her gifts, while Justice is settling matters with the speculator who has been fattening on the poor man's money. Above, in the full glare of the sunlight, the rays of which she reflects with her mirror, Truth is guiding the sentiments of a prince beloved by his people and is pointing to the portraits of his august predecessors. Fame with her trumpet announces to Europe the nation's liberty and the destruction of despotism.

But meanwhile a brand of discord that was not to be extinguished for many years was being ignited.

Between July 12 and August 24, 1790, were passed the laws that are known collectively as the civil constitution of the clergy.[2] They meant an entire transformation of that body, a rooting-up of

[1] Plate 69, p. 148. [2] The text will be found in Duvergier, i., 242.

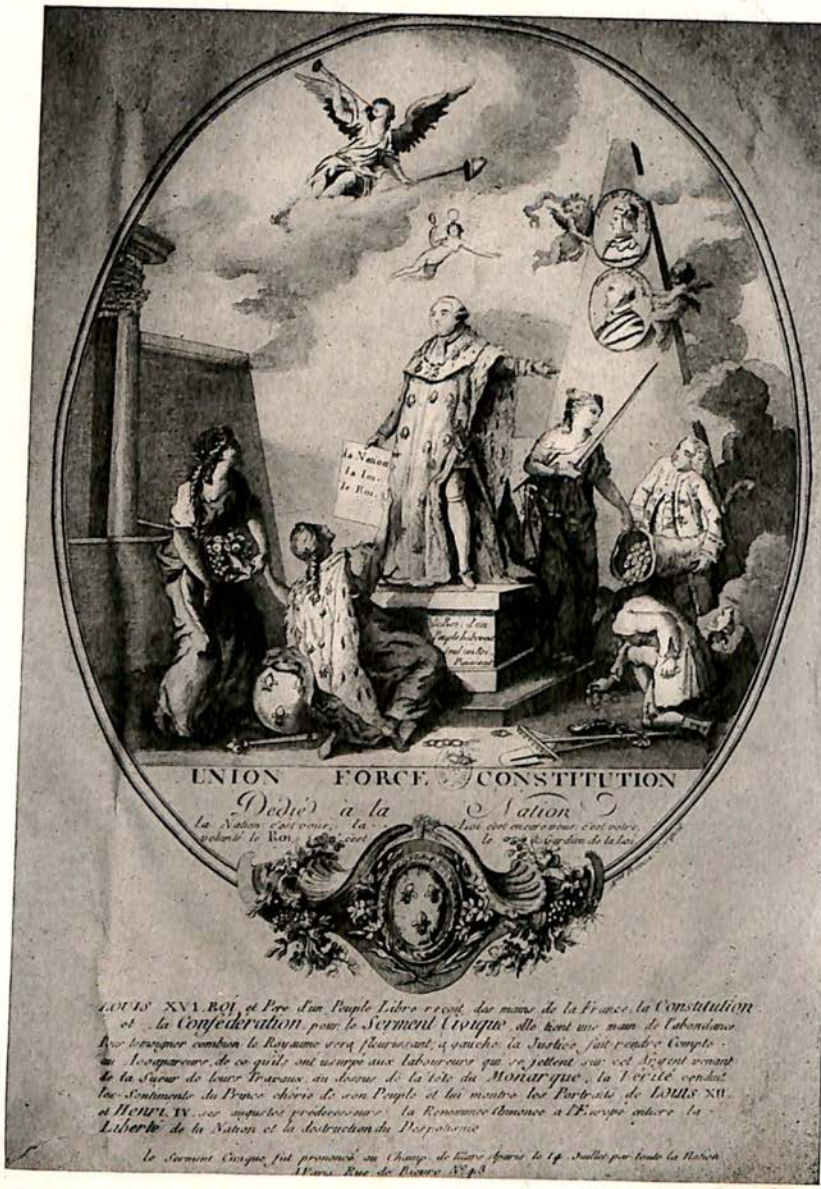
UNION FORCE CONSTITUTION
Dédié à la Nation
LOUIS XVI. ROI, et Pere d'un Peuple Libre reçoit des mains de la France, la Constitution
et la Confédération pour le Serment Civique elle tient une main de l'abondance
Pour toujours combien le Royaume verra fleurissant, à gauche la Justice fait rendre Compte
au Accaparreure, de ce qu'ils ont usurpé aux laboureurs qui se jettent sur cet Argent venant
de la Sueur de leurs Travaux, au dessus de la tête du Monarque, la Vérité conduit
les Sentiments du Prince chérie de son Peuple et lui montre les Portraits de LOUIS XII
et HENRI IV ses augustes prédécesseurs; la Renommée annonce à l'Europe entière la
Liberté de la Nation et la destruction du Despotisme
le Serment Civique fut prononcé au Champ de Mars après le 14 Juillet par toute la Nation

Plate 69. An allegorical representation showing the King accepting from the hand of France the pact of federation.

Plate 70. A cartoon which shows the clergy asking in desperation, "What am I?"

all its old traditions, the reduction of all its members to mere salaried officials of the state. The great question of the investiture, about which the Holy Roman Church and the Holy Roman Empire had once carried on a bitter struggle lasting fifty years, was now decided between France and Rome by a few strokes of the pen. New ecclesiastical districts were established corresponding to the new departments; the election of bishops was to be wholly in the hands of the state, neither the Pope nor the King having any voice in the matter. Before consecration each bishop, and each *curé* or parish priest, was to take the civic oath; the salaries were to be fixed by law, which meant that, in general, they would be vastly reduced.

The result of the passing of these laws by the National Assembly was utterly to disrupt the clergy. The allegiance to the Pope was not something that could be put on or taken off like an old glove. And new candidates would have to accept their election from bodies composed, as often as not, of Jews and Protestants as well as Catholics. We have a cartoon[1] where a member of the clergy is asking himself in desperation, "What am I?"

By November, 1790, 130 bishops and 46,000 *curés* had refused to adhere to the new order of things and take the oath required of them. The Assembly then began a policy of reprisal and laid heavy penalties on disobedience: deprivation of office and prosecution as disturbers of the peace. About one third of the total number were cowed

[1] Plate 70, p. 149.

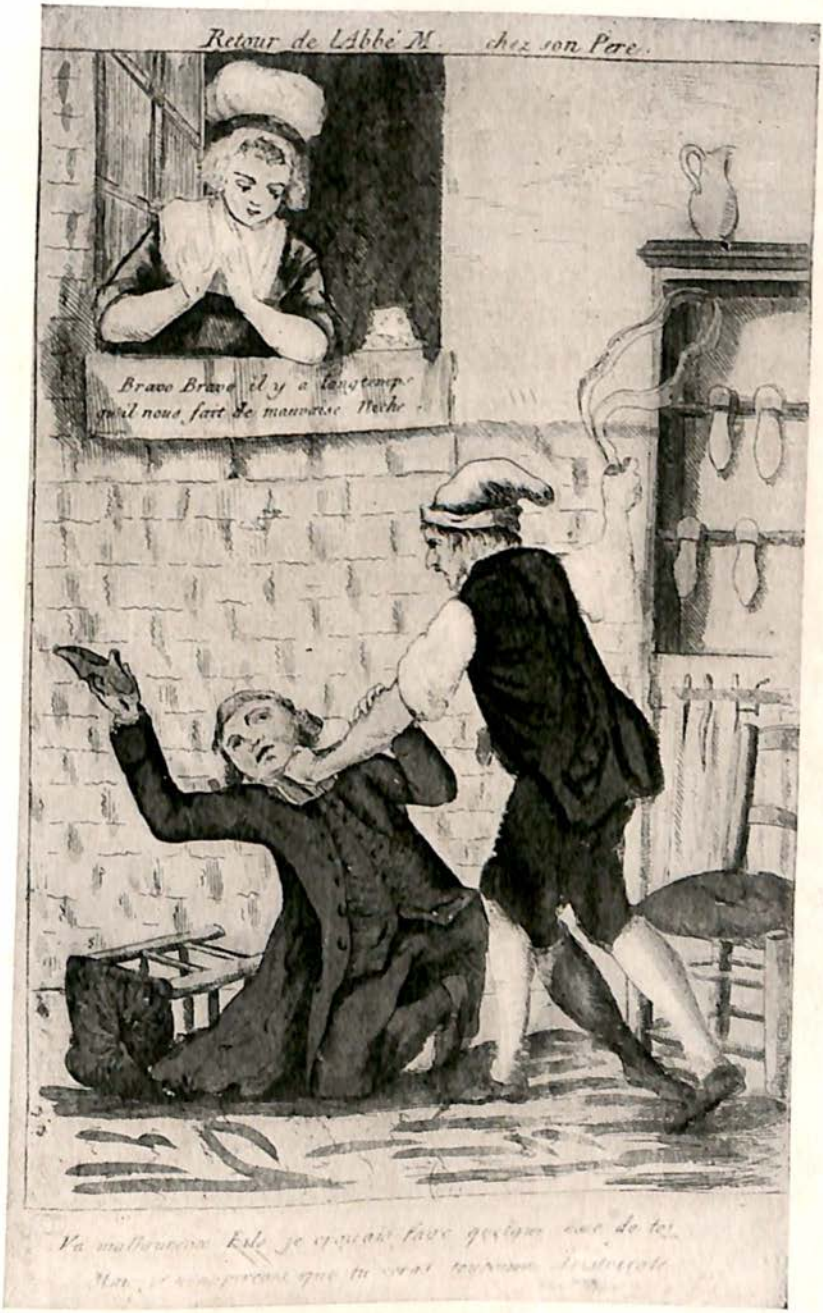

Plate 71. A cartoon showing the proper treatment for an Abbé who will not take the civic oath. The mother applauds the castigation.

into acquiescence by such measures, but the rest prepared for an all the more bitter fight.

Louis XVI himself did not dare to veto the civil constitution. In his last will and testament he was to express his regret for having given it his sanction. He wrote to the Pope, now, how scandalized he was at the measure and how he was signing it with "death in his heart." He would rather, he declared, be king of Metz than king of France.

In a matter that aroused such fierce passions as this, it was only to be expected that the cartoonists should be active, though the productions of course are all one-sided. In one entitled "The return of Abbé M. to his father,"[1] we have the patriotic old man, with the cap of liberty on his head, soundly thrashing his cowering son, the *abbé*, who has refused to take the civic oath. From the window above, the mother looks on and claps her hands, with "Bravo! bravo! he has long been playing us dirty tricks!"

We have an interesting double representation[2] showing, on the one hand, the patriot-priest taking the civic oath in good faith, and, on the other, the aristocrat-priest fleeing from the civic oath. In the first, the *curé*, with one hand on his heart and with a liberty cap in the other, is standing in front of the cross of Christ against which rests the civil constitution of the clergy. In the air float the bishop's crook and mitre that will one day be his because of his obedience. But the second picture shows the aristocrat-priest out on the cold, wind-

[1] Plate 71, p. 151.

[2] Plates 72 and 73.

PRETRE PATRIOTE PRETANT DE BONNE FOI LE SERMENT CIVIQUE
Décret du 27 9bre 1790.
PRETRE PATRIOTE
prêtant de bonne foi le serment Civique.

Plate 72. A representation of the beatitude of a priest who has taken the patriotic oath. A bishop's mitre is within his reach.

swept, snow-covered hillside. He is reduced to a mere skeleton and he is asking himself, "Where shall I go?" To call a man an aristocrat in those days was to say the very worst of him that the mind of man could conceive. The *Révolutions de Paris* came out with an illustration of a most novel kind.[1] At first view it represents a member of the clergy, with the clerical tie and cross, and grinding his teeth with rage. Above is the inscription, "An aristocrat cursing the Revolution." But turning the page upside down—and the reader can do it as well with our book as with the *Révolutions de Paris*—you see nothing but a Simon-pure noble, with his titles of nobility for a collar and his privileges for a *cravat*, giving forth hearty guffaws of laughter. Above one reads: "An aristocrat trusting in counter-revolution."

Mirabeau had not attempted to stand by the King openly in this matter of the civil constitution of the clergy. Indeed he made so violent an onslaught on the latter that he was elected president of the Jacobin Club.[2] Yet in secret he continued his relations with the court, declaring that the more acts of folly the Assembly could be induced to commit the sooner there would come a revision of the whole Constitution. The King and Queen were meanwhile to increase their own popularity by visiting hospitals and asylums and seeking to improve the condition of the working classes. There was to be an extensive system of spies and secret agents to influence public opinion in favour of the monarchy,

[1] Plate 74, p. 157.

[2] Stern, ii., 219 ff.

Plate 73. A representation of the awful fate in store for the priest who will not take the civic oath. The wind whistles through his bones.

and a heavily subsidized press as well.[1] When we reflect that Mirabeau's programme included inciting the clergy not to take the civic oath, it is difficult to see in him anything but a common traitor to his cause.

What Mirabeau merely planned to do for the King was meanwhile being done on a large scale for the opposite party, the leaders of which were Robespierre, Pétion and others. Their friends packed the galleries in the Assembly, while the Jacobin clubs disseminated their teachings throughout France. Those holding opposite opinions were hounded as execrable criminals. Whether or not the *Révolutions de Paris* was paid for its good offices is not clear, but it keeps up its attacks on the King and Queen like a gadfly. Louis is railed at for not visiting the ruins of the Bastile; for allowing the Assembly to come to him to pay its respects on New Year's Day instead of going to it as a "salaried functionary" ought to do; for not properly educating the Dauphin. The latter should be given such books to read as *Crimes of the Kings of France from the Time of Clovis down to Our Own Day.*[2]

But the worst arraignment was one of the Queen early in October, 1790.[3] It is in the form of an "open letter to the wife of the King," for that is the only title they are willing to accord her. People have changed their minds about the Semiramises, Elizabeths, Maria Theresas, and the like, and want no more of their kind. What they do want is a good wife and mother.

[1] Stern, ii., 230 ff. [2] No. 81. [3] No. 65.

Plate 74. A representation of an aristocrat priest cursing the Revolution. Turn the page upside down.

The tone of the letter is cruel and cutting in the extreme. France once idolized her, now she has to sue for approbation. It was a good lesson she

Plate 75. A caricature of Marie Antoinette as a vile harpy treading on the Constitution.

had been given on the 5th and 6th of October. She has been cherishing vile harpies, indulging in fantastic luxury, playing the Austrian, and diverting French funds to Austrian uses. She doubtless still holds in her hands the threads of a plot to remove the King to Marseilles, Metz, or Rouen.

Marie Antoinette, probably at this period, is herself represented by a cartoonist as a vile harpy.[1] She is tearing with her great claws at the

Plate 76. A caricature of Louis XVI as a horned pig.

Rights of Man and the Constitution of France.

It must be said in extenuation of such attacks that Marie Antoinette actually was engaged in a plot to remove Louis XVI from Paris at the moment when the "open letter" in the *Révolutions de*

[1] Plate 75, p. 158.

Paris appeared. Count Louis de Bouillé who was concerned in the flight to Varennes wrote later in connection with that affair: "It was in the month

Plate 77. A caricature of Marie Antoinette as an Austrian pantheress.

of October, 1790, when the King and Queen adopted the project of delivering themselves from slavery." Indeed Marie Antoinette played more than a passive part. "It was at her desire," writes Count Bouillé, "that Count Fersen, who had access to the

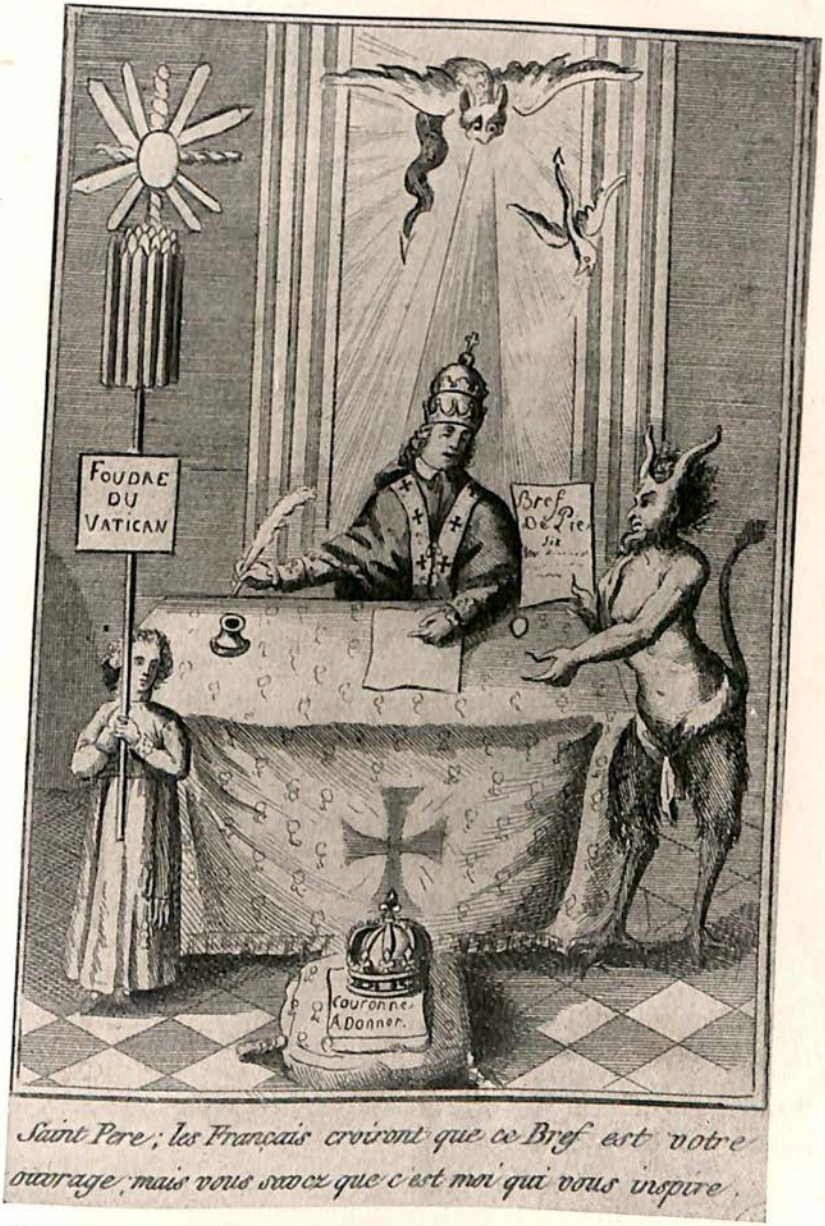

Plate 78. A cartoon which shows the devil inciting Pope Pius VI to sign the bull condemning the civil constitution of the clergy.

King, caused the project for his deliverance to be laid before him."[1]

The hostility against the King and Queen goes on increasing. We have two caricatures[2] that we can date only by conjecture but that may well be ascribed to this time. The court's attitude towards the refractory priests, whom it undoubtedly encouraged in secret, had much to do with the matter. The horns on the head of the pig that represents Louis XVI are understandable in the light of a passage from the correspondence of Staël-Holstein, the Swedish ambassador[3]:

> It is much to be feared that there will soon be a new scene of horror; De la Motte is here with his wife [the De la Mottes of diamond necklace fame!] and there seems to be a demand that the Assembly re-try the case and that she [Madame de la Motte] appear before the bar. They intend to employ against the Queen every means that the blackest of imaginations could invent. *It is believed that it will soon be a question of divorce proceedings and that the motion conceals the darkest designs.*

And again, a fortnight later: "There are horribly black machinations against the Queen. It is she whom the *enragés* fear and mean to ruin because they regard her as their implacable enemy, the only one who can rally a party around her." Lord Gower, too, the English ambassador, speaks of an impending crisis due largely to "the fanaticism of liberty and democratic rage."[4]

[1] *Mémoires sur l'affaire de Varennes*, p. 18.
[2] Plates 76 and 77.
[3] Pp. 177–178. The month is October.
[4] Gower's *Despatches*, p. 43.

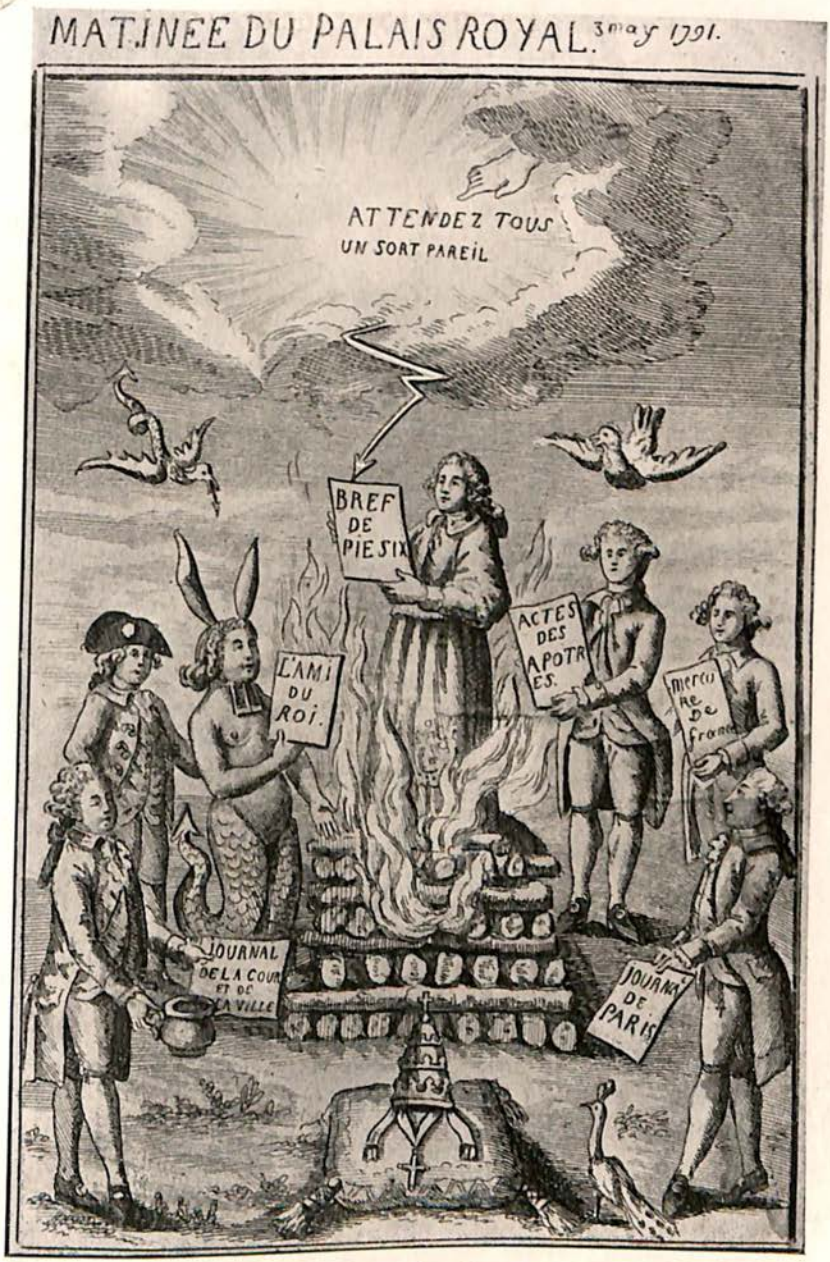
MATINEE DU PALAIS ROYAL. 3me May 1791.
ATTENDEZ TOUS
UN SORT PAREIL
BREF DE PIE SIX
L'AMI DU ROI.
ACTES DES APOTRES.
JOURNAL DE LA COUR ET DE LA VILLE
JOURNAL DE PARIS

Plate 79. A cartoon showing the papal bull, together with all the different journals which favoured the aristocratic party, being consigned to the flames.

The civil constitution of the clergy, which had been condemned by a bull of the Pope (we have a caricature[1] where the devil is inciting Pius VI to sign it and another[2] where the bull is being burnt), had called forth rebellion in Brittany, in Nîmes, in Montauban, and in various other places. To Nancy, where the soldiers had revolted against their officers, Bouillé was despatched with an army, and the fact that blood was shed in restoring order engendered extreme bitterness. In December, there were disturbances at Lyons, Strasburg, and Metz. In Paris itself, there were scenes of disorder. During a performance of *Iphigénie* in the Opera-House, the air *Célébrons notre reine* was hissed, and the singers were forced to trample on a wreath that had been thrown them by way of approval.[3] Early in February there was a regular panic because three hundred and sixty horses had been found standing in stables in Versailles; but it was discovered that they had been there for months and for legitimate purposes.[4] Soon afterwards the Assembly made the Queen's old friends the Polignacs disgorge 800,000 francs and an estate bought with money given them by the King.[5] Next, the departure of the King's aged aunts for Rome threw all France into a ferment. No one cared for the old ladies themselves—disagreeable, meddlesome personalities for whom no one has a good word to say. But were they not testing the patience of the people? And might they not be

[1] Plate 78, p. 161. [2] Plate, p. 79163. [3] Staël-Holstein, 183.
[4] Gower, 55. [5] *Ib.*, 62.

Plate 80. An exaggerated representation of what took place in the Tuileries on the "day of daggers," February 28, 1791.

useful as hostages?[1] A mob of fishwives stopped them on their journey at Arnay-le-Duc, but Mirabeau obtained a decree in the Assembly permitting them to continue their journey. The price of gold went up because of the amount they were supposed to be carrying with them, while, as a result of the agitation in the matter, a crowd of Parisian women went to the Luxembourg to see if Monsieur was safe, and the latter consented to walk in their company all the way to the Tuileries.[2]

The air was thick with storm-clouds. February 28th is known in French history as "the day of daggers." We have a representation of it[3] that almost rises to the height of the symbolical so greatly is it exaggerated. For several days the mob had been surrounding the Tuileries because, it was reported, the King was having that palace joined by a subterranean passage to the distant fortress of Vincennes. Friends of the King had gone secretly armed to his assistance, but one of them had inadvertently dropped a hunting knife. All visitors were then searched by the National Guards and a number of pistols and daggers were found. The King commanded their immediate surrender.[4] Lafayette, meanwhile, in the effort to keep order at Vincennes, had fired on the people, and in consequence had fallen from his niche as an idol. Mirabeau, too, who expressed his indignation at the searching of the King's visitors, was bitterly attacked at the Jacobin Club and,

[1] *Révolutions de Paris*, No. 85.
[2] Gower, 59–64.
[3] Plate 80, p. 165.
[4] Gower, 66–7.

if Camille Desmoulins can be believed, was made to sweat drops of agony and was left more dead than alive. A fictitious account was published of the sums he had received for passing laws against the people.

The episode of the daggers was of course exploited to the utmost by the King's enemies. We have a cartoon entitled "The disarming of the good nobility"[1] and purporting to represent the "exact form of the infamous poniards wielded by those who had their ears boxed, or were arrested or driven away from the Tuileries by the National Guards on the 28th of February, 1791." On the ugly blade was an inscription declaring that it had been forged by aristocrats and that the monarchists had been led astray by the refractory priests.

In March, the *Révolutions de Paris*[2] published a decree demanding a republic, which, it said, had emanated from the eighty-three departments. It has no mercy any longer for Louis XVI. "It is absurd and revolting," it declared, "to have to recognize as supreme head an individual with no other claim to the place than that he took the trouble to be born." This was not original, for Beaumarchais, in his *Figaro*, had applied the same words to the nobles. The *Révolutions* went on to say that "the throne petrifies the most human of hearts from the moment that one is seated upon it," and that "a crown compresses and narrows the best organized brain."

It was this juncture that Mirabeau chose for

[1] Plate 81, p. 168.

[2] No. 90.

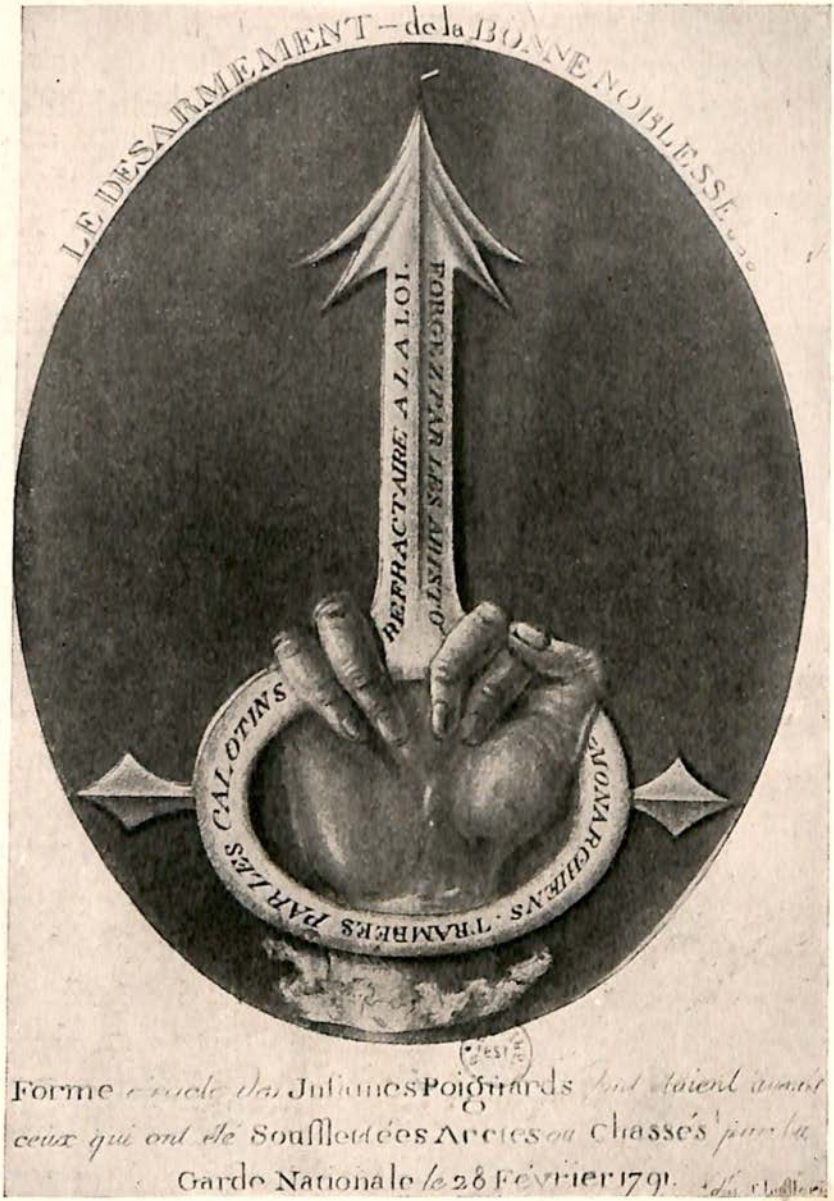
LE DESARMEMENT – de la BONNE NOBLESSE
REFRACTAIRE A LA LOI.
FORGNEVRES LES AILES.
CALOTINS
TRAMBERS PARLES
MONARQUES
Forme exacte des Infames Poignards dont étaient armés
ceux qui ont été Soufletées Arrêtés ou Chassés par la
Garde Nationale le 28 Février 1791.

Plate 81. What purports to be "the exact form of the infamous poniards wielded by those who had their ears boxed, or were arrested or driven away from the Tuileries by the National Guards on the 28th of February, 1791."

Plate 82. A contemporary representation of the Pantheon "dedicated by a grateful country to its great men."

dying.[1] In spite of the attacks on him at the Jacobin Club, he was still enormously popular. Over and above all the eulogies that were published at the time, there are still in the National Archives one hundred and fifty manuscripts concerning his death. He had the fullest sense of his own importance to the last, remarking as he lay on his bed and heard the roar of cannon, "Is that for the funeral of Achilles?"[2] He realized the hold that he had on the people and he said of his opponent at the Jacobins', Lameth, who had refused to be one of a deputation to enquire about his condition: "I knew he was clumsy but never thought him quite so stupid!"[3]

The *Révolutions de Paris* did not dare to speak disparagingly of him. There is merely a hint that Mirabeau never did anything otherwise than opportunely and that his end seemed to furnish new proof of this assertion. He had died when at the apex of his glory.

It is doubtful if Paris had ever seen such a funeral. The church of St. Genevieve, just nearing completion, was turned into a Pantheon with the inscription over the portico: "A grateful country to her great men." A contemporary print[4] shows us the Pantheon before the great city had closed up around it. All France followed in the procession that took Mirabeau to his last rest. The ashes of Rousseau and of Voltaire were soon to be brought to keep him company. Of all his acts,

[1] April 2, 1791. [2] Stern, ii., 303. [3] Gower, 78.
[4] Plate 82, p. 169.

Honoré Gabriel Riquetti Mirabeau
Député de la Sénéchaussée d'Aix à l'Assemblée Nationale de 1789
Mort le 2 Avril 1791 âgé de 42 ans
Allez dire à ceux qui vous envoyent que nous sommes ici par la volonté du Peuple et que nous
n'en sortirons que par la force des Baïonnettes
Honoré Gabriel Riquetti Mirabeau
est jugé digne des honneurs que la Patrie décerne aux
Grands Hommes

Plate 83. A portrait of Mirabeau, issued at the time of his death, which recalls the episode of June 23, 1789, when he defied the Master of Ceremonies of the King.

if we can judge by a memorial portrait[1] published in connection with the decree according him the honours reserved for the country's great men, the one that had made the deepest impression was his impassioned address to the King's master of ceremonies on June 23, 1789: "Go tell those who sent you that we are here by the will of the people and shall yield only to the force of bayonets!" We see him in front of the Temple of Liberty motioning back the royal emissary, while the bayonets are already pointed in his direction.

"The ministers and the court are in consternation," writes the Swedish ambassador[2] in connection with Mirabeau's death; "the strength of what they flattered themselves was their party rested entirely on the prodigious talents of this man, who, by thought, speech, and action influenced all events." The general disorder alarmed the court greatly, and, indeed, with cause. Lord Gower[3] writes that there is a set of men whose object is the total annihilation of the monarchy however limited. As the heads of this party, he designates Robespierre, Pétion, Buzot, and Prieur. He tells in the same breath how the fishwives have given the grey nuns a regular whipping because they had heard mass celebrated by non-juring priests.

But was not this exactly what the King and Queen were doing? They, too, needed chastening by the mob. When, on April 18th, Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette prepared to drive with their

[1] Plate 83, p. 171. [2] Staël-Holstein, 198. [3] *Despatches*, 79.

family to St. Cloud, it was believed, and probably rightly, that their object was to celebrate the Easter service with priests of their own choice. Both were sincerely religious according to their lights.

Doubtless many of the same fishwives who had flagellated the grey nuns were among the crowd that entered the courtyard of the Tuileries and induced the National Guards to refuse to open the gates for the royal family to pass out. The latter were in a position that was ludicrous because of their helplessness. Neither pleading nor commanding was of any avail. Lafayette, as commander of the National Guards, would have used force had the King given his consent; but Louis was not willing to go to such lengths. Insulted and laughed at, they sat there for more than two hours. The King was told that he was unfit to reign, that he was paid too much, that he was a big pig. What was there to do? It was suggested to Bailly to proclaim martial law, but he refused. The King and Queen gave up the struggle. Angry, deeply humiliated, they alighted and re-entered the palace. Their last scruples were gone. Fersen[1] tells us that they are now determined to go to any length of deception in order to inspire confidence in the *canaille*, and then escape from Paris. They will pretend to accept the Revolution absolutely.

The King did, indeed, make a formal protest in the Assembly against the indignities to which he had been subjected; but the Assembly itself was

[1] I., 97.

in a ludicrous state of indecision. Was it their inherited political inexperience or was it pure collective pusillanimity that subjected each of these legislative bodies in turn to the least change in popular opinion? No king was ever more in the thrall of cabinet advisers than were these great bodies of men at the mercy of those who crowded around the doors or thronged the spectators' benches. As Louis entered the hall, now, the president advanced some distance to meet him, then suddenly bethinking himself that he was doing too much honour to a mere functionary of the people, turned and scurried back to his place. When the King ended his speech asking the Assembly to aid him in showing the nation that he was free, the members were at a loss to know whether or not to applaud.[1]

The one idea, the one longing now, was to escape from Paris. The King had, unfortunately very few friends among any class of the population, a fact of which he himself seems to have been ignorant. Even from the camp of the *émigrés*, the Marquise de Bombelles[2] writes of her sovereign: "You cannot imagine to what an extent he is despised abroad and what his nearest relatives say of him."

A faithful follower, however, was the Queen's old friend, Count Axel Fersen. Through him, Louis and Marie Antoinette hoped to win the aid of the Swedish king. But what are we to think when we find them willing to dismember France in order

[1] *Débats et Décrets*, April 19, 1791. [2] *Correspondance*, 130.

to procure this assistance? Fersen is to tell his king that the French sovereigns are inclined to offer "advantages or reasonable sacrifices" if they can secure the neutrality of England, and that he thinks they would also accord Sweden "advantages proportionate to the extent and importance of the aid rendered."[1] They still, then, regard the soil of France as their own property, but are ready to barter a part of it away! The King waits anxiously to see what "advantages or sacrifices" the powers will demand; his idea is not to offer them but to "accord them if it becomes absolutely necessary"; there is talk of the part or the whole of "the Indies."

Fersen himself was something more than the mere chivalrous knight of a fair queen in distress. He is a plotter on no mean scale. We find him seriously discussing with Breteuil, Louis's former minister, a plan for throwing France into bankruptcy which, however, "the King thinks should be only partial."[2] The clergy are to recover their estates but burdened with the nine hundred million assignats already issued. Nine hundred million? The King thinks it would be better to say one billion, then the court will have something upon which to fall back!

Idle dreams! The first thing to do was to get away from Paris. But there were difficulties. Austria, for instance, delayed sending troops. Yet Breteuil considered the Emperor the person "most authorized to punish the insults heaped on the

[1] Fersen, i., 90–97. [2] I., 123, 128.

daughter of the Cæsars, and the only sovereign who could and should give the impulsion to all the rest." Again and again the day was set for the escape, but there was always some reason for postponement. This or that person was suspected but would soon be out of the way. It seemed best to wait finally until the Assembly should have paid the amount due on the King's salary—a sordid consideration, for Louis had to humour the Assembly and lull it into security or run the risk of losing his money.

The day finally set for the great venture was the 20th of June. General Bouillé had mapped out the route: through Châlons, Montmirail, St. Menehould, Varennes, and then to the strong fortress of Montmedy on the border. The King would lodge not in the fortress itself but in the neighbouring château of Thonelle. After Châlons, Bouillé would have detachments of soldiers waiting at points along the route so that rescue would be almost impossible. We have evidence to show that Bouillé himself did not know whether or not the King's ultimate intention was to leave the country.[1]

How was the escape to be made when the palace of the Tuileries had been double-sentried because it was realized that flight might be attempted? And Lafayette was there, alert, with his National Guards. That very night he and Bailly had come to attend the King's retiring and remained unusually late. After they had taken their departure, the door of the King's apartment was locked and

[1] Fersen, i., 126.

the key given to a sentinel who placed it under his mattress which was dragged in front of the door. Surely such precautions were sufficient!

But no! Fersen and the Queen had been very adroit and had begun their preparations days before. Between the royal apartments and a rear entrance to the palace was the apartment formerly used by the Duc de Villequier who had emigrated after the Day of Daggers. On the pretext of changing a partition, carpenters had been summoned who secretly cut a door through to one of the disused rooms.[1]

There is no need to follow the movements in detail. The Queen took the lead, first descending with her children and their governess and seeing them into a carriage, driven by Fersen, which moved off to a short distance; then the Queen returned, not to leave until the King and Madame Elizabeth were ready to go with her. In the King's very bedchamber an attendant was wont to sleep, but Louis, after having retired and closed the curtains of his bed, seized a moment when the attendant was out of the room to escape, redraw the curtains, and pass into another room where a disguise was laid ready for him to assume.

Fersen was waiting at the corner of the Rue de l'Échelle and the Place du Petit-Carrousel. The preparations had taken longer than he had expected, and it was growing late. To avoid suspicion, the members of the party came up separately, the Queen, for some reason, appearing only after

[1] Fournier, *Varennes*, p. 76.

a considerable time. She had passed so near to Lafayette's carriage that she could have touched it. The King, for his part, had walked close to a sentinel, but had disarmed suspicion by stopping unconcernedly and bending down as if to tie his shoe-string. He was dressed as a servant, as was also the Queen. Fersen had procured them a passport as the attendants of a great Russian lady, Madame de Korff, who was represented by the governess, Madame de Tourzel. The Dauphin was disguised as a girl, and he and his sister figured as Madame de Korff's children.[1]

It was in Madame de Korff's name, too, that Fersen had caused to be constructed a comfortable travelling-coach that was waiting for the party at the Porte St. Martin. Opinions, even of eye-witnesses, differ as to whether or not there was anything unusual in its appearance.[2] That it would have been wiser to go in separate vehicles is undoubted. Monsieur and Monsieur's wife escaped without difficulty that same night in common *fiacres*. But Marie Antoinette had positively refused to divide her little party.

A greater disadvantage even than the size and appearance of the coach was the fact that, after the first halting-place, Bondy, where Fersen quitted them, there was no cool, clear-headed person left with the fugitives. Bouillé had arranged that one of his officers, D'Agoult, should ride in the coach;

[1] Fournier, 114 ff.

[2] Bouillé (Comte Louis de), 94, speaks of the *lourdeur* of the coach and of its *forme singulière*.

but Madame de Tourzel would have had to cede her place, and this, that "female Cerberus," as the *Révolutions de Paris* once called her, utterly refused to do. The etiquette of the court of France required her to remain with the children![1] Etiquette of the court of France! The question was whether or not there should ever again *be* a court of France. Louis XVI could not be firm even with a Madame de Tourzel! The actual progress of the flight with the questions incidental to it[2] does not concern us here so much as its effect on public opinion in Paris.

The flight was discovered at daybreak and soon the cry spread, "The King is gone!" Crowds rushed into the Tuileries and wreaked their vengeance on inanimate objects. The Queen's hat, we are told, was trampled under foot; her bed was taken possession of by a vendor of cherries; the King's portrait was mocked at and insulted. Meanwhile the city gates were closed, the tocsin or alarm bell was rung, cannon were fired at ten-minute intervals so as to spread the news and "tell the executive power to return to his post."[3]

[1] Bouillé (Comte Louis de), 92–93.

[2] Oscar Browning in "The Flight to Varennes and Other Essays" berates Carlyle for mistaking the distance travelled, and then proceeds to mistake it himself. It was not sixty-nine miles, nor yet 150 miles; it was about 128 miles. In reducing leagues to miles, Browning must have overlooked the difference between the common league, or *lieue commune*, and the posting league, or *lieue de poste*. The former equals 2.76 miles, the latter 2.422 miles. Now Bouillé says expressly in connection with his mapping-out of the route that he is calculating in posting leagues. See his letter in Fersen, i., 122.

[3] The *Feuille Villageoise*, the *Débats et Décrets*, and the *Révolutions de Paris* all give vivid accounts of these happenings.

Couriers were despatched to every department to urge the arrest of persons trying to leave France. The Assembly itself assumed the executive power, giving its commands to the ministers as well as to the municipal authorities, and appropriating a large sum of money, twenty-eight millions, from the Treasury. As Abbé Grégoire remarked, "If the heavens should fall, they would strike men who were dauntless." All necessary measures taken, the Assembly passed calmly to the order of the day, and "a stranger would scarcely have suspected the fatal event that threatened France with a new revolution." The shops opened, Paris went about its business as usual. "No one would have thought he was looking on a nation without a head."[1]

Louis XVI had left a declaration; it may still be read in the Archives. As the result of all his efforts and all his sacrifices, he had seen religion profaned, the throne debased, crime unpunished. He protests against all the decrees he has been forced to sanction, complains of the sins committed against him—that Necker had been more applauded than himself; that the Tuileries is an uncomfortable place of residence; that twenty-five million a year is not sufficient; that his queen was in danger on October 6th and his guards were massacred; that violence had been employed against him on February 28th and on April 18th; that he has been shorn of his prerogatives; that the Jacobin Club dominates everything.

[1] *Feuille Villageoise.*

The Assembly received all this with equanimity, and took a calm and lofty attitude. It vowed to defend the country against internal as well as external enemies and to die rather than suffer the invasion of French territory by foreign troops. That, of course, was the danger that was most imminent. An address was sent to the provinces declaring that conspirators and slaves would now learn to know the intrepidity of the founders of French liberty.[1]

The session had just ended and all were in this exalted mood when, from without, growing louder and louder, was heard the roar of a great disturbance. There were shouts and bursts of applause, and above it all could soon be distinguished the words, "The King is taken!" A surgeon from Varennes who had been riding post-haste since two o'clock in the morning then presented himself before the Assembly. He reported how, late at night,[2] a carriage with couriers and some hussars had entered Varennes; how the postmaster of St. Menehould had followed and unfolded his suspicions; how the coach had been stopped at the point of the pistol and the travellers forced to alight; how, within an hour, four thousand National Guards had assembled and the whole countryside had been aroused. The Assembly thereupon despatched deputies—Pétion, Barnave, and Latour-Maubourg—to escort the fugitives back to the capital.

Then the legislators relaxed. A military band

[1] *Débats et Décrets*, June 22d.

[2] In reality it was not so late.

was called in and played airs which "mingled an air of gaiety with profounder sentiments." And what was the air that won the most applause? None other than that old vulgar popular song that the bandmaster had refused to play at the banquet given in Versailles to the regiment of Flanders, "Where is one better off than in the bosom of one's

ASSIGNAT DE LA CRÉATION DU 19 JUIN 1791.
DOMAINES NATIONAUX
ASSIGNAT DE QUATRE-VINGT-DIX liv.
Il sera payé au Porteur la somme de quatre-vingt-dix livres à la Caisse de l'Extraordinaire,
Quatre-vingt-dix
90
QUATRE-VINGT-DIX LIVRES

Plate 84. A facsimile of an assignat with the portrait of Louis XVI. This one purports to have been issued the day before the flight, but is officially stamped a forgery.

family?" At last, worn out by their long vigils, the deputies, as well as a number of National Guards, stretched themselves out on the hard benches and sought rest in slumber. But in one of them at least there still lingered the spirit of fun. The sound of a bell was heard and the deputies started up in alarm. It was a practical joke on the part of the funny deputy. But we have it on the assurance of the *Débats et Décrets* that "all laughed at the little pleasantry." It was another proof

that "everything can readily be made a source of joy if only joy abides in the soul."[1]

On June 24th, the postmaster of St. Menehould appeared and told his tale. He also provoked the members to merriment. He told how he had recognised the King from his likeness on an assignat[2] and the Queen from having seen her before; how he and a certain Guillaume had chased them by short cuts to Varennes and had barred the route by overturning an ox-cart; how, after the arrest, hussars had ridden up and demanded the King's release, but how cannon had been called for and so placed that the hussars would be between two fires. "They still insisted, and when they threatened to shoot at us I called, 'Cannoneers, to your places, quick-match in hand!' I have the honour to observe to you, sirs, that there was nothing in the cannon!" "Applause," writes the *Débats et Décrets*, "had frequently interrupted the orator; here bursts of laughter mingled with the applause."

The coach had reached Châlons in safety, but far behind the scheduled time. From that time on there had been one long series of blunders and misunderstandings. Choiseul, commanding the detachment at Pont de Sommevelle, had despaired of the game too soon and sent word which flew from post to post that the royal party was no longer to be expected. In Varennes itself there might easily have been a rescue but for further misunderstandings. A body of dragoons heard a

[1] See p. 140.

[2] Plate 84, p. 182.

distant disturbance without suspecting that it was caused by the stopping of the King's coach.[1]

We have a representation of the return from Varennes[2] which is difficult to classify. The plight

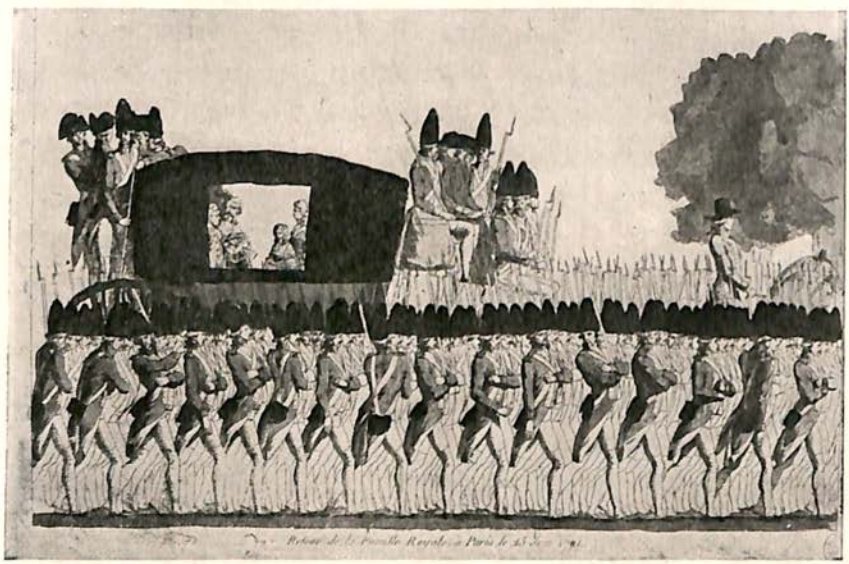

Plate 85. A representation of the return from Varennes of the royal family under escort of National Guards.

of the royal family was so wretched that it could scarcely have been exaggerated. The journey took three days and the whole route was lined with spectators for the most part hostile. Was it from a fellow-feeling for their condition that Louis as he passed the jail of St. Menehould handed a purse of gold to the mayor for the benefit of the prisoners? At Châlons there was some show of loyalty

[1] Carlyle follows Choiseul's narrative and that of the elder Bouillé both of whom, of course, try to extenuate their own conduct. He seems to have been ignorant of the younger Bouillé's narrative.

[2] Plate 85, above.

but not the least attempt at rescue. Elsewhere there were threats of violence, shaking of fists, and attempts to spit in the King's face. It seemed at one time as though the royal pair would never reach Paris alive.[1]

On the Marne, near Port à Binson, the commissioners from the National Assembly met the captives. Barnave took his place in the coach between the King and Queen; Pétion sat between Madame de Tourzel and Madame Elizabeth. Pétion has left an extraordinary account in his own handwriting of the remainder of the journey. He describes the conversation as "cackling," and has the vanity to think that Madame Elizabeth, one of the few real saints of the Revolution, has succumbed to a passion for him and has been unable to refrain from little affectionate pressures of the arms. Barnave, on the other hand, really does seem to have been affected by the proximity of Marie Antoinette, and a little later made such efforts on her behalf that he was bitterly satirized as a double-faced man.[2]

What a scene was that entry into Paris! The whole city had come out to the Champs Elysées to meet its humiliated royal family. The balconies, the roofs of the houses, even the very trees swarmed with people. The cortège entered by the Porte Chaillot, and then passed down the Champs Elysées to the Place Louis Quinze and the Tuileries.[3] There were no less than thirty thousand

[1] Lenôtre's *Drame de Varennes* gives many small details.

[2] Plate 86, p. 187.

[3] Gower, 99.

National Guards in line and they had with them sixteen cannon. The coach was followed by carriages containing the heroes of the day—Maugin, who had brought the first news of the capture, and Drouet and Guillaume. Placards on the walls had warned the people under heavy penalties neither to applaud nor to insult the captives, and the silence was broken only by occasional cries of "Pétion!", "Barnave!" as they passed along. No hats were raised to the King or Queen.

The irrepressible gamins of Paris, indeed, caused smiles that were not of disapproval when it was found that they had climbed up on the great equestrian statue of Louis XV, had first bandaged the statue's eyes, then pretended, as the cortège was passing, to wipe away the tears the old King must be supposed to be weeping at the sight of his humiliated grandson.[1] On the walls were witty placards too, such as "Lost, a King and Queen. A reward is offered for *not* finding them."[2]

Just before reaching the Tuileries, there was a disturbance, which Pétion declares threatened to become a massacre. But he relates how majestically he himself quelled it, how he "commanded with an authority that imposed," and how even the mere mention of his name worked like a charm.

A deputation from the Assembly received the King at the palace. "I promise never to do it again!" he is said to have remarked to them. He wished the deputation to thank the Assembly and to explain that he had gone away quite against his

[1] *Révolutions de Paris*, No. 103. [2] *Feuille Villageoise*, June 30th.

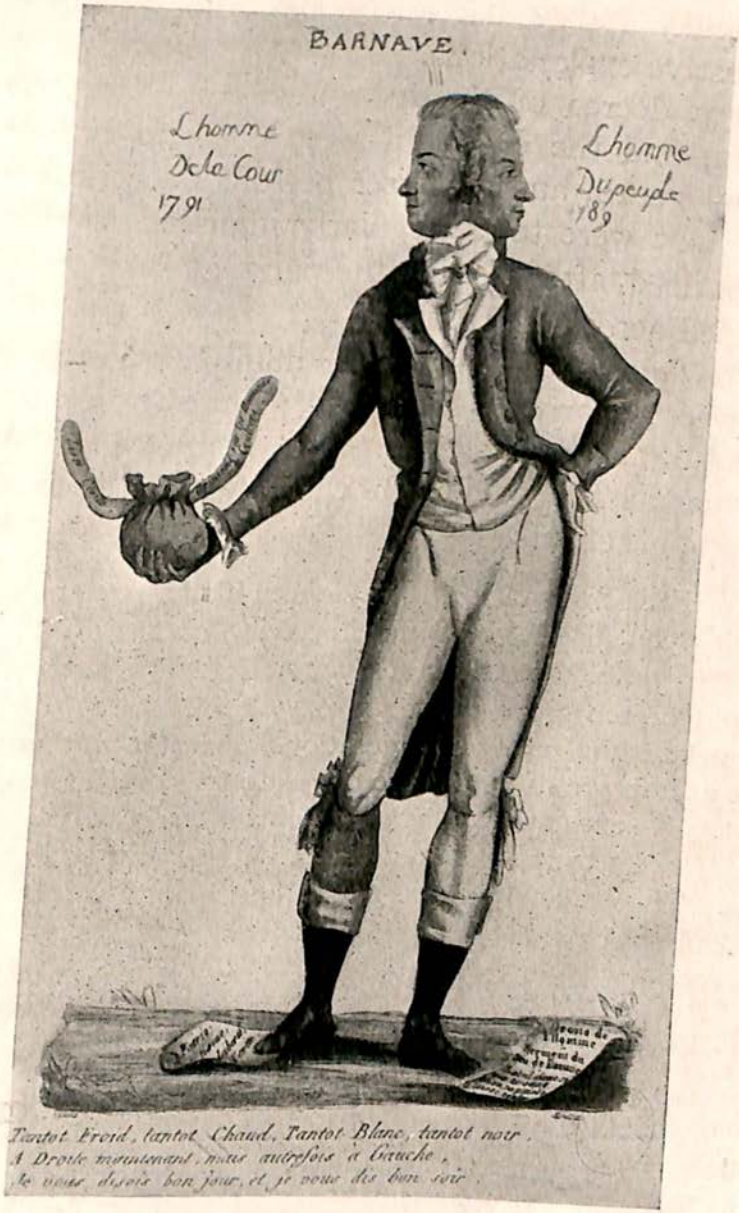

Plate 86. Barnave represented as a double-faced man because of his friendliness to the King and Queen after the flight to Varennes.

own will. He was later to make other and more exhaustive explanations.

By a decree of the Assembly,[1] the King, the Queen, and the Dauphin were each to have a special guard, and all lesser persons concerned in the flight were to be regularly imprisoned. Fersen, indeed, after leaving the party at Bondy, had escaped across the frontier.

The Queen had to suffer the humiliation of being allowed no privacy whatever[2]; but she was still hopeful and courageous. She managed to despatch a letter to Fersen which was later found among his effects.[3]

I exist. How anxious I have been about you and how I pity you for all you suffer in having no news from us! Heaven grant that this reach you! Do not write me. It would be too great a risk for us. And above all do not come back under any consideration. It is known that you got us away from here; if you were to appear all would be lost. We are guarded day and night. That is a matter of indifference to me. Be reassured, nothing will be done to me. The Assembly means to deal gently with us. Adieu. I shall not be able to write to you again.

Bouillé meanwhile had hurled a terrific defiance at the Assembly, speaking of "all the crimes you have committed or sanctioned during these two years," and of "the anarchy of which you have made a regular system." He declares that if a hair of the head of the King or Queen is injured, he will lead the foreign armies against Paris and annihilate it utterly.

[1] Duvergier, iii., 64.
[2] *Révolutions de Paris*, No.,103.
[3] Fersen, i., 152.

We have a satirical representation[1] on the theme of the penance the royal pair are presumed to have performed after the return from their ill-starred expedition. They are kneeling at an altar which is consecrated to the law and the nation. In

Plate 87. A satire on the failure of the attempted flight to Varennes. The King is pleading for mercy, the Queen is beating her breast and crying "My fault, all my fault!"

front of it is a cock, emblem of the French vigilance that has not permitted them to make good their escape. Behind Louis are bottles, which must mean to imply that he drinks. With clasped hands the King is supplicating, "Have mercy on me, oh my people, according to thy great mercy." But the Queen is beating her breast and shrieking, "My fault! My fault! All my fault!"

[1] Plate 87, above.

CHAPTER VI

PROBATION

THE flight of her hereditary monarch was a more serious matter to France than would at first appear. To be sure, Louis XVI was not the kind of man with whom it would have been difficult to dispense. But his crossing the frontier would have meant civil war, and in his parting declaration he had scorned the Constitution on which the representatives had been at work for two years. That Constitution had taken account of him, the King, at every turn. It would therefore be worthless in his absence.

Not that there was anything in the Constitution to prevent a simple change of residence. It would have been wise of Louis to have followed Mirabeau's advice and gone openly and with head high to Fontainebleau or some other neighbouring town. But this slipping away in the night leaving none who could serve as hostage, this being caught and brought back like naughty truants, these lame attempts at explanation: was there any chance that the wound thus caused should ever really heal?

Yet Barnave pleaded eloquently[1] that all be

[1] *Point du Jour*, No. 737: July 17th.

forgotten and forgiven, that the Revolution stop right there: "Enough that we have destroyed what needed destruction. A continuance may sweep away all the good you have accomplished."

The battle raged in the Assembly and also in the Jacobin Club with fierce intensity. Some maintained that by the terms of the Constitution the King's person was inviolable and that therefore he was immune from any consequences. "So," answered Pétion, "a king may slaughter men like sheep, may devastate his country with fire and flame, may be a Caligula, a Nero—and all for the greater glory of God and happiness of man! But we must respect his bloody and atrocious inclinations!"[1] Vadier hurled the epithet at Louis of "crowned brigand."

The flight had brought the idea of a republic very much into prominence. For more than two months France managed very well without her hereditary monarch. But few were ready to face a complete change in the form of government. Even Robespierre, the leaden-coloured deputy from Arras who was no friend of kings, declared that he feared the reign of faction—perhaps he saw that his own faction as yet had no chance of predominating.

It was finally determined to complete the Constitution, revise some of its clauses, and then say to Louis XVI, "Will you accept this document and loyally execute its provisions, or will you cease to be our king?"

[1] *Point du Jour*, July 14, 1791.

Passions ran too high indeed for the matter to be so peacefully settled. A petition opposing this solution of it was drawn up in the Jacobin Club and laid on the altar of the fatherland for all to sign. It recounted the crimes of the King and called for a new executive power. On July 17th there was rioting around the very altar where a year before there had been such rejoicings in the name of Fraternity. Liberty, Equality, Fraternity—all were to end in the same way: Liberty in worse despotism than ever before; Equality in the uppermost being crushed under the heel of the nethermost; Fraternity in the proclaiming of martial law and the firing on the mob by the National Guards. Martial law prevailed for the moment[1] but the memory of a mob is long, as Mayor Bailly, he who had ordered the red flag to be unfurled, was later to experience.

Marat declared that this episode of the Champ de Mars had caused an "infernal gulf" to yawn between the *bourgeoisie* [as represented by the National Guards] and the democrats [as represented by himself and his followers]. The Jacobin Club was rent asunder and a part split off into the more moderate club of the Feuillants. But for the most part the affiliated societies in the country districts remained loyal to the mother club.

We have a representation of the affair on the Champ de Mars which cannot have been greatly exaggerated.[2] On the whole, the party that had stood for order was for the moment high in the

[1] Report of the Municipality, *Point du Jour*, July 17th. See also Aulard, *Histoire Politique*, 148.

[2] Plate 88, p. 193.

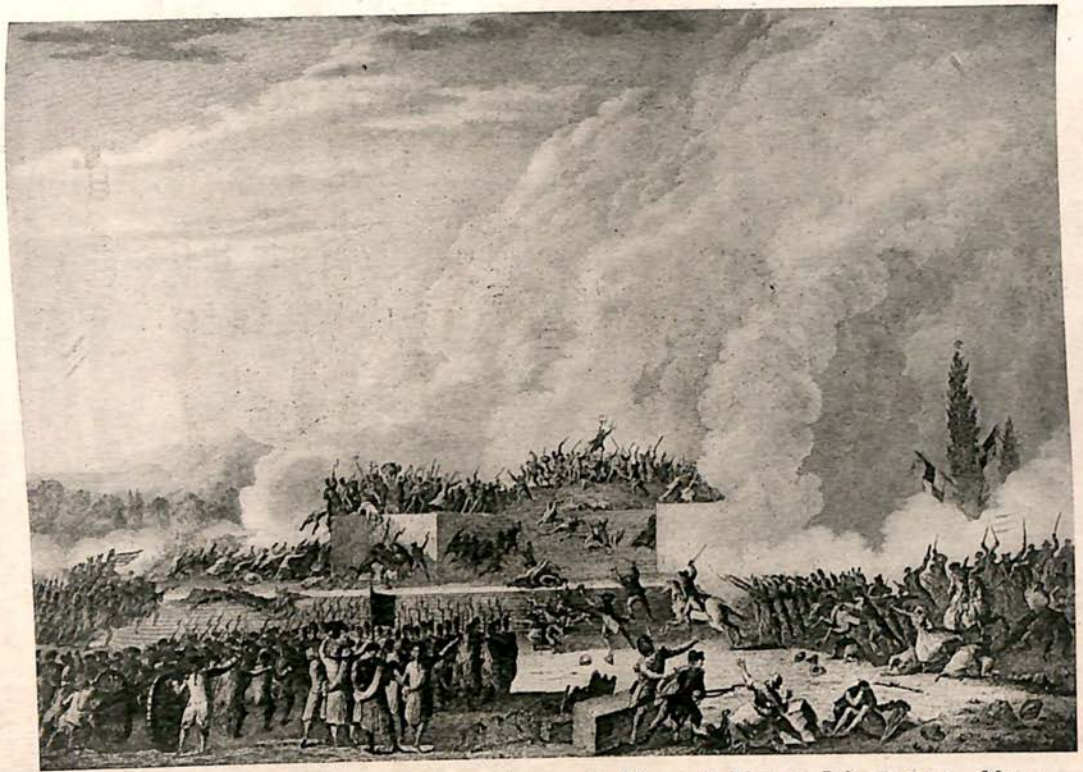

Plate 88. A representation of the happenings on the Champ de Mars on July 17, 1791. Mayor Bailly, after seeking in vain to quell a disturbance that had arisen, ordered the National Guards to fire on the mob.

ascendant, and it was a sad time for demagogues like Marat, Robespierre, and Danton. This attitude is reflected in the conservative manner in which the revision of the Constitution was carried to its completion. One exception, indeed, was the abandoning of the requirement that a man to be eligible for the position of deputy must be a taxpayer to the amount at least of a mark of silver.

We have a caricature that must have been issued during the debates on this latter subject and that is entitled "The future legislator."[1] The face is covered with a mask of silver that makes all men look as much alike as though they were door-knockers. On the margin are the words: "Tell me yourself: in the age in which we live, is it by weight, forsooth, that men are measured?" And below are rhymes to the same effect. Brains do not matter, it is only a question of being worth a mark of silver!

On the third of September, 1791, the Assembly formally declared the Constitution completed, and a delegation of deputies carried the document to the King in the Tuileries. After devoting ten days to its consideration, Louis declared that he had made up his mind to accept and carry out its provisions.

And what was the real attitude of those who so long had sat in half-imprisonment within the walls of their own palace; or rather what was the attitude of the woman who served as the King's right hand? We have unpardonable letters of Marie

[1] Plate 89, p. 195.

Toi meme reponds moi dans le Siecle ou nous sommes Et ce ou Paris devoit peser en mesure les Hommes
LEGISLATEUR FUTUR
Et souvent tel y vient qui sait pour tout secret
Cinq et quatre font neuf ôtez deux reste sept

Plate 89. A satirical representation called the "The Future Legislator," and directed against the requirement that a deputy to be eligible must pay taxes. The mark of silver destroys all individuality.

Antoinette to show how deeply she involved her husband in a policy of ruse and deception. It was all her doing. Louis XVI is evidently not in sympathy with all of her projects: "You know the person I have to deal with," she writes to her old mentor, Mercy d'Argenteau; "just as one thinks one has persuaded him, a word, an argument, makes him unsuspectingly change his mind."[1] But she wishes it to be known that one person at least is looking out for the dignity of the family: "Never will I consent to anything unworthy of myself," she writes. ". . . It is in misfortune that one realizes all the more what one is. My blood runs in the veins of my son and I hope that some day he will prove himself a worthy grandson of Maria Theresa!"

She has some slight glimmering that the course of action she is planning may not, indeed, be quite worthy of herself: "It is impossible," she writes, "for the King to refuse his acceptance. You must believe me when I say that this is the case. You know my character and that it inclines me to a noble and courageous way of acting. But there is no courage in running into a more than certain danger. So our last hope is in the foreign armies."

Marie Antoinette prevaricates in every word and act. At the suggestion of Barnave, Duport, and Lameth, she writes and urges her brother to make an alliance with revolutionary France; she declares that she herself has experienced a change of heart. Then she follows this by secret denials,

[1] *Lettres de Marie Antoinette* (La Rocheterie), ii., 275 ff.

Plate 90. An allegorical representation of the acceptance of the Constitution by Louis XVI. The faces seem to be actual likenesses. The republic personified is being driven from the hall by cupids with whips.

by complaint that she is coerced into writing what her enemies require, by requests for ostensible replies which she can show to those around her. She calls the Constitution which her husband, before God and man, is about to swear to maintain, "a tissue of impracticable absurdities." She means, however, to pursue such a course of action "as will remove all suspicion of us and at the same time serve to outwit them [the Assembly] and overthrow at the very first opportunity the monstrous production we have to adopt."

It is not pleasant to see Marie Antoinette so vindictive. In December, 1791, she confides to Fersen[1] that she thinks on the whole the rôle she is obliged to play all day long is succeeding; but for her, things would be much worse. She concludes with "what happiness if I could only regain sufficient power to show all these beggars [*ces gueux*] that I was not their dupe!"

It all sounded so noble and spontaneous, this spurious acceptance of the King's, with its naïve admissions, its bursts of confidence, its loyal appeals. They produced, we are told, "a most acute and tender impression!" The acceptance was made in writing and orally. In a letter Louis analysed his own feelings; told his reasons for taking flight and how greatly things had since altered for the better: "I must tell you, if you had presented to me the Constitution at that juncture, I should not have considered that the interests of the people, my sole and constant rule of conduct,

[1] Fersen, ii., 267.

permitted of its acceptance." But now! Well, there might be some flaws in the Constitution, but if there were, time would easily reveal and remedy them.

When he appeared in the Assembly on September 14th, Louis found the members well disposed to him. We have an allegorical representation of this formal and public acceptance.[1] One hand on his heart, Louis is pointing with the other to the constitutional document. A crowned figure that looks very much like Marie Antoinette is doing likewise from the other side and her free hand rests on the shoulder of a deputy who somewhat resembles Robespierre. Or it may be France, leaning on her representative and proferring the Constitution to the King. To the left we see another crowned figure, bearing a bundle of fagots, emblem of a republic, and taking to wild flight chased by angry cupids. One of the cupids seems to have the British lion on his shield. All the spectators are in different attitudes of ecstasy. Beneath is the oath that Louis took: "I swear to be faithful to the nation and to the law, to employ all the power delegated to me in maintaining the Constitution decreed by the National Constituent Assembly in the years 1789, 1790, and 1791, and to see that the laws are executed."

Both the English and the Swedish ambassadors,[2] who of course were present, record a significant little episode. While Louis was reading his speech it occurred to the deputies, who had remained stand-

[1] Plate 90, p. 197.

[2] Gower and Staël-Holstein.

ing, that it was beneath their dignity to continue in that attitude of respect. Obeying a signal of one of their number, they all sat down. Louis, however, showed unusual courage and presence of mind. Without interrupting his reading, he, too, took a chair, a proceeding which, strange to say, called forth rapturous applause. "This instance," writes Staël-Holstein, "should have taught him that if throughout the Revolution he had shown the proper feeling of what was due to himself he would have rendered dutiful those who have most abused his weakness." [1]

The occasion ended with joyful demonstrations, the whole Assembly escorting the King back to the Tuileries amid strains of music and salvos of artillery.

Marie Antoinette was not altogether happy, as we can see from her letters to Fersen.[2] She acknowledges that it would have been nobler to refuse the acceptance, but declares that, in their actual situation, such a course was out of the question. She wishes the acceptance could have been shorter and simpler; evidently the long mockery had jarred on her nerves. It had been necessary, however, to remove every doubt of its not being in good faith. She is confident that so soon as the Constitution is put in practice all its absurdities will be made manifest: "the farther we go and the more these beggars feel their misery the sooner they may themselves come to desire the foreigners." Meanwhile, there have been kindly demonstra-

[1] Page 235.

[2] Fersen, i., 192.

tions towards her, but she steels her heart. One might be touched by them "if one were not forced

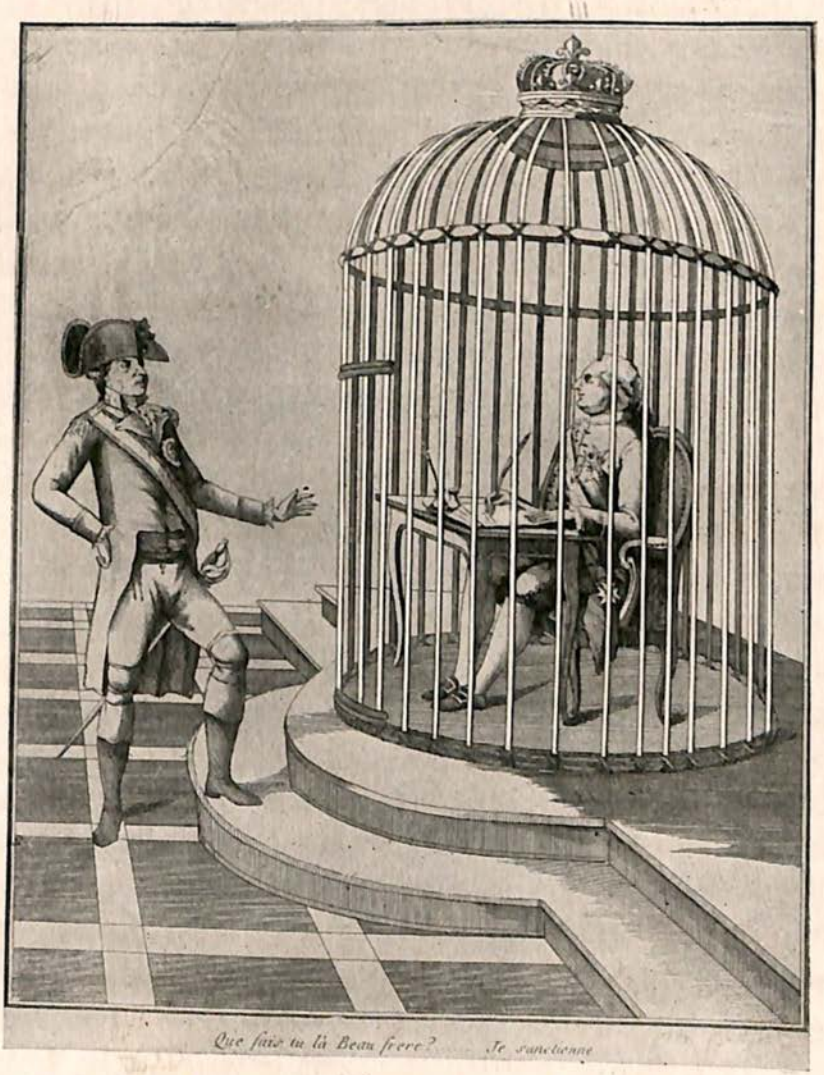

Plate 91. A cartoon intended to show under what constraint Louis XVI had sanctioned the Constitution.

to remember that these were the same people who insulted us two months ago and who can be swayed at will."

Louis had acted under constraint in signing the Constitution: that was now the watchword of all his adherents. We have an amusing cartoon[1] where he is shown sitting at a table, pen in hand, inside of a great iron cage. Up walks the Austrian Emperor and asks in astonishment, "Brother-in-law, what are you doing?" "I 'm sanctioning."

And this foreign sympathy on which Louis and Marie Antoinette had so fondly based their hopes, to what did it amount? Emperor Leopold did bestir himself in a mild sort of way on his sister's behalf, but he had shown no great anxiety to furnish the fifteen million francs that had been requested of him at the time of the flight.[2] He did, indeed, appeal to his fellow-rulers in Europe and suggest forming a great league. He was met everywhere either by refusals or by empty promises. It is true the annexation by France of Avignon—it was proclaimed on the very day on which Louis XVI publicly accepted the Constitution—was an alarming symptom, but each country was busy with its own schemes, and Prussia and Austria finally united with Saxony in a declaration at Pillnitz that was merely an "august comedy," to quote a contemporary. The three powers agreed to intervene in French affairs if they could be certain that the rest of Europe would do likewise. By that time they were absolutely certain that the rest of Europe would do nothing of the kind.

[1] Plate 91, p. 201.

[2] For these foreign relations, see Sorel, *L'Europe et la Révolution Française*, passim.

The declaration of Pillnitz, indeed, was not to be altogether without effect. The *émigrés* exploited it in an open letter from Coblenz seeking to give the impression that immense foreign armies were at once to fall upon France. It was a futile means of intimidation but interfered with the plans of Louis XVI, whose policy, as we have seen, was to make the Revolutionists believe in his absolute sincerity. It was natural to suspect him of collusion with his brothers, and this their open letter was to form part of the evidence against him at Louis' trial before the revolutionary tribunal.

But the Revolutionists, too, were disappointed, were misled by the enthusiasm shown in foreign countries for the first great popular victories. They had believed that these enslaved peoples would rise at their call and join their banners, that no one could long remain deaf to the tones of liberty. We have a cartoon[1] showing one of these supposed slaves in the very act of hastening to the happy land where youths and maidens have nothing to do but dance around trees, and their elders sit at tables and quaff flowing bowls. We have a production with similar tendency[2] in which an Austrian sentinel stands at one end, a French at the other, of a bridge that spans a border stream. The elaborate text tells us that "no sooner has our sentinel pointed out the national cockade on his hat to the German than the latter lays his hand on his heart, reverses his gun, and makes known his amicable intentions towards a free nation."

[1] Plate 92, p. 205. [2] Plate 93, p. 206.

But for some reason or other these liberated slaves did not come over in any great numbers. The flagrant violation of the rights of property in Alsace where the abolition of feudalism by the decrees of August 4th was made to apply to the subjects of foreign princes as well; the extreme radicalism of a Camille Desmoulins, who declared in his influential journal[1] that international law ought to be treated as Martin Luther had treated the canon law: all this had offended subjects as well as their masters. It was a mere delusion that the whole world, save for a few gangrened rulers, was hanging breathless on the happenings in Paris. The National Assembly might have spared itself the expense it continually incurred of having decrees of which it was especially proud translated into every known language. The hope of having liberty prevail the world over was as vain as the boast of the Comte de Provence that he would enter France with an army and "subdue by force the fanaticism of public opinion." Even Marie Antoinette speaks of the "follies of the princes and *émigrés*." On the other hand, she is utterly mistaken as to the general temper of the Revolutionists. She believes that they have a horrible dread of foreign invasion: "fear crops out in all their deeds and in all their words."[2] Yet she herself is growing politic. Atrocious as the French people are, she writes to Fersen, it may be necessary to continue to live with them; so she must be careful not to give grounds

[1] The *Révolutions de Paris et de Brabant.* [2] *Lettres*, ii., 314.

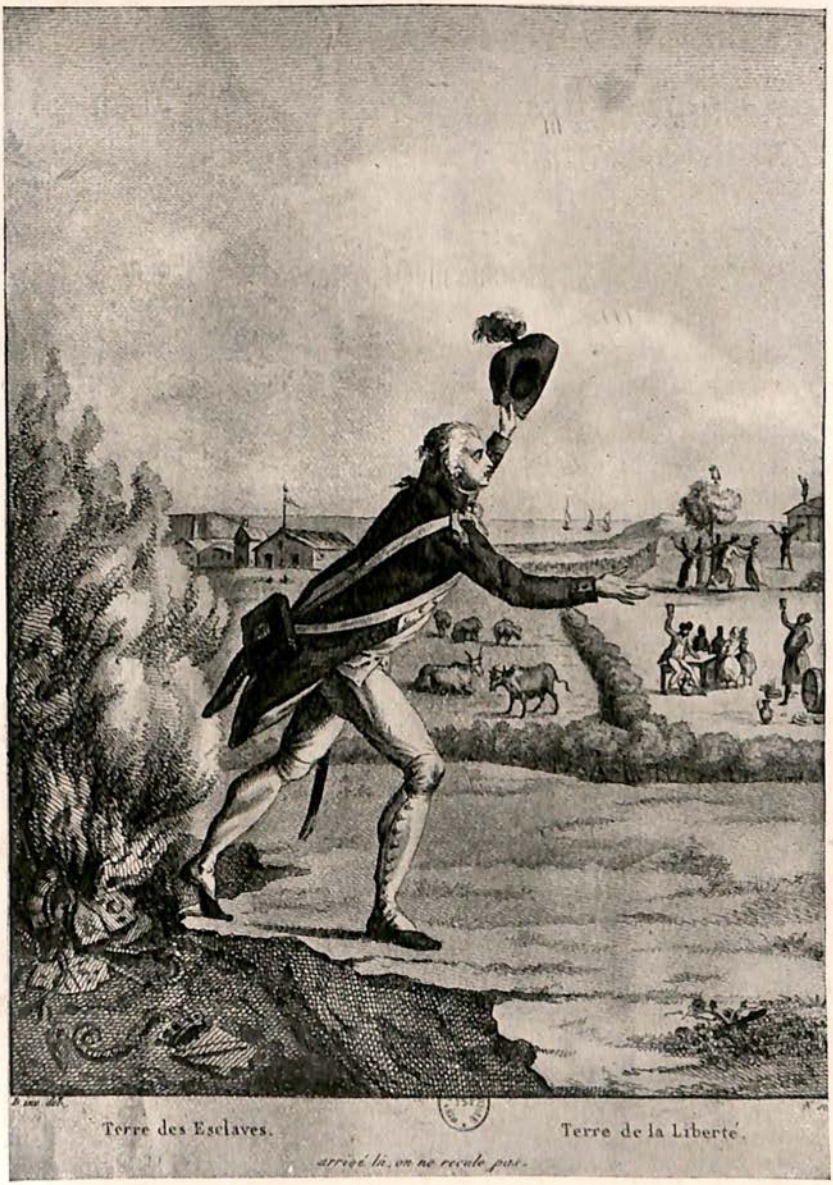

Plate 92. A representation of a foreigner joyfully quitting the land of slaves for the land of liberty where everything is gay and joyous.

for reproach either to "those here" or to "those outside."[1]

A cartoonist gives us an excellent view of Louis XVI's exact position at this time.[2] The King is

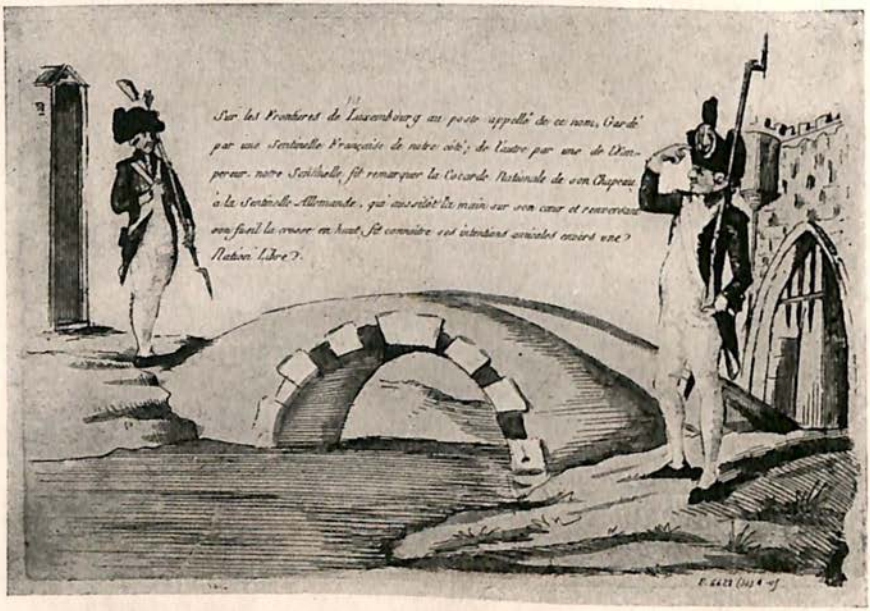

Plate 93. A representation showing the effect wrought upon an Austrian sentinel by the first sight of the French national cockade. The Austrian reverses his bayonet and places his hand upon his heart.

dancing on a tight-rope and trying to balance himself with a pole that is weighted at one end with the Constitution, at the other with a cap containing cornucopias full of sweets. The crowd below are clamouring for the sweets and causing the pole to incline very much in their direction. On the ground are cornucopias that have already

[1] *Lettres*, ii., 321 (October 19, 1791).

[2] Plate 94, p. 207.

been emptied. "Look out for false Steps" is the inscription.

Meanwhile, the Constituent Assembly, having completed the work it had sworn in the Tennis Court to perform, prepared to give place to the

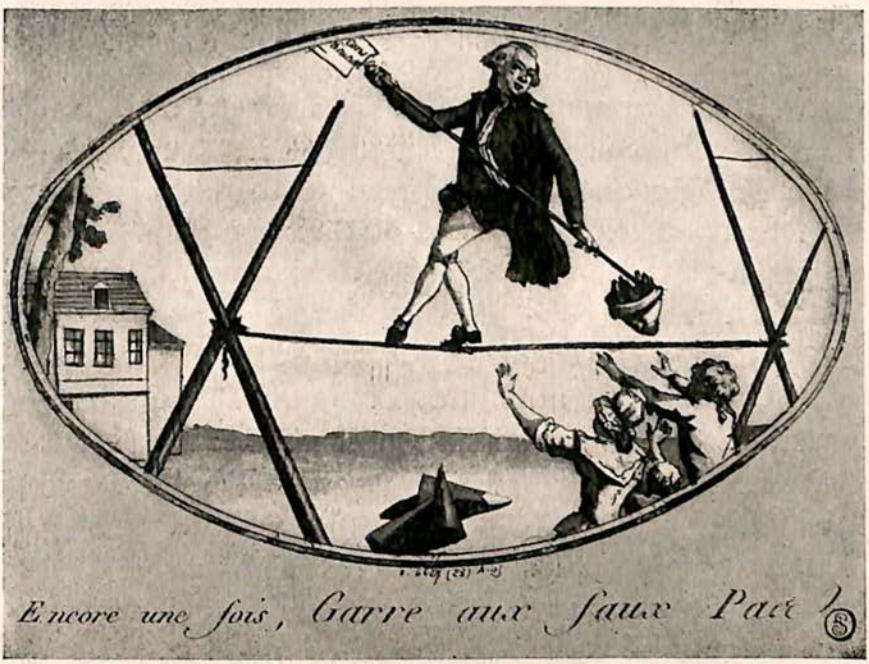

Plate 94. A cartoon showing the perilous situation of Louis XVI. He has handed down several cornucopias full of sweets to the people but they are calling for more.

new legislative body for which the terms of the Constitution provided. The members were in a kindly mood towards this king who was now so humbled. They requested him to have his portrait painted for the adornment of the hall, and to have himself represented at the moment of telling his son that

he has accepted the Constitution.[1] They decreed a form of ceremonial to be observed when he should appear in their midst for the final closing exercises that was altogether respectful.[2] The members were all to rise as the King entered; after that they were to be guided in their movements by him—to rise or sit, to keep their hats on or take them off, according as he should give the example. He was to sit in the centre of the platform in a special arm-chair covered with gold-embroidered fleurs-de-lis, and no one was to presume to address him without an express decree of the Assembly. The president of that body was to sit on the King's right hand.

On September 30th, interrupted each moment by enthusiastic applause, Louis XVI bade farewell to the men who had robbed him of all but the merest vestige of his power. There was the usual emotion, the usual hypocrisy.[3] "Going back to your homes, sirs," Louis said, "I count on your being the interpreters to your fellow-citizens of the uprightness of my sentiments. Tell them each and all that their king will be their best and most faithful friend, that he feels the need of their love, that he cannot be happy save with and for them."

"Your Majesty," answered the president, "has terminated the Revolution by your so loyal and frank acceptance of the Constitution. . . . Your

[1] *Débats et Décrets*, September 29, 1791.

[2] *Ib.*, and also Duvergier, iii., 457.

[3] See *Point du Jour*, September 30th, for the speeches of farewell.

heart, sire, has already received its reward; your Majesty has rejoiced in the touching spectacle of the joy of the people." The King withdrew, the *procès verbal* or protocol was read, it was formally declared that the Assembly had completed its labours. Then the president concluded: "Let the kings of the earth tell us if their absolute power can give joys like this, if their beds of justice and their formal audiences have ever produced such sweet and deep emotions, such communion of peoples and kings!"

Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette were playing their part well. They went about as if free from care—to the opera, to the Comédie Française, to the municipal fêtes. They illuminated the Tuileries, they interested themselves in the poor of Paris, sending fifty thousand francs to the mayor to be distributed for their benefit. "It seems to me," writes the Swedish ambassador, "that the conduct of this prince would be incomprehensible unless he really cherished the sentiments he seems to have adopted. Force can tear certain responses from one: but this frequenting of the opera and of public places in search of applause inspired by the acceptance would make retraction very difficult."[1]

The new legislative body which met on the day after the dispersal of the old one was far less friendly to the King. It was made up largely of men whose whole interests were bound up in the new order of

[1] Staël-Holstein, 237.

things; those who held or hoped to hold offices in the communes,—barristers, journalists, rising authors. They were all new, alas! to the business of governing, for the Constituent Assembly had passed a self-denying ordinance which prevented the election of any of the old members.

The whole number of deputies, as the Constitution had directed, was 745, of whom 160 were constitutional royalists, the rest being about equally divided between Jacobins and moderates or independents.[1] The strongest bond of union was a desire to see that the executive power should learn to keep its place and not imagine it was in any way superior to the legislative.

The King, doubtless to test his strength, endeavoured to fix his own day for receiving a deputation from the Assembly, but then yielded the point. On October 5th, Couthon, the crippled henchman of Robespierre, was carried to the platform and uttered severe words against Louis. One by one other attacks followed.[2] Grangeneuve moved the suppression of the title "Your Majesty"; Guadet wished the president of the Assembly always to be admitted to the King's presence "without having to pass through the antechambers of the keeper of the seals." Then the question came up, what ceremonial should be observed when the King came to the Assembly? One deputy thought that the

[1] Aulard in his *Éloquence Parliamentaire* gives the Jacobin patriots as 280, the extreme left as 20, the independents as 300, the monarchists as 160. But that would make 760 members in all!

[2] *Débats et Décrets*, October 5th.

members ought to be free to sit or stand without awaiting the King's pleasure. As if, cried another, "the representatives of the people were turning themselves into perfect automatons in the presence of its first functionary and were unable to act, think, or move, except as willed by another." A king, declared Guadet, who regulates one's bodily movements will soon be claiming to regulate the movements of one's soul.

Each and every provision that the former Assembly had so recently made for the King's reception was made a special object of attack. Why call him Sire? Why give him a chair "scandalous in its richness"? He ought to have one neither more nor less magnificent than that of the president. A decree in five articles embodying all these restrictions was then passed.

But the members in their censoriousness had far out-distanced public opinion. The galleries, the former deputies, the citizens in general were highly indignant. It was pointed out that the relations between the Assembly and the chief executive had been regulated by the Constitution; moreover that a decree to become law must pass through three readings. The Assembly was accused of pride and conceit, even of crime and fanaticism; it was declared that public credit was being shaken, public enemies encouraged.

It was a tempest in a teapot but significant. It shows that Louis XVI still had a hold on the affection of his people. The Assembly finally reconsidered its decree and adjourned the matter

indefinitely.[1] On October 7th, Louis appeared in the hall. He was addressed by the president as "Sire" and as "Majesty," was given the "scandalously rich" chair, and was allowed to set the example in the matter of standing up or sitting down.

In the souls of the friends of liberty the reconsideration of the hostile decree spread fierce indignation. In all seriousness, the *Révolutions de Paris* compares it to the revocation of the Edict of Nantes! Both national glory and the happiness of the human race are at stake!

This much is important to note. The Jacobins, for they were "the friends of liberty," are utterly in the minority in this matter. Couthon and others complain bitterly of being threatened and insulted. Gouverneur Morris, the American minister, writes[2]: "The people of this city are become wonderfully fond of the King and have a thorough contempt for the Assembly who are in general what used to be called at Philadelphia 'the blue-stockings.' . . . At the Italian Comedy, people continually cried, *Vive le roi!*, *Vive la reine!*, *Vive la famille royale*, *Sire*, *vive votre Majesté!*

One can imagine Marie Antoinette's indignation at the men who had tried to pluck the whole royal nimbus from her husband's head. "There is nothing whatever to be gained from this Assembly," she wrote to Fersen; "it is a conglomeration of rogues, madmen, and brutes."[3] One of the

[1] *Débats et Décrets*, October 7th.

[2] Morris, i., 462 (Oct. 10).

[3] Fersen, i., 208.

members, Brissot, glorifying the pike as the new national weapon had just declared that it must be pointed against every enemy of the country "even if he inhabit the Château of the Tuileries."[1]

[1] Aulard (*Éloquence*), i., 238.

CHAPTER VII

DOWNFALL

IT was with the burning questions of the day, not with abstract legislation, that the new Assembly was to busy itself. What should be done about these *émigrés* who were stirring up the foreign powers to invasion? What about this refractory clergy that refused to take the civic oath? And what about the foreign powers themselves? Were they to be pacified or irritated, treated amicably or intimidated into submission?

In connection with the acceptance of the Constitution, a general amnesty had been declared, and the *émigrés* had been invited to return. Few availed themselves of the privilege. Only a month later we find Brissot, one of the first men of the Legislative Assembly to assume leadership, urging that a blow be struck not at the obscure crowd but at their chiefs, the brothers of the King. Vergniaud, the brilliant orator from the Gironde, denounced "these agitators, as ridiculous as they are insolent, who give the bizarre name of 'external France' to their convulsive assemblage"; these "haughty beggars" who had scorned the land of equality but would soon "expiate in shame and

Plate 95. A cartoon representing an *émigré* returning as a beggar to the country that he had abandoned.

misery their criminal pride and turn eyes bathed in tears towards the country they have abandoned"; these "miserable pygmies who in an access of delirium dared to parody the enterprise of the Titans against heaven."[1] "Let us rid the nation," he cried, "of these buzzing insects, greedy for its blood, that are annoying and harassing it!" This idea of the haughty beggar coming back with his eyes bathed in tears was exploited by a cartoonist.[2] Possibly he drew his direct inspiration from Vergniaud's speech, or was even commissioned to work up the theme.

On October 31st, "Louis Stanislas Xavier, French prince, adult relative, next in line for the regency," was summoned to return to France within sixty days or relinquish his rights of succession. Two weeks later the *émigrés* in general were declared suspected of conspiracy and were threatened with death if, by January 1st, they should still be found banded together.[3] The only real hold, indeed, that the Assembly had was in its ability to confiscate the lands and revenues of the *émigrés*, and this course it now announced its intention of pursuing.

On December 14th, Louis XVI was forced to send an ultimatum to the Elector of Treves, brother of Marie Antoinette, whose territory had become a chief rallying-point for the *émigrés*. The latter were no longer to be harboured but were to be told to disperse within a month.

[1] Aulard, *Éloquence*, i., 318.

[2] Plate 95, p. 215.

[3] *Débats et Décrets*, November 9, 1791.

A vigorous caricature[1] is entitled "Rage and Despair of the little Elector of Treves on learning the Resolution of the King of the French to make War upon him should he any longer protect the Assemblages of the *Émigrés*." The Elector seems to be foaming at the mouth and is exclaiming: "Ah, great Heavens, what a fix I have got into! I had rather

Ah Juste Ciel dans quel embarras me vois je mis
Jaimerois mieux voir le Diable dans mes etats
Que de voir les Patriotes Francois
Rage et Desespoir du Petit Electeur de Treves apprenant
la resolution du Roi des Francais de lui faire la guerre
s'il protege plus longtems les assemblemens des Emigrés

Plate 96. A cartoon showing the Elector of Treves foaming at the mouth with rage owing to the action of the French Government in demanding the dispersal of the *émigrés*.

[1] Plate 96, above.

see the devil in my territory than to see the French patriots there!"

Louis XVI delayed sanctioning the severest decrees against the *émigrés*, and secretly urged Breteuil to rally the powers of Europe in defence of the Elector of Treves. He writes at this time: "It is clear to every person who walks on two feet that I cannot approve of the Revolution and of the absurd and detestable Constitution which puts me on a lower plane than even the King of Poland."[1] The Elector, for his part, obeyed the summons, except in the case of his nephews, the princes.

The question of the refractory clergy was causing quite as much alarm and excitement as that of the *émigrés*. "They would like to swim in the blood of the patriots," declared Abbé Fauchet on October 20th, "that is their sweet and familiar expression. In comparison with these priests atheists are angels. . . . Good God, what a Church! . . . If hell could found one among men it would be animated by just this spirit."[2] And Isnard, the Girondist, made this reply to a plea to treat the non-jurors with more toleration:

> Toleration for those who will not tolerate either the law or your Constitution? Indulgence for those who conspire against their country? Indulgence for those who with the torch of fanaticism are setting the whole kingdom ablaze? Ah, what! When the corpses of your brothers are crying for vengeance, when floods of French blood have gone to swell the floods of the sea—is it then they come to suggest

[1] Sorel, ii., 331.

[2] Aulard, *Éloquence*, ii., 121.

Plate 97. A cartoon representing Louis XVI as "King Janus" with one face turned towards the Constitution and the other towards the non-juring clergy.

to you indulgence? It is time for the pride of the censer like the pride of the diadem to bow before the sceptre of the sovereignty of the people.[1]

In November, rigid laws were passed against those who should refuse to take the civic oath within a week.[2] They were to lose all claim on the public treasury; they were "to be considered under suspicion of revolt against the law and of harbouring evil intentions against their country and, on this ground, to be particularly subjected and recommended to the surveillance of all the constituted authorities." On May 27th the severity reached its climax. "It would be compromising public safety," says the preamble of a new series of laws, "any longer to regard as members of society men who are evidently seeking to dissolve it." On denunciation by twenty active citizens of his canton, a priest is to be ordered to leave his district within twenty-four hours, his department within three days, and the kingdom within a month. Should he attempt to return he is to be punished by imprisonment for ten years.[3]

These laws the King had the courage to refuse to sign until further consideration. One can imagine the fury of a mob grown accustomed to have its way in everything. We have a cartoon[4] where Louis is represented as "King Janus, or the man with two faces." With one he looks towards the book of the law declaring, "I will uphold the Constitution"; with the other he looks towards the

[1] Aulard *Éloquence*, ii., 68–9.
[2] *Débats et Décrets*, Nov. 16–18.
[3] Buchez et Roux, 14, 247.
[4] Plate 97, p. 219.

clergy and promises to destroy the Constitution. The crown sits firm on the one head; on the other it is toppling over.

Two great parties were forming in the Assembly: the Girondists, or provincials, and the *enragés*, the party that was later to be known as the Mountain, which stood for centralization and the domination of Paris. Just now, however, it might have been said that the Girondists were for warring against external enemies, the *enragês* for ferreting out conspiracies at home.

It is not clear why Brissot and his adherents took such delight in hounding on the French nation to war with Europe. Was it merely for the sake of currying favour with the people? Did they see that it was absolutely necessary to divert all the empty enthusiasm into some practical channel? Or did they, as has recently been advanced,[1] seek to apply a supreme test to the loyalty of the King by making him declare war against his own flesh and blood?

There is another assumption that seems most plausible. These Girondists were fanatical idealists, and Vergniaud was sincere when he cried out, "To arms! To arms! . . . Assure the hope of liberty to the human race!" Brissot believed that if he could only bring the soldiers of liberty into contact with the soldiers of tyrants the latter would at once desert in a body. We have seen the various cartoons that were based on this idea.[2] Brissot was fond of illustrating the

[1] Jaurès, 815.

[2] See Plate 92, p. 205 and Plate 93, p. 206.

virtues of the soldiers of Liberty from examples in the American Revolution, in which he had taken part. Washington, he once cried (it was after crossing the Delaware), "told me himself his soldiers had no shoes; the ice which tore their feet was dyed with their blood. 'We shall have shoes to-morrow,' they said, 'we shall beat the English.' And they did!"

Isnard, another of the fiery orators of the party, was sure that if even in the moment of combat the light of philosophy should shine forth, the peoples would embrace and the face of the world be changed.[1] He once, at the Jacobin Club, brandished a sword that was to be given to the first French general who struck down an enemy of the Revolution, and urged the French people to utter a loud cry to which all other peoples on earth would respond, with the result that "the earth will be covered with combatants and all the enemies of Liberty effaced from the lists of free men."

It may have been, then, this firm belief that the tyrants would really "tremble on their thrones of clay," that "the fire of Liberty armed with the sword of reason and eloquence" would and must prevail, that so inflamed the Girondists for war at any cost. "The sole calamity to be dreaded," cried Brissot on December 29th, "is not to have war"; and again, at the Jacobin Club: "I have but one fear, that we shall not be betrayed. We need some treason; it will be our salvation!"[2]

On January 9th, there was a passage at arms

[1] Aulard, *Éloquence*, ii., 72.

[2] *Ib.*, i., 249.

between Louvet, the Girondist, and Robespierre, head of the *enragés*, that is characteristic of the mutual attitude of the two parties. Louvet concluded a speech with a dramatic appeal to "march against Leopold!" There was tremendous

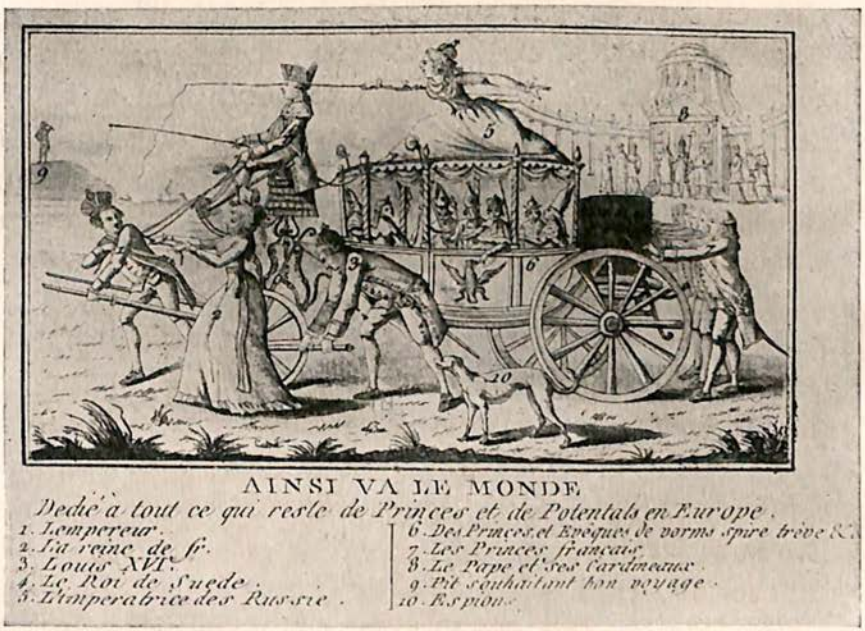
AINSI VA LE MONDE
Dedié à tout ce qui reste de Princes et de Potentats en Europe.
1. L'empereur.
2. La reine de fr.
3. Louis XVI.
4. Le Roi de Suede.
5. L'Imperatrice des Russie.
6. Des Princes et Evêques de Worms spire treve R.
7. Les Princes français.
8. Le Pape et ses Cardineaux.
9. Pit souhaitant bon voyage.
10. Espion.

Plate 98. A cartoon showing the political situation at the end of the year 1791. Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, curiously enough, are stemming the course of invasion which Sweden, Denmark, Russia and the *émigrés* are furthering.

enthusiasm, hats were swung in the air, and voices repeated in chorus, "March against Leopold!" But Robespierre the next day admonished his hearers roundly, first to subdue the enemies at home, first to follow up conspirators and put down despotism, and then—but not until then—to "march against Leopold." [1]

[1] Aulard, *Éloquence*, ii., 11–12.

With the sympathies of the Emperor Leopold being worked upon in favour of his sister, with Fersen and the King of Sweden plotting to overturn the French Constitution, with the Pope and his Cardinals urging any course that would restore the Church's prestige in France, and with the French Assembly irritating all its neighbours by its blatant claims and threats, it is no wonder that war became inevitable.

We have an elaborate cartoon[1] called "Thus the world wags!" which characterises the situation. The powers are playing about the rôles just indicated. The King of Sweden drives the Emperor, who is pulling the coach; the princes and others who have burdened the coach with their own baggage push from behind; in the coach itself sit a number of Rhenish princes and bishops. On top the Czarina with a long whip touches up the Emperor, but Marie Antoinette has hold of her brother's pigtail and pulls him back while Louis puts a bar between the spokes of the wheel. Pitt on the cliffs of his island is at a very safe distance, but wishes the party a *bon voyage;* while on the steps of St. Peter's the Pope and the Cardinals are giving their blessing to the enterprise.

This theme of France's difficulties inspired more than one clever artist. We have a representation[2] where Louis XVI is trying to escape in his chariot drawn by six swift hares. The nations pursue him with every sort of attack. England in the form of a leopard, with two other wild beasts at her

[1] Plate 98, p. 223. [2] Plate 99, p. 225.

side, blocks his way; down on him swoops the German eagle; after him run the Pope and Cardinals threatening him with their crooks; Spain makes the sign of the cross to exorcise him; Denmark

Plate 99. A cartoon showing the nations in the act of closing in upon Louis XVI whose only hope of rescue is in Blanchard the famous balloonist who is hovering over the scene.

barks at him; Holland calls him "poor stuff"; Savoy and Switzerland won't receive him. His only hope is Blanchard, the famous balloonist, who hovers overhead ready to "carry him off from the just fury of his enemies." In a caricature entitled "Ah, Things are going badly,"[1] we see the foreign powers and the brothers of the King, in the base-

[1] Plate 100, p. 227.

ment beneath the Jacobin Club, stirring flames the heat from which makes the *enragés* above jump and dance around in pain.

By the middle of January the situation as regarded France and Austria had become acute. The Queen was accused of heading an Austrian committee that met in secret in the Tuileries. The constant cry was that France must not wait to be attacked but must act as Frederick the Great had done when he seized Silesia. It is strange to see Frederick the Great set up as a pattern for the French Revolutionists to follow! On January 25th a belligerent message was sent to Austria.

From the camp of the *émigrés* came a cartoon[1] showing the utter absurdity of the three revolutionary generals, Lafayette, Luckner, and Rochambeau, trying to fall upon the Germanic Empire. It was issued in Mainz three days before the official ultimatum to Austria. It represents Lafayette raised on the *bâtons* of Marshals Luckner and Rochambeau and endeavouring to take the moon in his teeth—an allusion to the well-known French idiom which means attempting the impossible.

Marie Antoinette and the court were in a regular panic. The Queen wrote to her faithful Mercy d'Argenteau and begged him to see that the army raised by the Emperor be sufficiently large. But she is sure, she says, that all the insolence comes at bottom from fear. The Queen's old admirer, Fersen, was so impressed by the peril of the royal family that he braved every danger and

[1] Plate 101, p. 229.

Plate 100. A cartoon showing the *émigrés* and the foreign powers stirring the flames and giving the deputies assembled at the Jacobin Club a hot time. The deputies are dancing around in agony.

suddenly appeared at the Tuileries in disguise. He was ready to arrange a new flight. The King this time, however, was deaf to the voice of the charmer, but agreed finally that should the allied troops draw sufficiently near he would conveniently go astray in the woods and fall into their hands.[1] Fersen was quite sure that, with the aid of the foreigners, the King could easily restore his power to its full former extent. This was the old delusion of Marie Antoinette. Did she inspire Fersen with it or did he inspire her?

Austria, on February 7th, concluded an alliance with Prussia, which power agreed to send, if need be, 40,000 men into the field. On March 1st, Emperor Leopold died after a very short illness and was succeeded by his son Francis II., a youth of twenty-three who was not likely to endure France's threats complacently—and the party in power in France was ready to push things to extremes. Vergniaud in the Assembly made a wildly savage onslaught on the corrupt councillors who perverted the King and were seeking to betray the nation to the House of Austria. He could see the palace windows, he cried, where they were plotting counter-revolution, anarchy, and a return to slavery. But the moment had come for putting an end to all this insolence and he apostrophized Terror and Fright bidding them re-enter in the name of the law that famous palace whence they had so often issued in the name of despotism. "And let all who dwell there know," he concluded, "that our Constitution accords in-

[1] Sorel, ii., 365 ff.

Empire
Germanique
Le Général la fayette soutenu sur les batons des Marechaux
Luckner et Rochambeau prend la Lune avec les dents

Plate 101. A cartoon showing Lafayette, upheld by Luckner and Rochambeau, trying to take the moon in his teeth. The invasion of the German Empire is a similar foolhardy enterprise.

violability to the King alone; let them know that the law will reach without distinction all the guilty, and that not one single head convicted of crime shall escape its sword!"[1]

Fright and Terror obeyed their orders. The King is reported to have acted like a man preparing for death.[2] He accepted a new ministry at the hands of the Girondists themselves. It consisted of Roland, Clavière, Servan, Dumouriez, and one or two insignificant personages. Dumouriez, who was now Minister of War, was as eager for the conflict with Europe as Brissot himself, and had already begun to form his plan of campaign. Austria was told to cease her armaments and give satisfaction by April 15th or take the consequences. Satisfaction for what? Dumouriez accused her of breaking all treaties concluded in the past four hundred years. It was a sweeping charge! No satisfaction was given, and on April 20th France declared war. The poor King himself had been obliged to appear in the Assembly and make the decisive motion.

A modern writer of repute,[3] but hostile to Marie Antoinette, avers that the latter now betrayed to Mercy d'Argenteau the results of a cabinet council held on the 25th of March.

So to all her internal troubles France had added a war of utterly incalculable dimensions. Hostilities began in a mild way already on April 28th.

[1] Aulard, *Éloquence*, i., 323. [2] Sorel, ii., 401. [3] Jaurès, 957.

There were skirmishes on the Belgian frontier with Austrian detachments. To the Belgian people a manifesto had been issued proclaiming war to tyrants but liberty to the people. The

Plate 102. A depiction of Cupid as a *sans-culotte* placing a wreath on the altar of Equality.

Belgian lion was called upon to awake, the Belgian people to cast off their thraldom: "How are you nourished? Worse than the dogs of France! Come, come and die with your brothers the French!"[1]

The Belgians were not so ill-nourished that they

[1] Sorel, ii., 481.

felt the necessity of dying. They did not desert. On the contrary in each small encounter they put the French to flight. The successes were but temporary indeed, for with Dumouriez himself in the field the French were to make quite another showing. But for the present all was in confusion. The state had not sufficient funds to stand the heavy drain, and on May 15th partially repudiated its debts. And then this king! Everything was now done to humiliate and annoy him. On May 29th, even the guards that had been allowed him by the Constitution were dismissed; on June 8th, a decree authorizing a camp of 20,000 patriots under the walls of Paris was passed. The measure was directed against himself and he vetoed it as he did, too, the decree of May 27th against the clergy. His Girondist ministry was dismissed.

All this was regarded as treason,[1] and perfect torrents of abuse descended on his head. The *Révolutions de Paris* calls the veto "the corner-stone on which the court intends to re-edify the system of despotism." The National Assembly it declares, is hampered [by its own Constitution!] like a convict tied to a cannon-ball. The King is doubtless saying: "Bah! This veto alone avenges all the grief you have caused me these two years. . . . Bah! You are meant to be slaves, you know you are, so long as I have the veto; and your own idolized Constitution gave it to me."

It was on June 19th that official notification of the King's exercise of the veto power was given.

[1] Aulard, *Hist. Politique*, 179, still regards it thus.

By the 20th, indignation had reached the boiling-point. At mid-day a vast crowd gathered before the hall of the National Assembly and clamoured for admittance.[1] They were armed with every imaginable weapon, including scythes, pitchforks, and axes, and dragged a score of cannon with them. Their orator declared that they had come to pour their woes and their fears into the lap of the Assembly. Everything was wrong. The army was not doing its duty, the courts were not swift enough in their judgments, the perfidious château of the Tuileries was causing the blood of patriots to flow merely to satisfy its own pride and ambition. The phrases were marshalled like an army of scarecrows. Every other word was "crowned despots," "ulcerated hearts," "majesty of an outraged people," "vengeance on conspirators."

The mob defiled before its legislators displaying every kind of emblem: liberty caps, tri-coloured ribbons, pikes,—even the bloody heart of a calf with the inscription, "Heart of an aristocrat." This last was too much for the nerves of the president and he ordered its removal.

For hours the motley procession continued.[2] There was beat of drums, there was light of torches, there was waving of branches. An old pair of seatless trousers was carried aloft in honour of the appellation *sans-culotte* in which the radicals were now beginning to glory, although the name had

[1] Letter of a deputy, Azéma in *La Révolution Française*, xxviii., 170. In general, see Mortimer-Terneux, *Histoire de la Terreur*.

[2] Azéma. See also *La Révolution Française*, xxxv., 534.

first been given to them by the artistocrats. We have a pretty engraving called "Cupid, the *Sans-Culotte.*"[1]

There were transparencies with threats against tyrants: "Obey the laws or tremble!" "The people are tired of suffering!" "Liberty or death!" "Warning to Louis XVI!" The whole was a bitter humiliation for the National Assembly, showing as it did only too plainly that the mob was taking matters entirely into its own control. It was adopting, to quote a modern writer,[2] the device of Louis XIV: "It entered whip in hand within the legislative precincts and proffered to the dazed representatives of the law the brutal and insolent formula, 'The state? I am the state!'"

And now these good *sans-culottes*, of whom some artist thought it worth while to preserve the type,[3] determined to administer a direct lesson to the King and Queen and invade their privacy at the Tuileries. The royal family were enjoying their afternoon coffee when there was a crashing of railings, a forcing of gates, and a beating open of doors with axes. There were cries of "Down with the King!" "Down with Monsieur and Madame Veto!"[4] Louis was threatened with dethronement if he did not at once sanction the decrees of the Assembly and recall his Girondist ministers.

The King had ordered his retainers to cease all opposition and retired to the shelter of a bay win-

[1] Plate 102, p. 231. [2] Sorel. [3] Plate 103, p. 235.

[4] Azéma (*Rév. Fr.* xxviii., 170); also von Sybel, ii., 405, and Mortimer-Terneux.

Plate 103. A depiction of the typical *sans-culotte* of Paris with his pike, the weapon of the Revolution, and the cockade in his hat

dow, while Marie Antoinette and the children took refuge behind a table. The Dauphin and his sister, we are told, fell on their knees and with folded hands begged for "mercy for Mama!"

Never had son of St. Louis had his person treated with such brutal familiarity. He was made to put on a red cap of Liberty, which was reached over to him on the end of a pike, and to hold in his hand a sword twined with flowers and with a tri-coloured cockade on its point. One good *sans-culotte* made repeated dabs at him with his pike, and others tried to reach him with the points of their swords.

Order was finally restored after three deputations had been sent from the National Assembly. "All is perfectly quiet at this moment," writes a member,"[1] but it is a terrible lesson for the King, Queen, and the rest. They are very much affected." This member maintains that the King ground his teeth with rage but that the Queen was politic and tried to be pleasant, even inviting the deputation to see the Dauphin put to bed. Some of the deputies seemed flattered by this, "but we, the patriots, told them the truth and the whole truth which made them sulk and make faces in spite of being so politic." There was quite a lengthy discussion: "for our principles are so very opposed to theirs!"

We have a glimpse of the Queen indignantly showing the deputies the broken doors and asking their advice about how to report the affair. They

[1] Azéma.

told her it was a matter for the Justice of the Peace. He was summoned and drew up a protocol.

We have a royalist representation [1] of this

Plate 104. A representation of the scene in the Tuileries palace on June 20, 1792, when the mob broke in and tried to force Louis XVI to rescind his veto of the decrees providing for a camp near Paris and enacting still severer penalties against the non-juring clergy.

famous 20th of June. The fierce countenances and rolling eyes of the wicked Revolutionists are amusingly contrasted with the saint-like though troubled expressions of the royal pair and their guards. There is a long text which, allowing for bias, does no great violence to the truth:

[1] Plate 104, above.

The door of the *œil-de-bœuf* was closed; they shake it. It was on the point of being broken in; all was over with the royal family. One man and one alone stopped these tigers thirsting for blood. That man was Louis XVI. He ran to the door and cried to the Swiss guards: "Open, open! I need fear nothing from Frenchmen!" This firmness allays all the fury. Louis retires to the back of the room. The bandits rush in crying, "Where is he that we may slay him?" The Swiss guards draw their swords." The King says to them calmly, "No, no, I command you to sheathe your swords!" Louis was surrounded by assassins and every moment had to listen to the most frightful threats, when Pétion, Mayor of Paris, mounted a stool and said to him: "Sire, you have nothing to fear!" "Nothing to fear?" replied the King with emotion, "a good man with a pure conscience never trembles; only those need to fear who have cause for self-reproach." "Look," he added, taking the hand of a grenadier who was beside him, "give me your hand, place it on my heart and tell this man if it beats more quickly than usual!"

The occurrences of June 20th served, above all, to widen the rift between the different political factions. Lafayette, who was busy in the field, first wrote a letter to the Assembly which caused Guadet to cry out: "When Cromwell used similar language liberty was lost in England!"[1] then left his post and hurried to Paris trusting to his old-time popularity—a step which made Robespierre and the Jacobins denounce him as in league with Austria. But even among the people many boiled with indignation at the insults that had been offered the King, and a petition of protest sent to the National Assembly was signed by twenty thousand.

[1] Sorel, ii., 484–5.

Louis XVI himself issued a proclamation rehearsing all the events of the day, declaring that no amount of violence would make him consent to measures that were opposed to the general welfare, and bidding the enemies of the monarchy, if they wished one crime more, to commit it now.[1] The Assembly, finally, on June 23d, put itself on record as "intending to maintain the Constitution and the inviolability of the hereditary representative of the nation," spoke of "enemies of the people and of Liberty who had usurped the language of patriotism," and urged all good citizens to aid the constituted authorities in preserving order.[2]

Yet only ten days later Vergniaud, in one of the most stirring harangues of the whole Revolution, accused Louis XVI of conspiring with foreigners to enslave and dismember France. The fact, too, that Pétion, Mayor of Paris, was suspended at Louis' instigation for not having taken better measures for his protection, added to the ferment. Dumouriez sent alarming reports of the condition of the army; yet the enemies were rapidly approaching the frontier, Prussia having formally declared war on July 6th. In Brittany, in La Vendée, there were the beginnings of insurrection.

In the Assembly there were fierce debates as to whether or not Pétion should be dismissed from office. We have a representation of Pétion[3] that must have been issued by his partisans at this very crisis and that is interesting in various regards. Pétion's portrait in the form of a medallion is

[1] Duvergier, iv., 223. [2] Ib., iv., 225. [3] Plate 105, p. 240.

suspended by a tri-coloured ribbon in or over a great heart. The text underneath reads: "Jé-

JÉROME PÉTION *MAIRE DE PARIS* suspendu illégalement par le Directoire contre-révolutionnaire du Département, à l'instigation d'une autorité supérieure plus contre-révolutionnaire encore

Plate 105. A portrait of Pétion, man of the hour and idolized Mayor of Paris. He is enshrined in the popular heart under the protecting folds of the tri-coloured ribbon. Note the heart.

rôme Pétion, Mayor of Paris, illegally suspended by the counter-revolutionary department-directory at the instigation of a superior authority

more revolutionary still." Around the medallion are the words, "His love for liberty has placed him in our hearts. He was an incorruptible legislator. He is a mayor without fear and without reproach."

Events now followed thick and fast. On July 7th, after frightful bickerings in the Assembly,

Plate 106. A newspaper illustration from the *Révolutions de Paris* which incidentally shows the flag with "The country is in danger!" hanging from the Hôtel de Ville.

Abbé Lamourette rose and made an eloquent appeal to forget all differences and unite all parties against this foreign enemy that was about to invade France. There was an extraordinary scene of enthusiasm and brotherly love during which political enmities were forgotten and deputies of the right and deputies of the left crossed the hall and literally kissed each other. But how long did this harmony last? On the following day

matters were as bad as ever. The kiss, it was declared, was the kiss of Judas; a Hercules and his club, not a weeping priest, were needed against crowned robbers and ogres. The King's friends believed that he was in danger of being assassinated, and Lafayette as well as Madame de Staël are really said to have been concerned in a new plot for the escape of the royal family.[1]

On July 9th, the ministers presented a most alarming report on the general state of affairs in the kingdom, and resigned in a body. On the 11th the Assembly resorted to its last and most desperate measure—a measure borrowed from ancient Rome—and proclaimed the country in danger.[2] A great flag with an inscription to that effect was hung out from the Hotel de Ville.[3] A public announcement was made that troops were converging on the frontier. Every functionary, every soldier, was ordered to remain at his post; every patriot was to wear the national cockade. Disobedience was to be considered as rebellion, and those who failed to denounce were to be treated as accomplices.

It was in a frenzied state of mind that the anniversary of the storming of the Bastile was celebrated on the Champ de Mars and the emblems of feudalism were once more consigned to the flames.[4] We have a serious representation of the scene,[5] by the conscientious Prieur, which shows every sort of

[1] Sorel, ii., 489.
[2] *Débats et Décrets*, July 11, 1792. See also number of July 4th.
[3] Plate 106, p. 241. [4] *Feuille Villageoise* iv., 384. [5] Plate 107, p. 243.

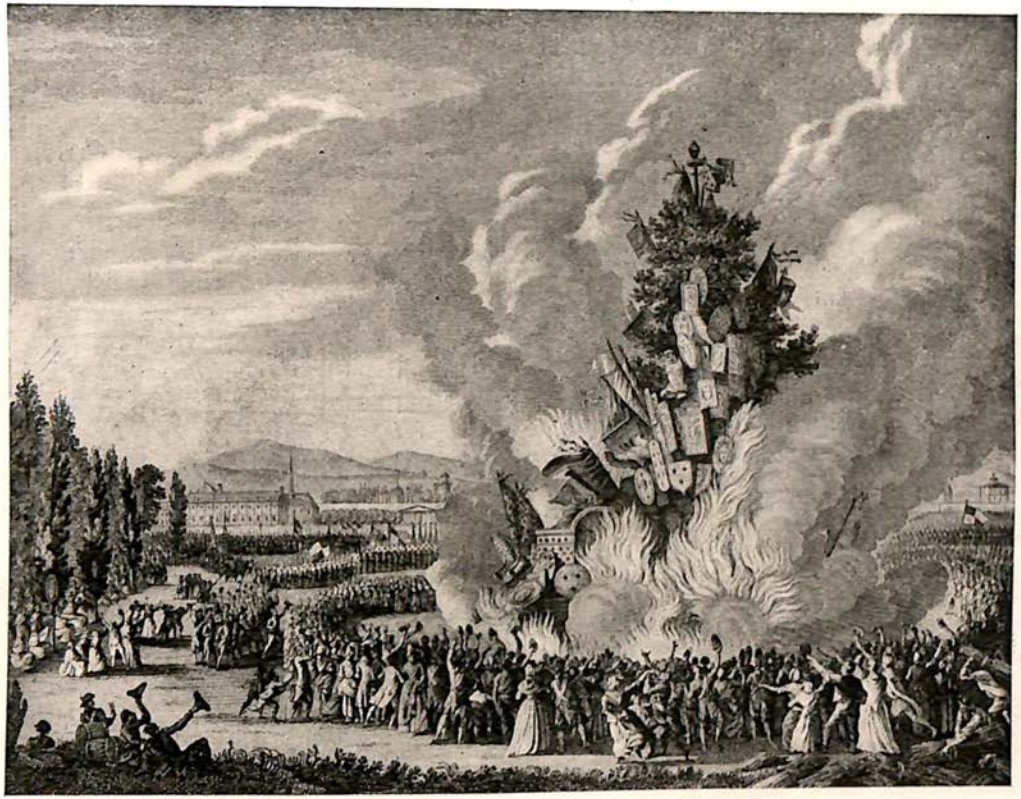

Plate 107. A representation of the burning emblems of feudalism at the celebration in memory of the 14th of July, 1789, held on July 14, 1792.

Plate 108. A representation of devotion to country. At the call, " The country in danger, " all prepare to sacrifice that which they hold most dear—husbands, children, jewels.

Plate 109. A representation of Cupid as a volunteer, showing that the thought of marching against the enemy was the one dominant sentiment of the moment.

emblem hung on a tree which the flames are rapidly consuming.

The King appeared at the fête and this time mounted the steps of the altar of the fatherland to take the oath to maintain the Constitution. But he reminded Madame de Staël of a sacrificial victim. The decree of "The country in danger" inspired one of the best artistic productions of the whole Revolutionary period.[1] It is entitled "Devotion to Country," and there is a life and movement to it that must have thrilled men to the heart at a moment of such danger and excitement. On a throne, the base of which is adorned with all the Revolutionary emblems, including the huge eye of the Jacobins, sits France; while another figure, on a tall pedestal, bears the device: "Citizens, the country is in danger!" Heroic mothers are offering up their children; jewels are being laid on an altar, while wives are speeding their husbands to the front, and an old man, leaning on a crutch, is giving his blessing. Another engraving, called "Cupid, the Volunteer," [2] shows us the spirit that undoubtedly did animate the French patriots at that time. This military ardour, which was to accomplish great things, is the most sympathetic aspect of the Revolution. Here was something definite to do. All the wild exaltation, all the vows, all the hopes, were to be transmuted into action.

Meanwhile a stirring message of patriotic good fellowship had been received from the south, from

[1] Plate 108, p. 244.

[2] Plate 109, p. 245.

Marseilles. A picked band of fiery Revolutionists[1] announced that they were under way. Already on June 20th the Assembly had received a letter signed by one hundred citizens declaring that French liberty was in peril; that the men of the South had risen to defend it; that the day of the wrath of the people had come, and the too greatly angered lion was about to quit its repose and spring upon its enemies.

These men of Marseilles came in a spirit that was hostile to the very idea of monarchy; they were ready, if need be, to invoke the aid of fire and sword. They sang a hymn of revolution that everywhere roused patriots to frenzy. The words and music, combining fervid sentiments and stirring strains of melody, gripped all hearts. Rouget de Lille, the composer, had caught the very essence of the Jacobin gospel. The "Marseillaise" was a hymn to the God of Liberty. It found most rapid acceptance everywhere. It was taught in the schools, was preached from the pulpit, was sung in the field. We find it published in London, in that same year,[2] and the vignette at the head shows the troop rollicking on to the scene with fife playing and drum beating.

There is nothing original in the words of the "Marseillaise." It is simply a concentration and co-ordination of the old well-known similes and metaphors. The day of glory has arrived when the impure blood of the slaves of traitors and tyrants

[1] Aulard declares that they were recruited from the best families, Mortimer-Terneux that they were ex-bandits. [2] Plate 110, p. 249.

shall water the free furrows of France. The pitiless tigers who are ready to tear their mother's breasts shall learn what Liberty and love of country can accomplish. We have a representation[1] of some of this devoted band hurrying forward and singing the chorus: "To arms, citizens! Form your battalions!"

Into all this seething mass of excitement the Duke of Brunswick, commander-in-chief of the forces of Austria and Prussia, hurled a bomb that was like a flash of lightning setting loose all the thunders of heaven. He lent his name to a blatant manifesto, composed mainly by Calonne and Fersen, and intended "to inspire a wholesome terror." A year later Brunswick declared that he would give his life not to have signed the document and that he should repent of it to his dying day.[2] Pains were taken to recount in detail all the sins of the French, all their "attacks on the throne and the altar." On the word of honour of the sovereigns, "should the palace of the Tuileries be assailed, should the least act of violence be attempted against the royal family, vengeance will be taken at once exemplary and memorable; the guilty will be handed over to their merited punishment, and the city of Paris to military execution and total overthrow!"[3]

If you lash a spirited horse with a whip and it takes to flight, the damage is apt to assume unexpected forms. The immediate result of Bruns-

[1] Plate III, p. 251. [2] Massenbach, *Memoiren*, i., 236.
[3] *La Révolution Française*, vii., 87.

Plate 110. The words and music of the *Marseillaise*. From a copy of the song published in London in November, 1792.

wick's manifesto was to cause intense irritation against the King. There were loud calls for the overthrow of the monarchy. Assemblages in forty-seven out of forty-eight sections of Paris joined in a declaration that "the first link in the counter-revolutionary chain is the chief executive power." One section openly cast off its allegiance to Louis.[1]

The next day, it is true, a delegation from one of the sections came to protest that the declaration did not represent the sentiment of the majority in the district; but the agitators in such a case always have the upper hand. Danton and other able leaders had undoubtedly resorted to all the tricks of which demagogy is capable. There was an organized plot to join with the Marseilles patriots and hurl Louis XVI from the throne.

Petitioners kept coming to demand that the "persecutive power" be destroyed; that the Tuileries be razed as the Bastile had been; that all decrees passed since the flight to Varennes be rescinded; that the rights of man be veiled as the ancients veiled the statues of the gods.[2] Excitement was running so high that deputies whose sentiments were unpopular were not only insulted and threatened but were subjected to actual violence. If they ventured to complain in the Assembly, the recital of their woes was greeted with roars of laughter from the galleries. One had been stoned, another pelted with filth, another almost

[1] *Débats et Décrets*, August 4th.

[2] *Débats et Décrets*, August 5th–9th.

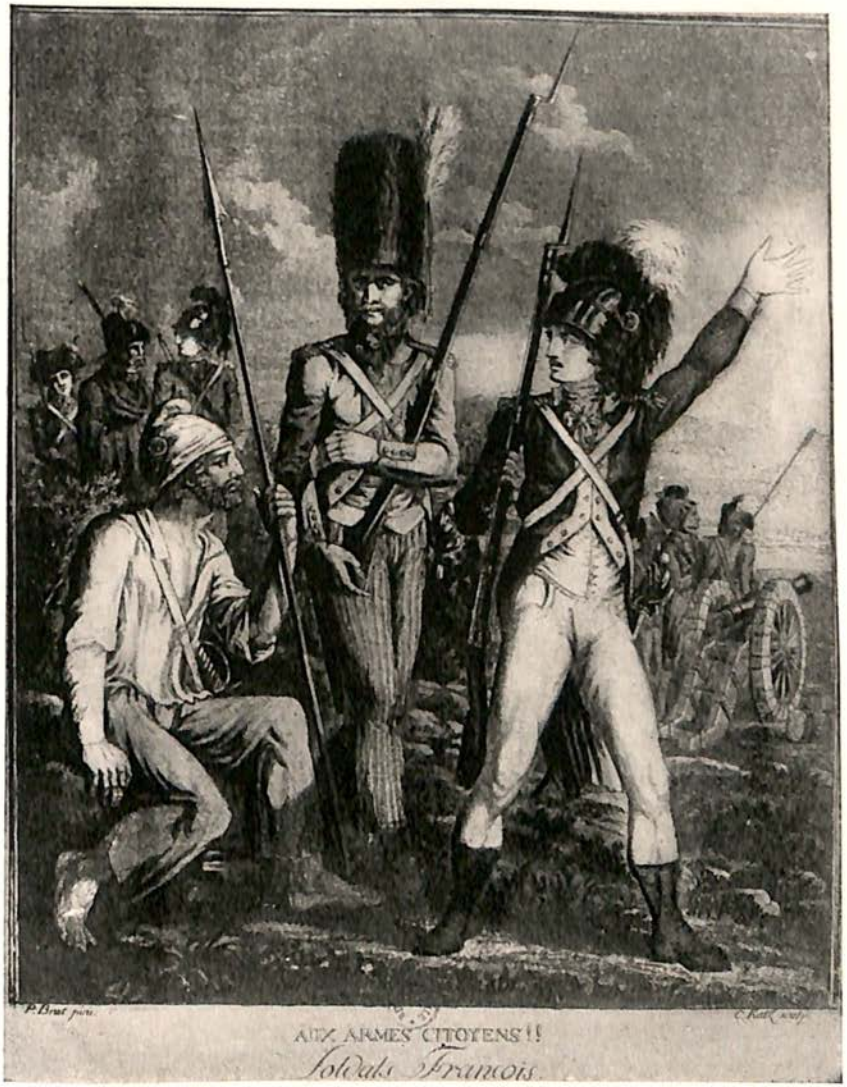

Plate III. A representation of French soldiers, full of grim determination, marching to the chorus "To arms, citizens!"

hung to the lantern-bracket. The more gruesome the details the louder the mirth. "In your very precincts I was struck," cried a deputy. "Where?" cried a voice. "I am asked where I was struck—it was behind. Assassins never strike anywhere else." A member, Vanblanc, furious at all the disorder, spoke plain words to the Assembly itself, declaring that its authority was gone and that it was simply ridiculous to hear the president attempting to call the galleries to order.

The view of these legislators that one gains from their own records shows them to have been one of the feeblest bodies that ever attempted to rule a state. They made no opposition when the sections of Paris, after midnight elections conducted without a shadow of fairness, installed a new governing council in the Hotel de Ville. This council then delivered an ultimatum to the Assembly itself. If by eleven that evening—it was August 9th—the dethronement of Louis XVI had not been decreed, the Tuileries would be stormed and pillaged.

The Assembly was not intimidated quite to the extent of at once obeying this order, but through the long night the deputies remained in session anxiously awaiting developments. At half-past four they dispersed, at half-past five they were hastily summoned together again.

They knew that the King was in great danger. Should they or should they not send to aid him as they had done on the twentieth of June? It was objected that those former deputations had not

been treated with sufficient respect. Brissot suggested inviting the King to take refuge with the Assembly.

The *Journal des Dêbats et Dêcrets*[1] tells us that in the midst of these idle debates a National Guard appeared at the bar. He announced that a body of troops was drawn up in line of battle and had pointed its cannon against the gates of the Tuileries. "If our king has sinned," he added, "he should be punished; but they ought not to mur—" and his voice choked with emotion. Messengers kept coming with fresh announcements: a head on a pole, that of Suleau, the journalist, struck down by Theroïgne de Mericourt whom he had defamed; an armed mob surging around the Tuileries. The members fell to discussing once more, should they or should they not go to the King's aid? The question was answered for them. The royal party stood there on the very threshold. A deputation was appointed to receive them. "Their clothes were all in disorder," writes the same deputy who had spoken such plain but unwelcome words to them on the twentieth of June, "and they hung their heads just like wet chickens."[2]

What had happened? Louis had guards within the palace grounds to the number of nearly three thousand. Many to be sure were National Guards—on whose fidelity no reliance could be placed. But there were the loyal Swiss mercenaries, obedient to the death. And had Louis shown courage, fully half of the National Guards

[1] August 10th.

[2] Azéma (*Rév. Fr.* xxvii., 177).

would have rallied to him.[1] Not all had refused to cheer him when he reviewed them at dawn that morning, though some had cried "Down with the veto!" "Down with the King!"

But he had given up the struggle although the Queen urged him to resist. They had walked across the garden past men who were raking leaves. "The leaves are falling early this year," was the King's only recorded remark. His own life was blighted like the leaves.

They entered and were escorted through the hall. First came the King accompanied by his ministers, and followed by the Queen, by the little Madame, by Madame Elizabeth, Louis' sister, and by three ladies of the court. A grenadier bore the little Dauphin in his arms and placed him on the president's desk under the care of the secretaries.[2] Standing beside the president, Louis addressed the house: "I have come here to prevent a great crime. I shall always consider myself and my family safe in the midst of the nation's representatives. I shall pass the day there."

His reception was not unfriendly. Vergniaud, the president, declared that the National Assembly knew its duties and that it regarded as one of the most cherished of these the maintenance of the constituted authorities. It would know how, if need be, to die at its post. Would one believe it, later, as evidences of royalism, these remarks were to prove fatal to Vergniaud!

Objection was presently made on constitutional

[1] v. Sybel, i., 442.

[2] *Débats et Décrets*, August 10th.

grounds to Louis' presence on the floor of the Assembly hall. He and his family were relegated to the alcove reserved for the newspaper reporters.

The *Dêbats et Décrets* describes what next happened in the simplest and most unsensational language, but with a wealth of detail that puts to shame the highest dramatic art. Nor does the narrative suffer from the fact that the reporter's point of observation was the hall of the National Assembly and not the Tuileries palace. These messengers, these sounds that penetrate the hall, the confusion, the dread—all render the scene more vivid, the succession of events more comprehensible.

First, the commander of the National Guards at the palace appeared and announced that the gates had been forced. What line of action did the Assembly wish him to pursue? "There are citizens about to be massacred," he said; "something must be done to save them!" Anxious and agitated, the Assembly sent an appeal to the people and despatched a deputation of twenty members to the spot. It was voted to send commissioners, too, to confer with the new Revolutionary authorities in the Hotel de Ville. They were to seek out "all those in whose hands, either legally or illegally, there may reside at this moment any authority whatever." The naming of the commissioners was in progress when the roar of cannon was heard and with it other sounds of a great tumult. What was happening can be grasped by a glance at the

painting of Bertaux,[1] an artist well known for the general correctness of his productions.

At the first shot the spectators in the galleries rose, stretched out their arms to the deputies and cried, "Long live the National Assembly! Long live the nation! Long live Liberty and Equality!" Then an officer of the national guard rushed in shouting that the Swiss guards had given way. The delegation that had been sent now returned having been unable to penetrate the crowd. It declared that it was already too late to interfere. Between the volleys from the cannon there could be heard quick discharges of musketry. No one could tell how the struggle had begun.

The din increased from moment to moment; the tocsin was sounding in every quarter. There was a sudden rattle of bullets against the window-panes of the hall of the Assembly. There were cries of "To arms! to arms!" Some deputies rose intending to make their escape. Others cried, "No, no, our post is here, and here we must die!" The galleries cheered; the whole Assembly rose and repeated, "Long live the nation!"

Soon voices were heard; there were shouts of joy: "The Swiss are vanquished! Victory!" The Assembly broke out in rejoicings. Some one cried that Pétion, the adored Mayor of Paris, must be set at liberty. A decree was passed and promulgated to the sound of a trumpet, inviting "the magistrate whom the people cherishes to appear before the people's eyes."

[1] Plate 112, p. 257.

Plate 112. A representation of the storming of the Tuileries. From a contemporary oil painting.

A curious change had come over the Assembly. These men had been willing to die for the Constitution. Now when it was proposed to preface the new proclamation with "Long live Liberty, Long live Equality, Long live the Constitution!" there was applause for the first two sentiments but silence for the last one.

What had happened at the Tuileries was this. The National Guards had gone over to the mob in a body. The Swiss had refused to yield and had stationed themselves on the stairway of the palace. It is not known who fired the first shot.

The King had failed to leave any instructions for his guards. This was pardonable, it would seem, as he could only imagine that the attacks were intended for his person. At the first sound of the firing he had despatched an order to the guards to retire. It was a well-meant but fatal order. Seeing the Swiss yield, the mob pressed on. The retreat became a massacre. The palace was pillaged and set on fire. Some eight hundred guards perished now or were slaughtered in the prisons in the early September days.

A worthy monument[1] was erected to their memory by their own fellow-citizens. In the living rock at Lucerne, Thorwaldsen carved his splendid symbol: the great lion wounded to death yet still guarding his trust. The names are inscribed below of "those who, lest they should break their plighted faith, died most bravely fighting."

[1] Plate 113, p. 259.

Plate 113. A representation of the lion carved in the rock at Lucerne by Thorwaldsen in memory of the Swiss guards who fell on August 10th and September 3rd. From an old engraving.

There was no longer any talk in the Assembly of "upholding the constituted powers." The rabble was in complete control. Every word in defence of the King was cried down as treason, for the ordeal of battle had declared against him. The "new magistrates of the people," as the members of the Commune called themselves, dictated everything to the National Assembly, declaring grandly that they still regarded the Assembly as worthy of confidence but would brook no criticism of their recent actions. Only the French people, "your sovereign and ours, united in primary assemblies," could be the judge of their conduct. "Know that fire has broken out in the Tuileries," declared another delegation from the Commune, "and that we shall not put it out until the vengeance of the people is assuaged!" As if any political agitators when appealing to the sovereignty of the people ever included as "people" those whose opinions did not coincide with their own!

The National Assembly sacrificed the King and at the same time shifted all responsibility on to other shoulders. In a decree it declared that the dangers of the country had reached their climax; that it was necessary to strike at the root of the evil; that the whole trouble came from distrust of the chief executive, and that there was a general desire to see the authority of Louis XVI revoked. It, the Assembly, would "bury itself under the ruins of the temple of Liberty rather than see that Liberty perish," and therefore now had recourse to the sovereignty of the people and

was issuing a solemn summons to a national convention.[1]

The King was provisionally suspended from power, and the royal family were to remain within the precincts of the National Assembly until safe quarters could be provided for them elsewhere.

[1] *Débats et Décrets* (also *La Révolution Française*, vii., 183).

CHAPTER VIII

MASSACRE

THE place of detention finally decided upon for the royal family was the so-called Temple, built by the Knights Templars in the Middle Ages and situated in the heart of Paris. As Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette drove to this their last earthly abiding place in common, they were subjected to every kind of insult. Proclamation had been made that no one might take off his hat to them under penalty of death. Among the cries recorded were: "Down with the pig!" "Down with the perfidious Austrian woman!"

For two days the royal apartments at the Tuileries were thrown open to the public, and any one, we are told, "might go and satisfy his sad and stupid curiosity in this palace once so full of glory, but now heaped high with corpses and dyed red with blood." [1] On August 16th it was decreed that the contents of all the royal palaces should be sold for the benefit of the Treasury. Already many articles of value had been transferred from the Tuileries to the Hotel de Ville. The palace of Versailles to-day, bare and empty as it stands, is

[1] Peltier, *Tableau de Paris*, i., 193.

Plate 114. A contemporary newspaper illustration (from the *Révolutions de Paris*) of the pulling down of the statues of Louis XIV in the Place Vendôme and the Place des Victoires.

yet the grandest monument of modern history: what would it have been if the thousands of objects which represented all that was best in the different arts of the time had remained intact!

There was relentless war now on every symbol, every emblem, every reminder of royalty. Formal decrees of the Assembly ordered that "all monuments raised to pride, prejudice, and tyranny," all "statues, bas-reliefs, inscriptions, and other memorials erected in public squares, temples, gardens, parks, etc.," be removed. The huge equestrian statue of Louis XIV in the Place Vendôme, as also the statue of the same king in the Place des Victoires from the base of which the chained slaves had already been removed as an insult to Equality, came crashing down.[1] Yes, to such incredible lengths did the hatred and disgust for the name of King and Queen lead these ardent republicans that the very playing-cards had to be changed throughout the length and breadth of the land. Knaves also were tabooed as contrary to Equality. And what was offered in return? We find in one pack[2] four Geniuses (war, art, commerce, and peace); four Liberties (worship, the press, the professions, marriage), and four Equalities (of duties, of rank, of colour, and of rights). Liberty of marriage includes Liberty of divorce, an achievement of which the Revolutionists seemed particularly proud.

We have another pack[3] where the Kings are Sages (Solon, Cato, Rousseau, Brutus); the Queens,

[1] Plate 114, p. 263. [2] Plate 115, p. 265. [3] Plate 116, p. 267.

Plate 115. A representation of the faced cards in a Revolutionary pack. The Kings are supplanted by "Geniuses," the Queens by "Liberties," and the Knaves by "Equalities."

Virtues (Justice, Prudence, Union, and Force); and the Knaves Heroes (Hannibal, Horatius, Mutius Scævola, and Publius Decius Mus). Doubtless there were many other ingenious substitutes for the real thing.

Horace Walpole is authority for the fact that the royal Bengal tiger became the *National* Bengal tiger. If you once begin to wipe out so general a conception as that of king, there is no length to which one will not have to go. All dramatic literature that had to do with kings was banished from the stage; books dedicated to kings or even printed with their permission were destroyed, and it was seriously proposed to burn the whole national library. Dead kings in their marble sarcophagi were special objects of attack, and it is well known how the tombs in the church of St. Denis were opened and the royal corpses dragged out and insulted. Henry IV was found in a good state of preservation; he was placed against a column and a patriotic soldier cut off his beard with his sword.

Infinite damage to art was done by all this vandalism. Later a committee was appointed by the National Convention to restrain the patriotic ardour and rescue objects of real artistic value. Its report[1] is a terrible arraignment not only of all the vindictiveness but of the gross stupidity that was often shown. Paintings had been defaced merely because of the supposed political sentiments of the owners or artists; the committee managed to save a sculptured stag that had been doomed because it

[1] *Moniteur*, Sept. 2, 1794.

Plate 116. A representation of Revolutionary playing cards in which the Kings are "Sages," the Queens "Virtues," the Knaves "Heroes."

recalled to mind the odious hunting privileges of the nobles!

In honour of the storming of the Tuileries and at the same time as a memorial to the dead, a great fête was celebrated at which was displayed every sort of patriotic symbol and emblem. Over the little sheet of water in front of the Tuileries palace was erected a pyramid in Egyptian style, and it bore the inscription: "Silence, they are at rest!" There were banners with the names of the dead and others with recitals of the King's iniquities. These names and these sentiments, we are told, "first desolated the hearts of the onlookers, but then roused them to the highest pitch of indignation against the authors of so many crimes." There was a "touching group" of women in white and black who bore the petition for Louis XVI's dethronement that had been drawn up after the flight to Varennes, and it was explained that a whole year of liberty would have been gained had it been heeded at the time. France would have been delivered of a despot who was the born enemy of the rights of man.

A huge sarcophagus containing the bodies of the fallen (possibly they were merely symbolical bodies) approached, drawn by oxen, through clouds of incense. The swords of the patriots who formed the escort were twined with oak leaves, and the inscriptions on their banners breathed terrible threats of vengeance and exhorted widows and mothers to weep for their slain. There was

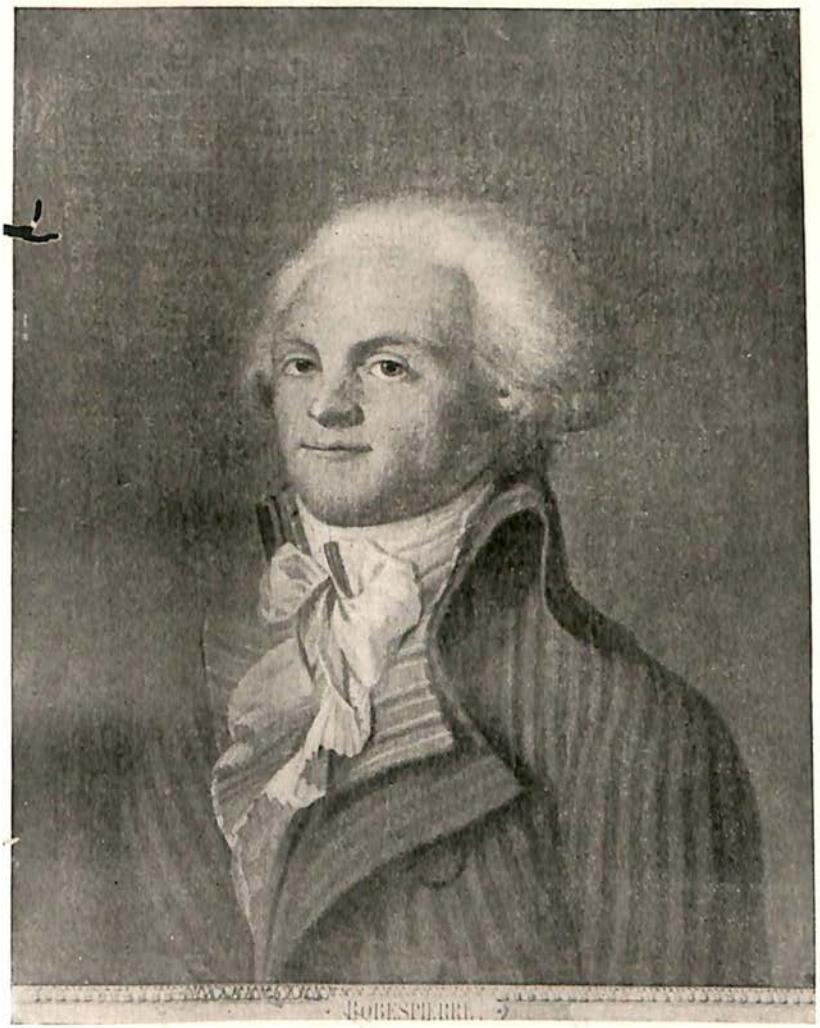

Plate 117. A portrait of Robespierre. From an oil painting.

an image of Liberty and another of Law, the escort of Law being made up of judges.

Such celebrations undoubtedly were a means of fanning revolutionary passions into flame. But here, as on many another similar occasion, one sees the ropes and pulleys behind the scenes. Had it not been for a body of agitators who made it their chief occupation to hound and lure others on, the Revolution might have ended with the completion of the Constitution. The *Révolutions de Paris* itself is authority for the statement that all this display of patriotism at the fête in honour of the tenth of August failed of its effect; that the "proper sadness and holy indignation" were not displayed by the spectators; that the mourning was evidenced more in the garments than in the faces; that "an air of dissipation and even of noisy joy" formed too great a contrast to the symbols of grief; that the desired illusion was destroyed.

The overthrow of royalty had been the work of a very few men. The chief of these had been enrolled in the new council of the Commune which now governed Paris. To all intents and purposes it also governed France. Its first act was to appoint a new ministry. It recalled several of those whom Louis XVI had dismissed. Roland, having quitted his post of Minister of Justice with the nimbus of martyrdom, was now given the post of Minister of the Interior. Clavière was made Minister of Finance. Danton took the important position of Minister of Justice and, for a time, was the leading man in France. Robes-

pierre and Marat were members of the council and worked for the cause with voice and pen. Pétion, against whom all proceedings in connection with his attitude on the 20th of June were at once dropped, was now the idol of Paris and resumed the position of mayor, from which he had been suspended.

When one reflects how hastily the chief offices of state were filled it is not surprising that mistakes were made, even from the point of view of the *enragés*. Some weeks, however, were to elapse before these mistakes were found out. Found out by whom? By the Jacobin Club, of whom Robespierre was the leading spirit. It is safe to say that opposition to, or agreement with, Robespierre's views was henceforth to mark a man out for ruin or advancement. The transactions of the club[1] show him ever in the foreground, sternly denouncing, coldly disapproving.

The great Mirabeau had once said of Robespierre: "This young man will go far; he believes all that he says." It was that quality of fanatical sincerity that had advanced him to a position where he was to the Jacobins what the Grand Inquisitor had been to the Spanish Tribunal. He was perfectly consistent when he declared it possible and necessary to banish every enemy of Liberty from the soil of France.

Robespierre's face, as seen in his portraits,[2] is almost benign: not at all in accord with the descriptions given of him by some of his contempo-

[1] Published by Aulard in five volumes.

[2] Plate 117, p. 269.

raries. But possibly Merlin de Thionville is right when he dwells on the changeableness of the man's expression. He likens him to a cat: sometimes a sweet domestic cat with merely a certain restiveness in his eyes, but then again a ferocious wild-cat. A Miss Williams, who saw and heard Robespierre in 1794 declares that his very manner of manipulating his eye-glasses could freeze the beholder with terror. Several complain of the unsteadiness of his gaze, of his inability to look one in the face.

Robespierre strongly repelled and as strongly attracted. That he stood so firmly for hatred of tyranny, for liberty, and for the sovereignty of the people gave him a strong hold, even though the more penetrating must have realized his enormous egotism. His ideas were drawn mainly from Rousseau, and we find him fighting for things that Rousseau advocated, even though they might seem outside the sphere of the politician. One has heard of a modern statesman entering the lists for large families; just so Robespierre, in season and out of season, insisted that the mothers in France should nurse their own children. Robespierre even went so far in his later measures for the relief of the indigent as to make this a condition of rendering state aid to destitute mothers.

Robespierre and Danton were occasionally in accord; fundamentally they differed. Danton was a man more of action than of ideas. He had been ward politician and had engineered the whole conspiracy that broke out on August 10th. Not

Mr. LE MARQUIS DE LA FAYETTE
COMMANDANT GÉNÉRAL
de la Garde Nationale Parisienne
Dedié à Messieurs de la Garde Nationale Parisienne

Plate 118. A portrait of Lafayette engraved at the time of his appointment as commander of the National Guards.

that he was uneducated. He is known to have read Shakespeare, Adam Smith, and Rousseau, and rumour even went so far as to credit him with reading the whole of the Encyclopædia. Strange to say, Robespierre was eventually to find Danton too moderate. Yet it was Danton who uttered the famous "Audacity, more audacity, still more audacity." It was now, while the foreign enemies were at the gate, that Danton was at his best. Robespierre was more concerned about the enemies at home. He had his own little group, a conspirator's club, to which continually he kept adding. The members of this club were men whose worst crime was to hold views contrary to his own.

The Commune, of which Robespierre was the mouthpiece, now simply dictated its will to the moribund Legislative Assembly. It was the Commune that had insisted on the Temple, rather than the Luxembourg, as a place of residence for the royal family. Through the Commune's influence, too, Lafayette, after having long been the object of the bitterest attacks in the Jacobin Club, was removed from his command as head of the National Guards. We have a portrait of Lafayette engraved under far other circumstances.[1]

It was the Commune which insisted on the formation of a separate Revolutionary Tribunal to deal exclusively with "traitors." When the National Assembly sought to modify the plan, it was simply told that by midnight the measure

[1] Plate 118, p. 273.

must be passed or else the tocsin would be sounded and the citizens called to arms. Within less than a week after the storming of the Tuileries the sessions of the tribunal had begun, and only four days later the first victim had perished by the guillotine which was set up in the Place du Carrousel. "Ah, what a fine prop for Liberty!" is the inscription under a representation of the guillotine[1] that very likely was issued at this juncture. Good Dr. Guillotin! How proud he had been of his invention and

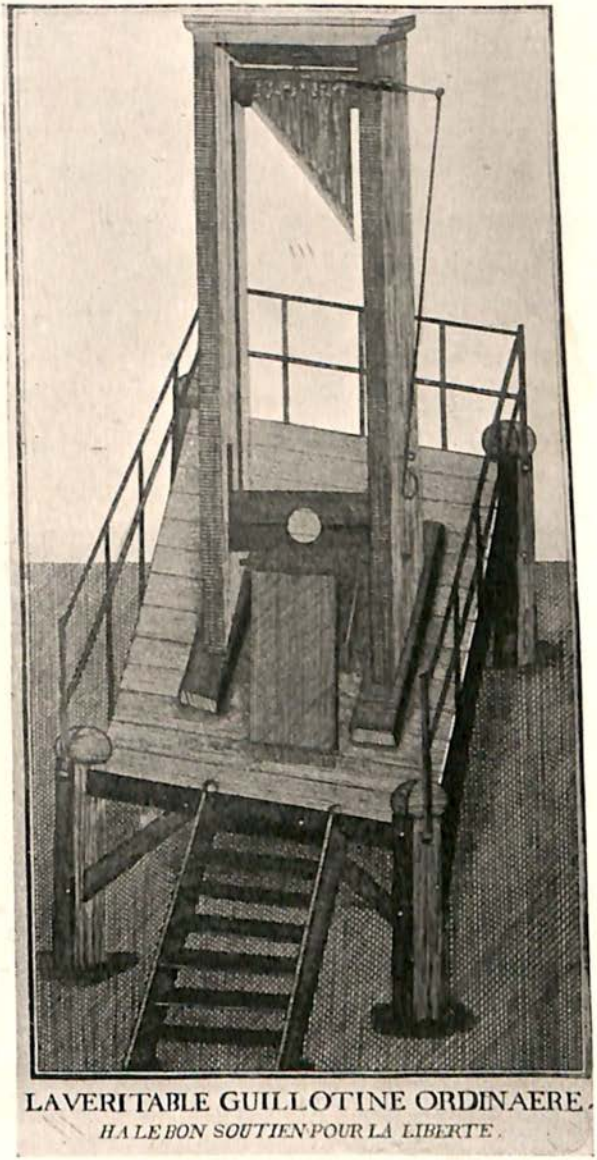

Plate 119. A representation of the guillotine as a fine prop for liberty.

[1] Plate 119, above.

of the merciful promptitude with which it put an end to the misery of the condemned! "With my machine I cut off your head in the twinkling of an eye and you don't notice it at all!" The inextinguishable laughter of the members had broken up the session for the rest of the day. But, alas, how many were now to have the experience the thought of which had caused them such merriment!

Guillotin's machine at the moment had been a mere curiosity. He had offered to decapitate a few sheep, or some bodies of dead men, in the presence of the Assembly: but that body had not felt equal to the experience. Many members were opposed to capital punishment. As late as May, 1791,[1] even Robespierre had denounced it as "a cowardly abuse of the infinite power of all against one," as "a solemn form of assassination," as "unjust, ineffectual, and barbarous—like the slaying of a vanquished and captured enemy."

From the very first there were instances of fine bravery and self-possession among the victims of the guillotine. One, a scientist, wrote and begged the National Assembly to have his blood, which would no longer be of any use to himself, transfused into the veins of an older man to see if the result would be rejuvenation. There were cases innumerable where retributive justice overtook those who had sent others to the guillotine, but doubtless none more striking than when, also in these earliest days, the executioner in the very act of holding up a severed head fell off the platform and was killed

[1] *Débats et Décrets*, May 30th.

himself. That Doctor Guillotin perished by means of his own invention is a statement often met with,

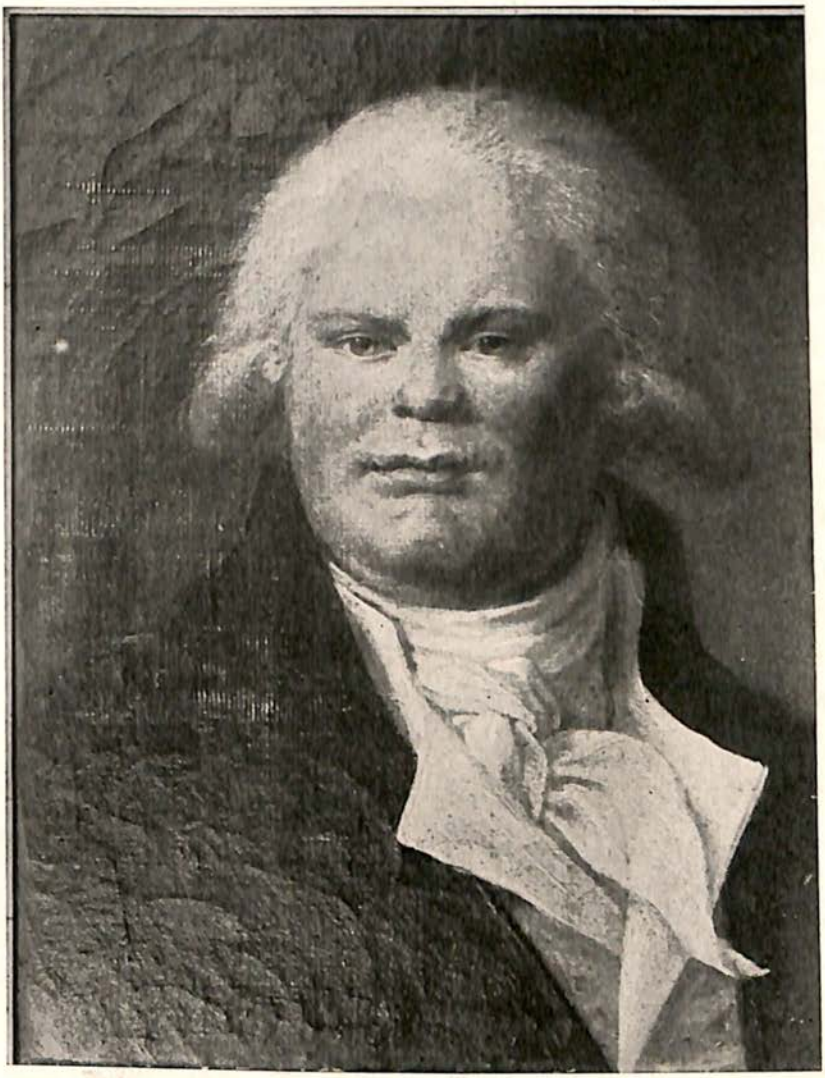

Plate 120. A portrait of Danton. From an oil painting.

but it is untrue. There is a letter of his in the National Archives, written long after the Reign of Terror—a mere little note, but enough to show that

he was alive. He incidentally sends his love to Madame Guillotin, which would tend, even, to show that he was happy.

With such props as the Revolutionary Tribunal and the guillotine and with a Legislative Assembly only too anxious to efface itself and be gone, the Commune of Paris reigned supreme.[1] To read its addresses to the provinces, however, one would imagine it imbued with the strongest sense of the power and dignity of the National Assembly.

Bull-faced Danton[2] and his fellows had inaugurated a marvellous campaign for the control of public opinion. On the very day of the storming of the Tuileries, an iron hand had descended on the press. Every sheet with the least royalist tendency was permanently prohibited. But more than this: the city gates had immediately been closed and none but patriots allowed to go out and spread the news. Throughout the city there were carefully planned nocturnal visits, and thousands of persons suspected of royalism were arrested and carried off to prison.

Aided by the Jacobin Society the work of propaganda was undertaken on an enormous scale. Cost was a mere detail. The Legislative Assembly was made to vote an appropriation of six million francs for secret purposes. One hundred thousand francs was to be used immediately, "for the printing and distributing throughout the departments and in the armies of all writings fitted to enlighten

[1] Mortimer-Terneux has the best account of the Commune's excesses.

[2] Plate 120, p. 277.

men's minds as to the criminal plots of the enemies of the state."[1] Emissaries were instructed to visit even the smallest towns and the loneliest country districts and "seek to discover the zealous patriots." They were to spread their literature "not with economy, but with discernment," and to rouse the energy of the people "by all sorts of powerful reasonings calculated to elevate it and to sustain it at the highest pitch of ardour and firmness.[2]" It was constantly in the mouths of the Communist orators that the will of the people was supreme: but it was a will doctored, moulded, and beaten into shape by a few demagogues with an almost superhuman talent for organization.

The National Assembly employed the eloquent Condorcet to pen a defence of its own conduct and to explain the reasons for calling a National Convention. The document shows most clearly how one and the same event can be made to assume two totally different aspects. Even the irruption into the Tuileries on the 20th of June was represented as a most pleasant and harmless affair: "few crowded assemblies have passed off with less disorder." The fault lay with the King who had issued a proclamation full of calumnies; while his ministers had persistently sowed discord between Paris and the departments, between the people and the army, between those at home and those on the frontier. All the iniquities of the King himself, of the *émigrés*, of the refractory priests,

[1] Decree of August 18th, Duvergier, iv., 423.

[2] *Révolutions de Paris*, xiii., 473.

are passed in review. Louis had gone to the extent of hiring journalists to make the Parisians odious to the rest of France. And then that manifesto of the Duke of Brunswick! To such an aristocrat, twenty-six million men were as nothing compared with one privileged family! Things had come to such a pass, continues Condorcet, that the Assembly had finally thought best to accede to the demand of the Commune of Paris for the downfall of the King and to vote for the calling of the National Convention. In the new elections, nature's laws alone were to prevail; there were to be no restrictions that could hamper the sovereign people, no distinction between those who paid taxes and those who did not.

In spite of all this eloquent pleading, the high-handed action of the Parisians in overthrowing the French monarchy would never have been accepted with such equanimity but for another factor. The enemy was literally at the gates: the spectre of foreign invasion had become a reality. The sacred soil of France was imperilled: whatever happened, whoever suffered, these foes must be driven back. All other feelings, even those of common humanity, were stifled.

It was a case where Paris alone could take the lead. The National Assembly, on the eve of dispersing and cowed into submission by the Commune, was powerless. Where could such energy be found, as with Danton and his like? Their methods might be brutal, diabolical, including, as they did, the searching of domiciles, wholesale

arrests and proscriptions, arbitrary sequestrations. All of the twenty thousand, for instance, who had signed the petition protesting against the violence done to the King on June 20th were regarded as unpatriotic and shadowed as enemies. But all murmurs against injustice, all groans of distress, were silenced by the high notes of patriotism. The whole city was full of the clang of arms and the rush of warriors: "We burn to face the enemy," cried the spokesman of one of the innumerable little bands that came to the Assembly's hall before departing for the frontier; "let them tremble, those proud soldiers of despotism. . . . Continue, legislators, to combat tyranny and strengthen liberty, and with their bodies the French soldiers will make for you a rampart!"

We have the form of oath that the young warriors pronounced in the Assembly: "I swear to be faithful to the nation, to uphold liberty and equality, to die in defending them!" And these men were sincere and really brave. The brightest feature of the Revolution was this military ardour that was to carry all before it. From first to last something like a million men were put into the field. When arms and ammunition failed, pikes were hastily welded from iron gratings, bullets were moulded from church bells, and saltpetre for gunpowder was scraped from the floors of cellars.

The armies in the field all recognized the new order of things, and Lafayette's troops abandoned him when he tried to organize revolt. He was obliged to fly for his life, and crossed the frontier

to remain a prisoner of the Austrians for years. How the patriots execrated him! No symbol of shame was considered too vile. It was proposed to raze his house to the ground and erect on the spot a column that should perpetuate his infamy. He was burned in effigy, and a medal that had once been decreed in his honour was publicly broken by the executioner on the scaffold.

Hatred against the King, meanwhile, was kept at a white heat. Compromising letters had been found in a secret hiding place—an iron safe let into the wall. There was mystery about the discovery. The man who had made the safe had informed Roland, and Roland had kept the papers in his possession for more than two hours before imforming the committee appointed to search for such evidence. Had Roland tampered with the letters for his own purposes and extracted such ones as would have compromised his Girondist friends? Or it is possible that other documents were inserted in order to make the case more plain against the King? Louis XVI at his trial denied their authenticity and urged that the letters be submitted to an expert in handwriting; but this his accusers refused to permit.

Among the secrets revealed by the iron safe was that of Mirabeau's dealings with the court. In an instant the great man's glory faded to an ashen grey. We have a remarkable cartoon, entitled "Royal Correspondence."[1] The doors of the great cupboard are thrown open and the skeleton

[1] Plate 121, p. 283.

Plate 121. A cartoon representing the opening of the secret iron safe, and showing Roland and the man who had betrayed the secret facing the skeleton of Mirabeau, which holds the crown in one hand and a bag of money in the other.

of Mirabeau appears throned on the books and papers. One hand rests on the royal crown, in the other is a bag of money. Roland, in the corner, spreads out his hands in amazement, while above, Louis XVI, as a serpent, vomits into a cap of Liberty.

One can imagine to what frenzied denunciations of Louis these revelations gave rise. He is a monster who has been fattening on crime. With his Austrian pantheress he had plotted the annihilation of those in authority as well as of the Jacobin Club—yes, he had intended to set fire to Paris and reduce it to a heap of ruins and of corpses. One paper regrets that the "holy wrath of the country" has not yet sent to the guillotine "Louis Nero and Medicis Antoinette." The rabble is bidden to rise and shed blood: "Despotism has been the aggressor, now it succumbs. No mercy! Let it die!"

The cartoons reflect the same tone. We have one called "Louis the Traitor, read thy sentence,"[1] where a great hand is writing on the wall: "God has judged thy reign and put an end to it. Thou hast been weighed in the balance and found wanting." Beneath is a guillotine with "She awaits the guilty one," while a long text reads as follows:

A hundred times guilty and a hundred times pardoned Louis the Last has too greatly tried the amiability and generosity of the people not to realize himself that he must have worn out all the sentiments of humanity that alone

[1] Plate 122, p. 285.

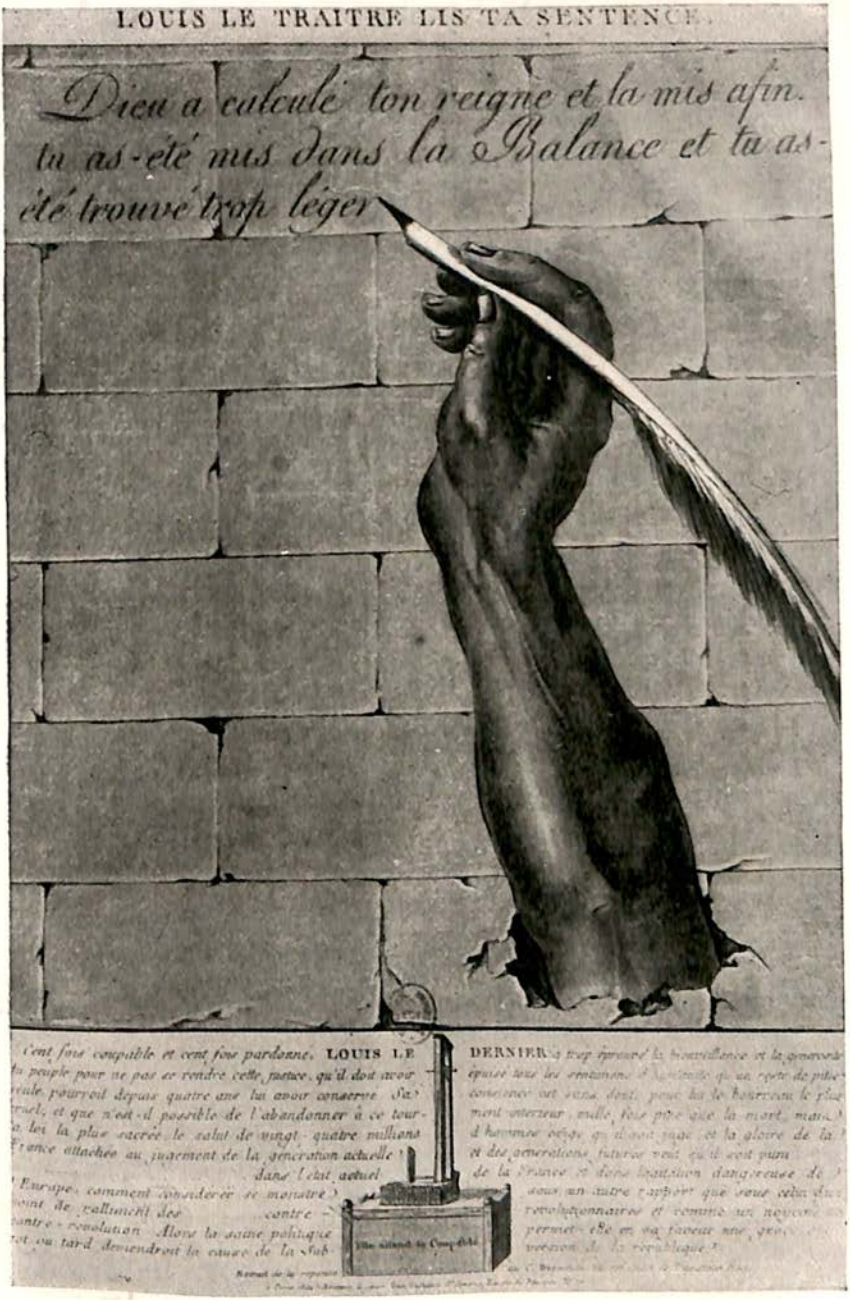
LOUIS LE TRAITRE LIS TA SENTENCE.
Dieu a calculé ton reigne et la mis afin.
tu as-été mis dans la Balance et tu as-
été trouvé trop léger

Plate 122. A cartoon representing the handwriting on the wall and bidding Louis the Traitor read his sentence. God has weighed him in the balance and found him wanting. Below, the guillotine awaits him.

a remnant of pity could have retained for him these four years. His conscience is doubtless his cruelest executioner, and would that it were possible to abandon him to this internal torment a thousand times worse than death. But the most sacred of laws, the safety of twenty-four million

Plate 123. A cartoon likening Louis XVI to a piece of out-of-date money and recommending that he be melted up.

people, requires that he be judged; and the glory of France, bound up in the judgment of the present and of future generations, requires that he be punished. In the present state of France and the dangerous agitation of Europe, how can this monster be considered in any other light than that of a rallying point for counter-revolutionists and a nucleus of counter-revolution? Does sound policy, then, permit in his favour a clemency which, sooner or later, might cause the overthrow of the Republic?

We have another representation in a jocose vein.[1]

[1] Plate 123, above.

A National Guard stands at attention before a great coin with Louis XVI's likeness and a *Dei Gratia*. A bystander asks him: "What are you doing there?" "I am guarding this great coin that nobody wants any more." "Ah, why don't you melt it up; you might get something at all events."

On August 26, 1792, came tidings that threw the most excitable nation in the world into a deadly panic. Despatches from Verdun announced the surrender of the fortress of Longwy. So the enemy was actually in possession of French soil! The Assembly sanctioned the most astounding measure ever passed by a parliament. Twelve hundred volunteers were to be called out to act as tyrannicides and compass the death by any means whatever of the hostile kings and generals. It is true the measure was soon reconsidered, but the wonder of it is that it could ever have been passed. Another measure, voted in holy indignation against the inhabitants of Longwy for being so base as to surrender, was that every private house in the place should be razed to the ground and every inhabitant lose his rights as a French citizen for ten years to come.

The one idea of the Commune was to spread alarm in Paris and make people believe that they were in danger from those about them as well as from those at the frontier. An address and a deputation were sent to the National Assembly itself "to unmask the traitors that are in its midst." Yes, in the very committee meetings—

so it was declared—plots were being hatched. The Commune decreed the arrest of a journalist, Girey Dupré, who had dared to criticize the nocturnal domiciliary visits, and its troops even surrounded the house of the Minister of War, where Girey Dupré was supposed to be in hiding.[1]

The National Assembly was at last stung into retaliation. It cashiered the council of the Commune and ordered new elections. The council refused to be intimidated. One of the members called to mind that all had taken oath never to abandon their posts so long as the country was in danger. This fierce internal conflict, therefore, was added to all the other horrors. The Commune won. It had sent a deputation to the Assembly with an address drawn up by Robespierre. Weight was laid upon the great services of the Commune to the Revolution: "You have heard us," was the peroration. "Speak! we are there! . . . Never will we betray the interests of the people. Such cowardice is unworthy of us, unworthy of our fellow-citizens!" The perils of the moment made reconciliation more easy: "This is no time for disputing," cried Vergniaud; "we must dig the grave of our enemies or each step in advance will dig our own." The Assembly was finally trapped into a decree that virtually restored to the Commune all its old power.

Graves were to be needed soon enough and in great quantities.

On September 2d came the terrible announce-

[1] All this is described at length by Mortimer-Terneux.

ment that the Austrians and Prussians were besieging Verdun and that this, the only fortress between the invaders and Paris, could not hold out for more than a week. As before, the Commune seemed to think that the best policy was to frighten people as badly as possible. It voted that its own members should disperse among the sections, should "depict with energy to their fellow-citizens" the desperate state of affairs, and should "represent to them forcibly how liberty is threatened, French territory invaded." All suspects and cowards were to be disarmed, all able-bodied men enrolled. Even the horses in Paris were declared public property to be used in the great struggle.

There were dramatic incitements to bravery and constancy. Frenchmen were urged to let themselves be buried under their country's ruins rather than return to ignominious slavery; not to surrender their homes before they were reduced to mere heaps of ashes.

But there were other cries, more fraught with danger. These priests who had refused to take the civic oath, were they not equally the enemies of good republicans? Should not the earth be rid of these traitors with whom the prisons were filled? One section of Paris, the *Poissonière*, decreed on its own responsibility that all priests and all suspects in the prisons of Paris, Orleans, and elsewhere should be put to death.

It would carry us too far to enter into all the

details of these awful massacres of September.[1] Some fourteen hundred victims fell in three days slaughtered in the prison yards as one butchers animals. The claim that there was any legality whatever to the matter is absurd. We do find tribunals active in the case of every prison. But they were popular tribunals in the worst sense of the word, for no one can imagine for a moment that they represented the real will of the French people. Judges hastily appointed by themselves or by those around them asked a few perfunctory questions and then let loose the victims among the so-called *travailleurs* or workers in blood. Some few of the prisoners were acquitted; them "the people" received with extravagant joy. They have left harrowing tales of their experiences.[2]

Who, in especial, perpetrated these massacres? It is safe to infer that it was the same band of men who had successfully plotted to overthrow Louis XVI about three weeks before. Among them now, as then, were many *fédérés* of the kind that had marched from Marseilles. But they were merely instruments of a higher will. The chief responsibility rested with the Commune, and it is indeed strange to witness the spectacle of a recognized city government, lending its countenance to such murderous orgies.

We have the protocol of the proceedings of the Commune during the critical days.[3] It requires

[1] Many original documents are contained in the *Mémoires de Septembre* (Paris, 1823).

[2] Riouffe's narrative went through countless editions.

[3] *Mémoires de Septembre*, 160 ff.

little astuteness to be able to read between the lines. In the very midst of the massacres it sends to the different prisons to protect *those incarcerated for debt.* So the others it considers fair prey! On

Plate 124. A gruesome cartoon making fun of the priests who were massacred on September 3, 1792. They are represented as having had their noses pulled.

September 3d, indeed, the Commune expresses itself as "greatly alarmed and touched by the rigorous measures being employed against the prisoners." It even appointed delegates to "calm the effervescence and bring back to right principles those who may have gone astray." This from a body of men ready to surround the hall of the National Assembly at a moment's notice and put

through some decree at the point of the bayonet! How different the language employed when the Commune was really distressed or alarmed! And how sympathetically now it listens to every argument in favour of the murderers, to every alleged proof of a vast conspiracy on the part of the prisoners to elude their jailors and massacre all the patriots!

There are strange entries in the financial accounts of the Commune[1]: "For those labouring to preserve the salubrity of the air on September 3d, 4th, and 5th, and for those who presided at these dangerous operations," so and so much; or so much "for time spent in expediting priests of St. Firmin." If any one doubts the bloodthirsty spirit, the absolute suppression of all merciful feeling in certain circles at that time, he has only to look at the cartoon entitled, "Last procession of the refractory priests on August 31, 1792."[2] It must have been thought out, drawn, and published in the very midst of the massacres. More than once we have seen such pitiless, tigerish productions, but none equal in heartlessness to this.

A banner above bears the inscription, "Who laughs Friday shall weep Sunday" (The massacres had come between!) The clergy are represented as entering the church of the Carmelites, which was to be their prison, after having their noses pulled!

France possessed at that time a Minister of Justice, Danton, who was probably one of the

[1] Also in *Mémoires de Sept[illegible]re.*

[2] Plate 124, p. 291.

chief instigators of the massacres. At all events he later assumed the responsibility, declaring: "It was I who caused them. Rivers of blood had to flow between us and our enemies."[1] He made no recorded protest, took no steps to prevent the massacres.

But, indeed, the general absence of protest, at the moment at least, is one of the strangest features of this whole affair. It speaks volumes for the cowed condition of all, Assembly and press included. The Assembly did not issue any decree on the subject until the massacres had already been in progress for thirty-six hours. Even then, it merely urged cessation and called for reports. The Commune reassured it. Only the guilty had fallen. Both judges and executioners had acted from the purest motives. Why a man who tried to steal a pocket handkerchief had been put to death for the crime![2]

The silence of the press would have been incomprehensible—there was not a single case of outspoken disapproval of the massacres—did we not have to remember that all newspapers not in good favour with the Commune had been suppressed on the tenth of August.

And how did the Commune render account of its actions to the provinces? As follows; and the wording of the circular drawn up by Marat and countersigned by Danton—(his defenders have all

[1] My authority for this is oral. Danton used these words to the future Louis Philippe, whose son repeated them to my informant, a well-known Dutch diplomat. [2] Duvergier, iv., 414.

sorts of theories to explain the latter's action)—fairly makes one's flesh creep. There is talk of "acts of justice which seemed indispensable in order to check by terror these legions of traitors"; then the hope is expressed that the entire nation "*will hasten to adopt this most necessary means of public salvation,*" and that all will cry with the Parisians: "We march against the enemy but we leave behind us no brigands to slaughter our women and children!"

CHAPTER IX

WAR

THE National Convention called for the purpose of dealing with the King—the name National Convention was borrowed directly from America—met on September 21, 1792. That unfair methods were used in the elections is undoubted. Even among the ardent upholders of the Revolution to-day it is merely a question of how far the results were affected by intimidation. Knowing the general spirit of the Jacobins as we do, and considering that the hall of their club was the chief election booth in Paris; considering, too, their attitude towards aristocrats and the fact that each voter was compelled to give an account of himself before casting his ballot and then to do so orally and publicly, it is difficult to see why the whole proceeding was not a farce as far as finding out the real will of the people was concerned.

It is a curiosity in parliamentary history that so small a minority as that formed by the *enragés* or extreme Jacobins should have been so powerful. They numbered but about fifty out of seven hundred and forty-five members. But among

them were fanatics like Robespierre, Danton, and Marat, not to speak of St.-Just and Collot-d' Herbois; while the whole radical element of Paris was at their beck and call. Just why the party was called the Mountain is not clear. Because of the loftiness of their sentiments, is an explanation one of them gave at the time. Or was it, as has often been stated, because they occupied a higher tier of seats in the hall?

The Girondists, who stood to the Mountaineers as the Ghibellines had stood to the Guelphs, outnumbered them by more than two to one. It is generally considered that their organizing power was defective as compared with that of their opponents; but it must be remembered that they had no such backing as that of the Mountain by the Commune. While the members who formed the nucleus of the party, save for Brissot, were from the department of the Gironde, many were from other departments. Almost immediately they felt the need of some counterpoise to this enormous influence of the Parisian rabble, and one of their chief sins in the eyes of the Mountain was the bringing forward of a measure to have the National Convention guarded by an armed force drawn equally from all the departments.

The Minister of the Interior, Roland, was of their party, and so were the Minister of Finance, Clavière, and the Mayor of Paris, Pétion. Roland and Pétion especially had for a time enjoyed enormous popularity. But to judge by the debates in the Jacobin Club, all through the months

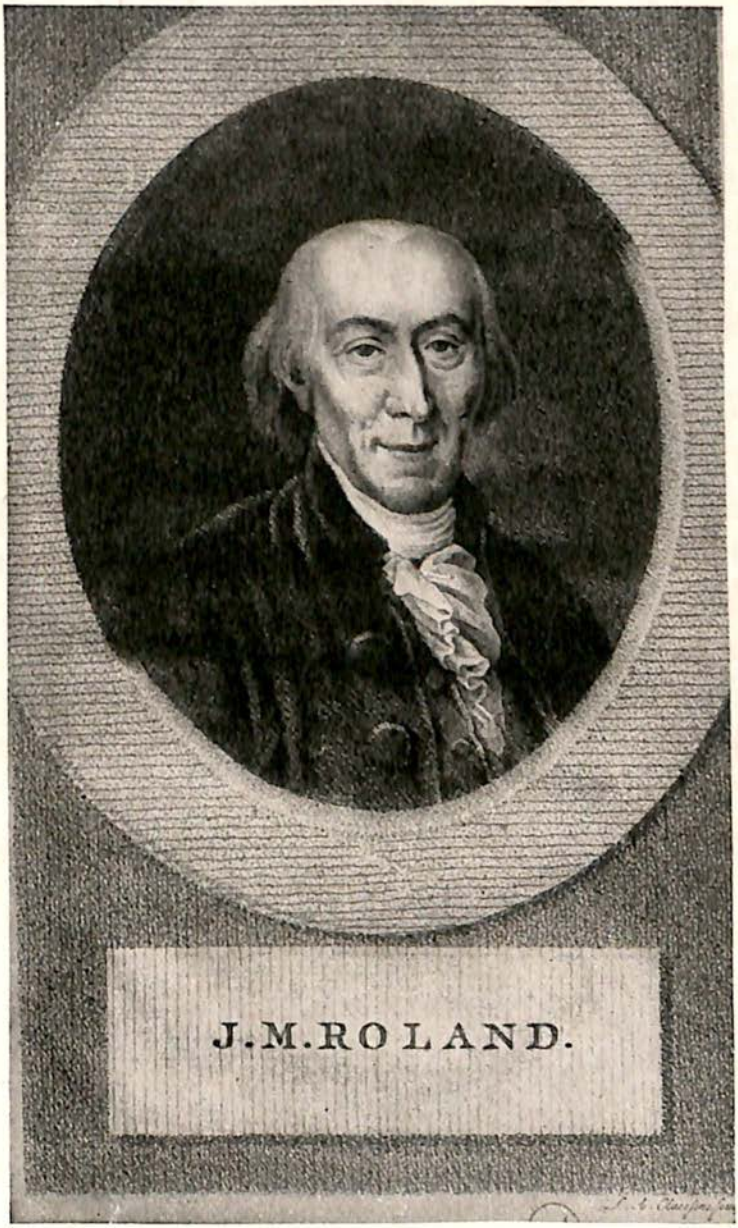

Plate 125. A portrait of Roland. From an old engraving.

of October and November, 1792, the chief task of that society was to shatter these idols.

Roland was really Madame Roland; for he, himself, whose face[1] reminds one more of some gentle, stolid equine than of anything else, was guided in all things by her powerful personality. Her influence was no secret. It was well known that she wrote his speeches and letters. At the very outset, when it was a question of inviting Roland to retain the post of Minister of the Interior, Danton had cried: "If you invite him you must also invite Madame Roland, for every one knows that Roland has not been alone in his department"; and Marat, once demanded that an address "be returned to its place of origin, the boudoir of the woman Roland."

But Madame Roland was more than the *alter ego* of her husband. She has been well called the mother of the Girondists. She was in constant communication with the leading members of the party, some of whom were always dining at her house. Her salon was a hotbed of new ideas. She was a woman of great beauty and had her warm admirers who treated her as a saint—some one had her face reproduced on the cover of a bonbonnière and it is one of the finest portraits of her.[2] She was a very human saint, for she fell in love with Buzot, one of her Girondists. It was impossible for her to love dry old Roland as well, and honesty compelled her to tell him so; which greatly embittered his life. But such fidelity

[1] Plate 125, p. 297.

[2] Plate 126, p. 299.

and loyalty as she could give were his to the last.

The transactions of the Jacobin Club show that

Plate 126. A portrait of Madame Roland taken from the cover of a *bonbonnière* in the Musée Carnavalet.

one of the chief grievances against Roland was his disseminating, with public funds, of an address in which Louvet bitterly assailed the great pillar of the Mountain Party, Robespierre. Week after week the tirades on this subject continue and, as usual, the cartoonists were pressed into the service.

We have a caricature of Roland as a cock and Madame Roland as a hen.[1] Some of the details of the production are unintelligible—to the author

Plate 127. A caricature of Monsieur and Madame Roland.

at least—but Coco is a term of endearment that Madame Roland was wont to apply to her husband.

This caricature gives the clue to a very clever rebus[2] which, to the author of this book, long seemed undecipherable. It may be that even now the solution is incomplete and the author will be

[1] Plate 127, p. 300.

[2] Plate 128, p. 301.

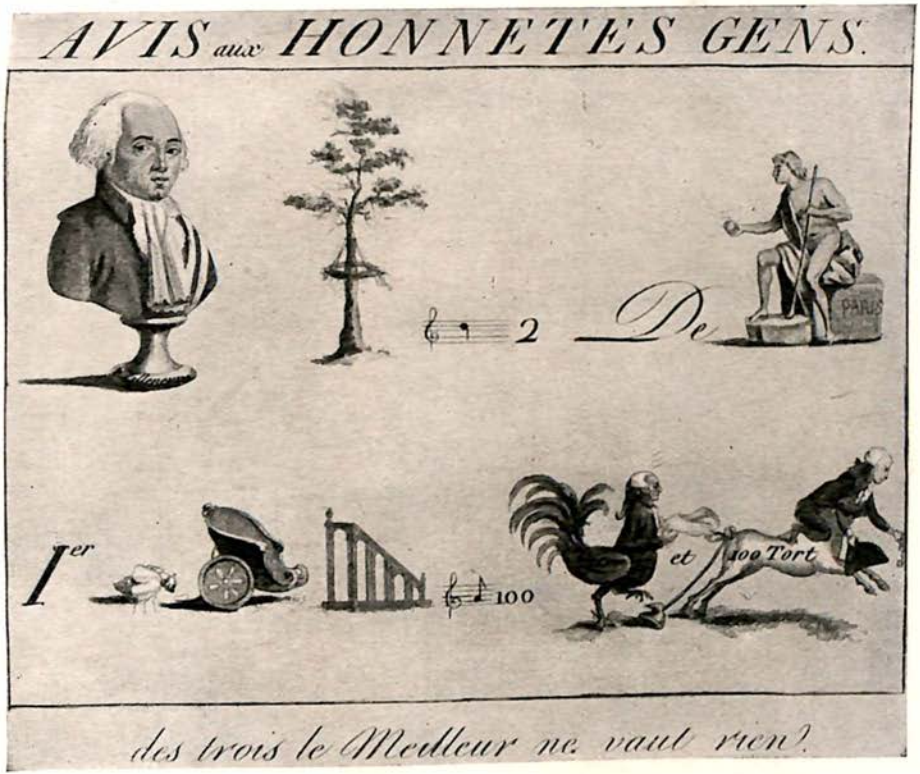

Plate 128. A complicated political rebus warning the *honnêtes gens* or true patriots against three prominent Girondists: Pétion, Roland, and Clavière.

grateful for any corrections. The puzzle has been a sleep-wrecker. *Avis aux honnêtes gens.* (A warning to honest folk, *i.e.*, to the good Jacobins.) *Pétion de Villeneuve deux fois mai-re de Paris grand premier mouchard.* (Pétion de Villeneuve, twice mayor of Paris, [is] an A No. 1 spy.) *Également en proéminence là sont Roland qui foule la liberté et Clavière qui la traine dans la boue avec cent torts à la fraternité. Des trois le meilleur ne vaut rien.* (Prominent equally there are Roland who tramples on Liberty and Clavière who drags it in the mire with a hundred wrongs against Fraternity. Of the three the best is no good.) The little figure clasping Clavière around the neck and making of him a *centaur à la fraternité* is ingenious to say the least. The date, to judge by the political conjuncture, is October or November, 1792.

For a while after the opening of the National Convention the Girondists were high in the ascendant. The war that they had so strenuously advocated was succeeding beyond all hope. On September 20th, the day before the opening session of the National Convention, Dumouriez, himself a Girondist in sympathies, had defeated and turned back the Duke of Brunswick at Valmy. We have a caricature[1] showing "The joyous and triumphal re-entry of the Prussian Don Quixotes into Germany, after the conquest of France, under the guidance of the Austrian eagle." The Duke of

[1] Plate 129, p. 303.

Brunswick on one dejected steed and the Prussian King on another—both with their faces tailwards —are being addressed by the double eagle which holds the reins: "Let us fly to new conquests!" Brunswick with scowling brow is saying: "How

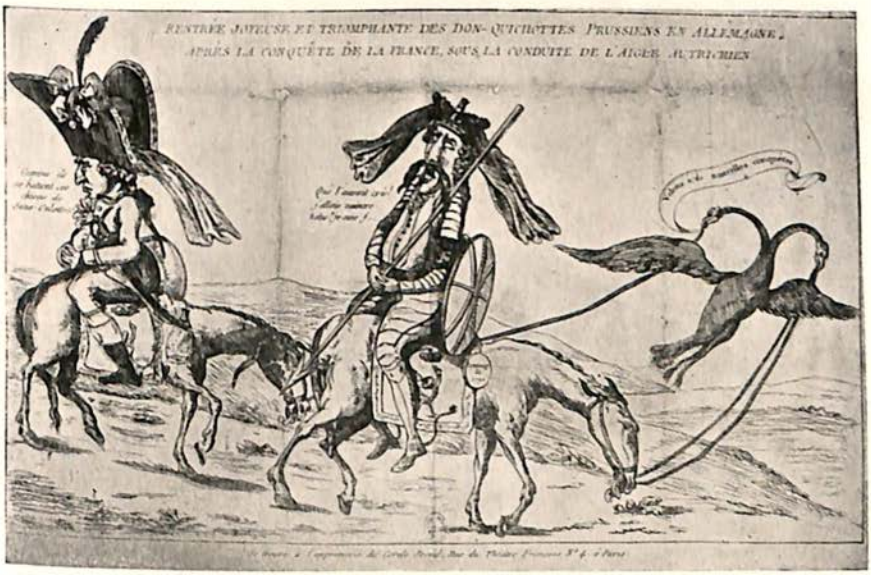
RENTRÉE JOYEUSE ET TRIOMPHANTE DES DON-QUICHOTTES PRUSSIENS EN ALLEMAGNE,
APRÈS LA CONQUÊTE DE LA FRANCE, SOUS LA CONDUITE DE L'AIGLE AUTRICHIEN

Plate 129. A caricature on the withdrawal of the Austrians and Prussians after the battles of Valmy and Genappes.

they do fight, these dogs of *Sans-Culottes!*" Frederick William's words are too inelegant to repeat.

The first vote of the first session of the Convention was that royalty was abolished in France.[1] Hard words were spoken during the debates. Kings in general were monsters; dynasties were devouring hordes; courts were the workshops of

[1] For all that concerns the Convention up to January 21, 1793, my authority has been the minutes of the sessions, published by the Librairie Populaire—no date.

crime; the history of kings was the "martyrology of nations." When the vote was passed, says the *Gazette de France*, "all arms remained raised to Heaven as if to thank it for delivering France

Vier geheim verborgene Silhouetten.
von auserordentlicher Aehnlichkeit.
Des unglücklichen Königs und der Königin von Frankreich nebst dem König und der Königin von England.

Plate 130. A German puzzle showing the hydra of Revolution devouring the fleur-de-lis and breaking the crown, sceptre, and sword. There are four concealed silhouettes.

from the greatest scourge that ever afflicted the earth." The news was proclaimed in the public squares to the sound of trumpets, and the prisoners in the Temple could plainly make out the words of the town-criers.

It was all political hysteria, of course. France herself after trying many ruinous experiments was to come back to kings, for a while at least. Louis had sinned from almost any point of view. But were these Robespierres, these Dantons, these

Marats so free from sin themselves? It was to be the fate of almost every one who was in any way prominent in the Revolution to succumb to the rage of the next faction in power. There were some who considered the vote of the Convention abolishing royalty not valid; for at the time when it was taken many of the provincial members had not yet arrived, and only 371 out of a possible 745 were present. The Parisian deputation, of course, was out in full force. And they controlled the press of the capital!

There seems to have been no effort to reconsider the vote. Instead it was decreed that the golden crown and sceptre should be publicly broken in pieces.

We have a German puzzle that seems to refer to this episode.[1] It is entitled "Four secret silhouettes of extraordinary resemblance." Two are the King and Queen of England and two are "The unhappy King and Queen of France." The hydra of revolution is tearing with its teeth at the lily of France. With the folds of its body it has sundered the crown and broken the sword and the sceptre. The silhouettes, which really are good likenesses, will be discovered by the reader with the smallest expenditure of patience.

How the victories now piled up! On October 21st Custine took Mainz; on November 6th, Dumouriez defeated the Austrians at Genappes; or the 27th Savoy was annexed as an eighty-fourth department of France. One can well imagine the enthusiasm

[1] Plate 130, p. 304

of the rulers of the infant republic. The president of the National Assembly, referring to the fact that Mont Blanc was in the new department, declared

Plate 131. A symbolical representation of victory, traversing the republic.

that Liberty's throne on the summit of that mountain was the only throne in Europe that was not tottering, and that the goddess herself would soon be embracing the whole universe. There are

a number of artistic productions that deal with the theme.

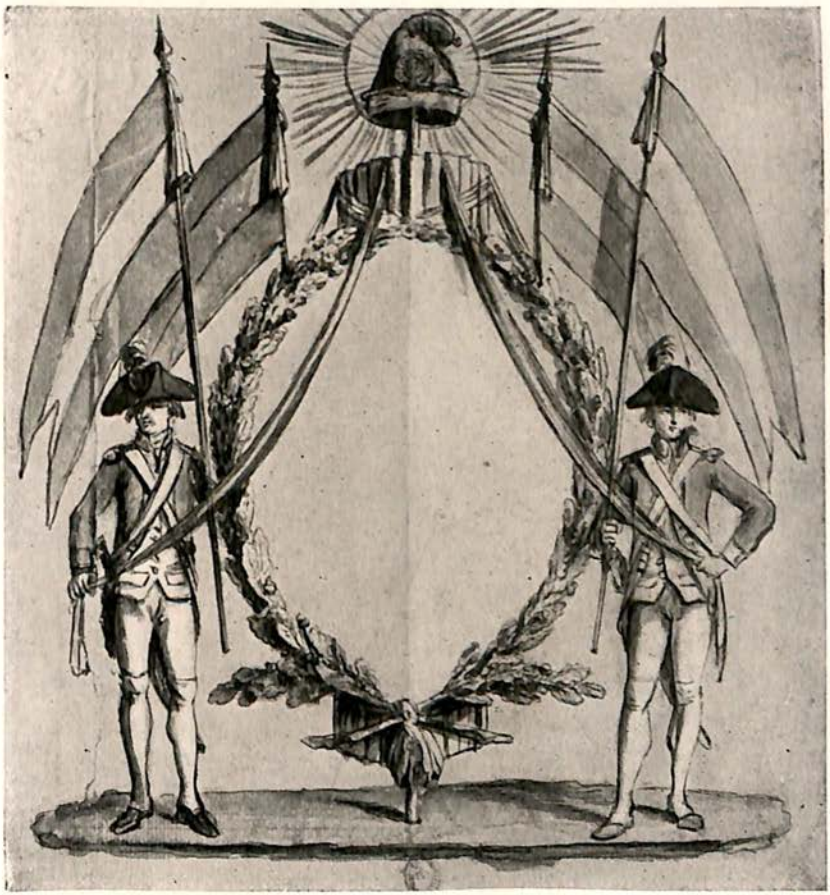

Plate 132. A symbolical representation of the progress of Liberty, enlightenment, and republicanism.

In "Victory traversing the republic"[1] the goddess is springing with nimble feet over that portion of the globe. We have another representation[2] apparently without a title, but the meaning

[1] Plate 131, p. 306.

[2] Plate 132, above.

of which is plain. Held up by National Guards, all the emblems of liberty—the banners, the cap, the

Plate 133. A cartoon showing the progress of republicanism and the inevitable fate of each and all of the rulers of Europe. Time is mowing them down and extinguishing their life-lights.

cockade, the garland of oak, the bundle of staves—are floating through space on what might be a magic carpet.

Still more curious and very complicated is "The new French Star or the tri-coloured Cockade following the Course of the Zodiac."[1] Above are

[1] Plate 133, above.

the twelve signs, below are twelve sovereigns on pedestals, each with a life-light above his crown. But Father Time has already extinguished that of Louis XVI, those of Joseph II, and Leopold, and is in the act of extinguishing that of Gustave III of Sweden. The others will follow in due course. The crown of Catherine II, who is represented as a most hideous old hag, is already falling off. Louis XVI has been toppled over completely, pedestal and all. His severed head lies on the ground with the crown and some other object at a short distance. At the base of the overturned pedestal is the inscription, "Louis the Traitor and the last." There are other inscriptions in every imaginable part of the picture as well as underneath. In one, Father Time is speaking: "Let me destroy at last this cohort of ambitious ones, these vile usurpers of the rights of their fellows!" And again: "Peoples, resume your rights. Soon there will be no more tyrants. Time, too just, gives you liberty and equality." In the clouds, below the signs of the zodiac, one finds this "Announcement to future ages": "Pride formed, reason destroys them." To the right, also among the clouds, we have: "The work of Time, or Prejudice conquered," and "Triumph of Philosophy and Reason."

On coins, on official documents of every kind, on letter-heads, we now find some emblem of the republic. Some show little imagination, like the letter-head of Edmond Charles Genêt, Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States of America,[1]

[1] Plate 134, p. 310.

or a medal where the emblems are merely the cap and the bundle of staves.[1] But one vignette, signed by way of exception—(it is by Gatteaux)—is of real artistic beauty.[2] It is the ship of state

Plate 134. The official letterhead of Genet, Minister of the French Republic to the United States of America.

bowling along with all banners waving and Liberty holding to the mast. There is evidently a tempest in progress for the sails are tightly furled. But France will weather it. Beneath is the inscription, "Live free or die!"

We have a personification of republican France

[1] Plate 135, p. 311.

[2] Plate 136, p. 312.

engraved by Darcis[1] that is interesting. A female figure wears a liberty-cap which, curiously enough, turns into a cock at its extremity. A carpenter's

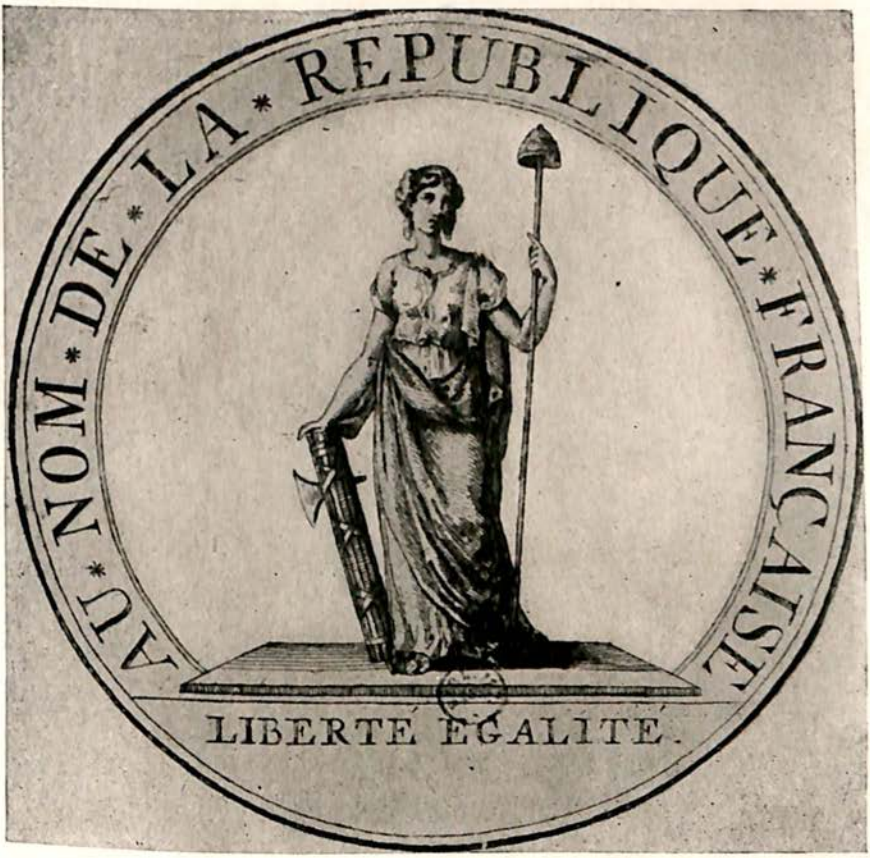

Plate 135. A republican medal.

level hangs from her neck while oak-leaves adorn the border of her cap. Boizot and Darcis together have given us similar personifications of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity.[2] Liberty has the cap and a broken yoke; Equality the inevitable level,

[1] Plate 137, p. 313. [2] Plates 138, 139, 140, pp. 314, 315, 316.

while Fraternity has the oak-leaves and a belt of hearts.

On December 4th the penalty of death was decreed for any one who should even propose to re-establish royalty in France. Barère had gone so far as to declare that kings were no longer to be

Plate 136. The French Republic represented as a ship guided by Liberty.

considered members of the human race. There were beginning to be loud demands for the judgment of Louis XVI.

And how had the royal family fared all this time since the 10th of August? In the beginning their treatment had not been harsh. Half a million francs had been appropriated for their maintenance and the expenses of their table alone amounted to between eight and nine thousand francs a month.[1] The bills for their wearing apparel between August

[1] Cléry's Journal, *Éclaircissements*, 297 ff.

10th and October 30th amounted to 29,505 francs 14 sous. But this the King and Queen found excessive, and overcharges were detected to the amount of four thousand francs.

The life in the Temple has been minutely de-

Plate 137. A personification of Republican France.

scribed by the King's valet, Cléry. Hope had not altogether vanished, and faithful servitors even managed to find a way for keeping up communication with the outer world. The chief intermediary was one Hué, a former servitor, and harmless looking bits of paper thrown into a waste-paper basket and removed by a friendly sweeper played the chief part. The messages were written

in ink that was invisible for the time being.

One of the most unhappy days of Marie Antoinette's life was probably that third of September when her beloved Madame de Lamballe perished with a great number of other victims of the prison

Plate 138. A personification of Liberty with the broken yoke.

of La Force. The mob insisted that the captive Queen should look on the bloody corpse of her former favourite. The head with the hair waving round the stake was brought on a pike and paraded under her window. Attempts were made to drag the body up the stairs. Marie Antoinette fainted away.

With the beginning of the King's trial on December 11th, even the consolation of each other's

presence was denied the unhappy pair; nor was any communication allowed.

The trial was a farce from first to last. The Convention was not a Court of Justice. Louis, indeed, was allowed official defenders, but was not

Plate 139. A personification of Equality with the carpenter's level.

permitted to produce witnesses. An outburst of Lepelletier St.-Fargeau,[1] an ardent Mountaineer, is characteristic of the whole proceedings:

"A dangerous proposition has just been made: it is that Roland and others be heard at the bar. I am opposed to this as I am to all proof in the way of testimony. For, if one admits proof against, one would have to admit proof

[1] On Dec. 15th (see Minutes of Convention).

in favour; and I must confess all such proofs seem to me suspicious, since I saw a man about to be condemned to death on testimony of two men which had been bought for six francs."

Louis was condemned on the strength of docu-

Plate 140. A personification of Fraternity with the belt of hearts.

ments of which he himself denied the authenticity. He was ably and eloquently defended by his counsel. If Louis was to be judged as king, he said, then dethronement was the only penalty provided by the Constitution; if as a man, then the proper and customary legal forms had been omitted —a three fourths vote, for instance, would be necessary for condemnation. Furthermore, all

had formed their own opinions of the case irrespective of the evidence: "Is Louis, then, to be the only Frenchman for whom neither law nor forms shall exist? Is he to have neither the rights of a citizen nor the prerogatives of a king? Shall he benefit neither by his old nor his new position? Strange and inconceivable destiny!"

Wilder scenes had never been witnessed in a National Assembly than took place during this trial. "This enclosure has become an arena of gladiators," once cried the deputy Jullien. He demanded that the president go and hide himself in a corner of the hall—in the darkest corner. Once Billaud-Varennes ordered an usher to drag Pétion from the speaker's desk; again Legendre moved that Manuel be decreed to have gone out of his head; still again Louvet cried to Danton: "You are not yet king!"

The King still had friends who dared to plead in his behalf. One of them was Thomas Paine, chosen a member of the Convention on account of his writings in the cause of liberty. Paine repeatedly urged that Louis XVI be not put to death, but be sent instead to the United States of America. It is well known that a number of Americans had an organized plan to this end. Paine's argument was diplomatic. Louis would not only be safely out of harm's way, but would have an opportunity to learn the meaning of true representative government. Paine told, too, of the universal affliction that the King's death would cause Americans and the pleasure it would give

"the despot of England" to see one who had been the aider and abettor of his enemy sent to the scaffold.

But the King's opponents were too strong. This was the one point on which the Gironde and the Mountain were ever in accord, though the Gironde, as a whole, was not as bloodthirsty as the Mountain, and many members would gladly have seen an appeal to the people or at least a delay of execution. The Mountain on the other hand, through the Commune, used every means to inspire horror of the tyrant. Those who had been wounded on the tenth of August were made to defile before the bar, and one man, whose wounds were still gaping, was carried by on a litter.

It came to the final voting. It began on January 15th. The verdict was almost unanimous that Louis was guilty. But the debates and votes on the questions of appealing to the people, on what penalty should be imposed on Louis, and whether it should be immediate or subject to delay, occupied five days. The first reading of the ballots that condemned the King to death gave a majority, in favour, of only five votes. A recount gave a majority of fifty-three.

Robespierre, Couthon, and Barère were the strongest advocates of haste. Robespierre, indeed, had been in favour of not holding a regular trial over Louis, but of putting him to death at once as an enemy of the state. "Louis is not an accused," he had said on December 3d,[1] "you are no judges.

[1] *Procès-verbal.*

MATIERE A REFLECTION POUR LES JONGLEURS COURONNEES
qu un sang impur abreuve nos Sillons.
Lundi 21 Janvier 1793 à 10 heures un quart du matin sur la place de la revolution, ci devant appelé Louis XV. Le Tiran est tombé sous le glaive des Loix. ce grand acte de justice a consterné l'Aristocratie, anéanti la superstition Royale, et créé la république. Il imprime un grand caractère à la convention nationale et la rend digne de la confiance des francais.
ce fut en vain qu'une faction audatieuse et des orateurs insidieux épuisèrent toutes les ressources de la calomnie, du charlatanisme et de la chicane, le courage des republicains triompha la majorité de la convention demeura inébranlable dans ses principes, et le génie de l'intrigue ceda au genie de la liberté et à l'Ascendant de la vertu.
Extrait de la S.te Louree de Maximilien Robespierre à ses commetans.
A Paris chez Villeneuve Graveur rue Zacharie S.t Severin Maison du passage N.o 15.

Plate 141. A cartoon entitled "Matter for Reflection for crowned Jugglers." Under the severed head of Louis XVI is the line from the *Marseillaise:* "May an impure blood water our furrows!"

You are not and you cannot be anything else but statesmen and the representatives of the nation. . . . Peoples do not judge like law-courts; they do not sell their sentences, they hurl thunderbolts; they do not condemn kings, they replunge them unto nothingness. . . . Louis must die that the country may live."

The ballot on the question of delay stood 380 against 310. It was cast on Sunday, January 20th, and on Monday Louis was to die. Permission was accorded him for one last interview with his family. The valet Cléry describes it all minutely in simple, heart-rending terms. In parting, Louis kept up the fiction that they would all meet again on the following morning.

There is no need to dwell on that well-known scene on the scaffold, which had been erected in the Place de la Révolution, between the pedestal of Louis XV's statue and the Champs Élysées. Louis tried to address the crowd, but was silenced by the roll of drums. He had objected to the tying of his hands, but had been told by the *abbé* who accompanied him that it was only one more insult among the many that made him like unto the persecuted Christ. "Son of St. Louis, ascend to Heaven!" were the *abbé's* words as the axe fell.

Danton in railing against France's enemies was now able to declare: "We have thrown them as gage of battle the head of a king!"

A cartoonist[1] shows us the head held up by the hair, while from it the blood is falling in great

[1] Plate 141, p. 319.

drops. Above are the words, "Matter for reflection for crowned jugglers," while below is the line from the *Marseillaise:* "May an impure blood water our furrows!" An elaborate text informs us:

On Monday, January 21st, at quarter past ten in the morning, on the Place de la Révolution hitherto called Place Louis XV, the Tyrant fell under the swords of the law. This grand act of justice has thrown consternation among the aristocracy, annihilated the royal superstition, and created the republic. It impresses a great character on the National Convention and renders it worthy of the confidence of the French. It was in vain that an audacious faction and insidious orators exhausted all the resources of calumny, of charlatanism, and of chicanery. The courage of the republicans triumphed; the majority of the Convention remained unshakable in its principles, and the Genius of Intrigue yielded to the Genius of Liberty and the Ascendency of Virtue.

These fine sentiments, as one might have recognized by the style, are from the pen of Maximilien Robespierre; for the whole text is an extract from one of his letters to his constituents.

Relic hunters in those days were as persistent as in our own. No sooner was the execution over than many rushed to the spot to secure at least a few drops of blood. They dipped their handkerchiefs in it, they gathered it up on bits of paper. It was widely asserted that Samson, the executioner, had sold the hair; but this he indignantly denied in a letter that may still be read in the National Archives.[1]

We have a portrait of Louis XVI[2] that is evi-

[1] See also Buchez et Roux, xxiii, 355.

[2] Plate 142, p. 323.

dently a sort of "in memoriam." Above is the national cockade, but combined with funeral emblems. Below is the inscription, both in French and German: "Louis XVI, last King of France, was born August 23, 1754, mounted the throne May 10, 1774, and the scaffold, January 21, 1793." Then comes a reminiscence of the song played by the band at the memorable banquet given by the King's body-guards to the visiting regiment of Flanders on October 1, 1789. But the verse is now in the past, just as a dirge should be in a minor key: "O my King! The universe did abandon thee!"

How did the Parisians as a whole take the execution of their king? Marat speaks in his paper of their "serene joy" when all was over. But the *Révolutions de Paris* has to confess that "the women in general were pretty sad" and that "perhaps a few tears were shed." This, however, it considers "pardonable in a frivolous, fragile sex still under the glamour of the last fine days of a brilliant court." They will soon recover and come to realize that they are "less enslaved, more honoured, and better loved than before."

Louis XVI left a will—a noble and dignified document, breathing the highest spirit of Christian resignation. He declares before God that he is guiltless of the crimes charged against him, and urges that his son do not attempt to avénge his death. He prays God to pardon him for ever having signed the civil constitution of the clergy.

To a small extent, indeed, his death had been

Louis XVI.
le dernier Roi de France naquit le 23 Août 1754.
monta sur le trône le 10 Mai 1774 & sur l'echafaud le 21 Janv. 1793.
O, mon Roi ! l'univers t'abandonna !
Ludwig XVI.
Der lezte König von Franckreich geb: d: 23 Aug. 1754.
Bestieg den Thron d: 10 May 1774 und das Gerüst d: 21 Jan. 1793.
O, mein König ! alles hat dich verlaßen !

Plate 142. A portrait of Louis XVI, engraved by some royalist and with the line underneath: "O my King! The universe *did* abandon thee!"

avenged on the day of his own execution. For on that day died a patriot deputy, Lepelletier St.-Fargeau, who had been struck down by a former guardsman of the King. The only grievance had been that St.-Fargeau had voted for Louis XVI's death.

One wail went up from all the patriots. St.-Fargeau was solemnly adjudged among the Martyrs of Liberty and was given a burial worthy of antiquity. There were thirty distinct features to the procession: one included the carrying of the victim's bloody garments on the end of a pike, which was festooned with oak and cypress. The body was exposed to view on the pedestal, in the Place des Piques, now Place Vendôme, where had stood the statue of Louis XIV.[1] Lepelletier's bust was given a place in the hall of the Assembly next to that of Brutus. Brutus was there, of course, because he had killed Cæsar.

We have a pictorial representation which is partly a memorial of Lepelletier, partly an appeal to arrest his murderer.[2] It is headed, "He voted the abolition of royalty and the death of the tyrant." That then was Lepelletier's chief title to fame. So zealous was the search for the murderer on the part of "the committee of general security and surveillance," that the Palais Royal gardens were surrounded by troops and some six thousand persons examined. It was pointed out at the time that this was acting as Louis XIV at the height of his power would never have dared to

[1] *Révolutions de Paris*, xv., 226.

[2] Plate 143, p. 325.

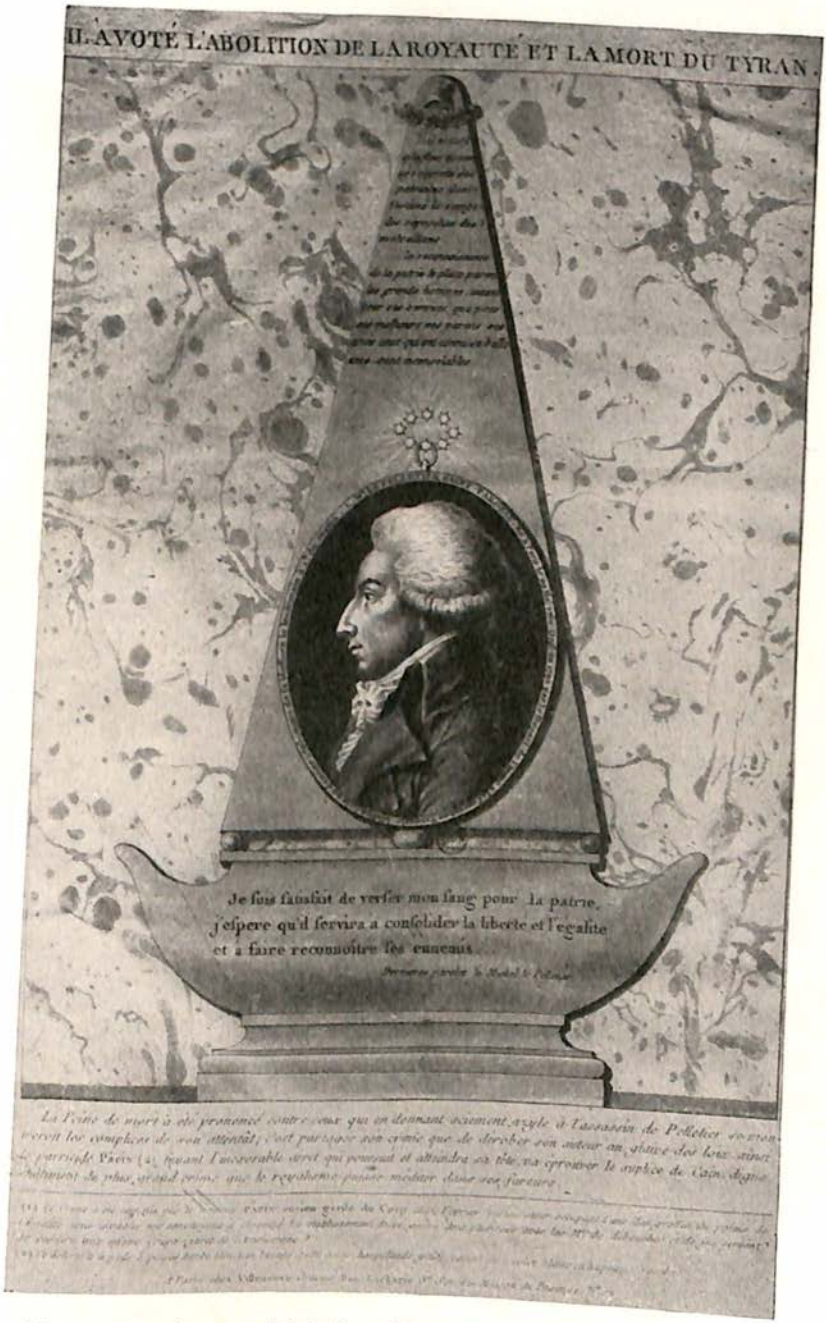
IL AVOTÉ L'ABOLITION DE LA ROYAUTÉ ET LA MORT DU TYRAN.
Je suis satisfait de verser mon sang pour la patrie,
j'espere qu'il servira a consolider la liberte et l'egalite
et a faire reconnoitre les enfans

Plate 143. A memorial to Lepelletier St.-Fargeau, covered with inscriptions in his honour and pronouncing the death penalty against anyone who should harbour his murderer.

do, nor were such methods accepted with equanimity. An agent of the police reports widespread discontent with the Revolution and declares that only the fear of the guillotine keeps the women of the market from shouting "*Vive le roi!*"[1] There were constant disturbances in which "the heroines of liberty" played no small part. They would stand at the door of the Assembly Hall and vilify the deputies.[2] "From the smallest groups to the largest assemblies," writes another police spy on June 1st, "there is everywhere the same spirit: everywhere dissension, everywhere a mortal hatred. The patriots detest each other more than ever did the aristocrats and plebeians."[3] The Convention's own commissioners made similar reports from the provinces—that everywhere people were tired of the Revolution.

It was indeed a critical time for the new republic. Insurrections were breaking out in Normandy, in Lyons, in Toulon, in Corsica, and in La Vendée, in which latter province the struggle was to last long and to be of unprecedented bitterness. And all Europe was taking up the gage of battle that Danton had flung down.

The revolutionary press and the revolutionary orators simply gloried in the prospect. "A like zeal inflames us all," writes the *Révolutions de Paris*, "the Genius of Liberty hovers over France. As if we had anything to fear from the tyrants and their flocks of slaves!" And again: "Let Russia,

[1] See Schmidt, *Tableaux de la Révolution Française*, i., 173.
[2] *Ib.*, i., 267. [3] *Ib.*, i., 376.

England, Sweden, Holland, Spain, Sardinia, join Prussia, Austria, and all Germany—well, so much

Plate 144. An allegorical representation entitled "The Coalition," and showing the Powers of Europe attacking the young French Republic. She, calm and smiling, will not let them touch so much as a hair of her head.

the better! The Frenchman needs a little danger, then only is he great!" The delusion was kept up

that all the foreign soldiers would desert to the French ranks; it was declared that they were merely being made to fight as bulls are in the arena: were pricked and goaded into the fray.

England declared war on February 1st; on March 7th hostilities were begun with Spain. Dumouriez was ordered to invade Holland and Kellermann prepared to overrun Italy. "I am going, under your auspices"—so he wrote to the Convention—"to carry back to the ancient Romans the liberty so long excluded from their beautiful climes."[1] The *Révolutions de Paris* hopes that he will capture the Pope and seize all the church treasure.

Towards the end of March, the Holy Roman Empire formally joined with France's enemies. Incredible as it may sound, that power was now at war with all Europe save for the relatively unimportant states of Denmark, Sweden, Switzerland, and Turkey. We have an allegorical view of the situation drawn with all the characteristic gaiety of heart of the time.[2] The picture is called "The Coalition." The powers are rending away at the young republic, but she holds her own calmly smiling. They shall not touch a hair of her head. Their own faces, on the other hand, are horribly contorted with evil passions.

As a climax to the ills, Dumouriez, the most illustrious general, victor of Valmy and Genappes, turned traitor to the cause. Disgusted with the whole conduct of affairs at Paris, he would gladly have seen the restoration of constitutional mon-

[1] Mortimer-Terneux, v., 85.

[2] Plate 144, p. 327.

archy with the Dauphin on the throne. He had uttered fierce diatribes against the Convention, had declared that it consisted of 745 tyrants, all regicides, and that in it 400 imbeciles let themselves be guided by 300 brigands. He feared that all

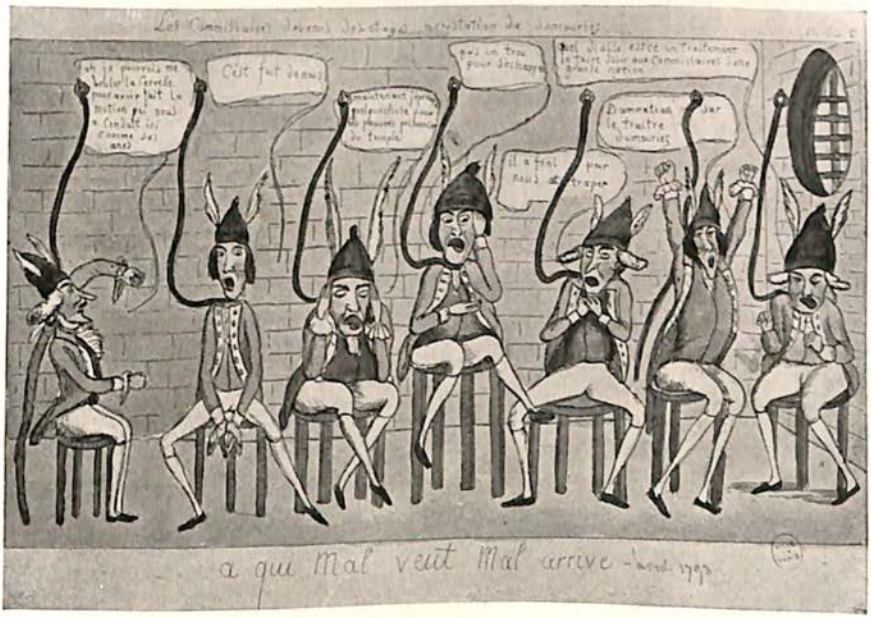

Plate 145. A caricature on the subject of the arrest by Dumouriez of the commissioners sent by the National Convention to arrest him.

Frenchmen were about to perish "massacring each other like the Jews of Jerusalem." He denounced the "atrocities" of the Jacobins and spoke proudly of himself as a man who had "several times had the good fortune to save his country," and who would still save it in spite of all.

The Convention sent commissioners to arrest this Lucifer: he turned the tables by calling in Austrian hussars to arrest the commissioners. Oh

how surprised and enraged they were! We have a caricature entitled "Evil overtakes those who wish Evil."[1] The commissioners are tied up by ropes to the wall and each is uttering an appropriate exclamation: "It is all up with us"; "Not a hole to creep out of"; "Damnation take this traitor Dumouriez"; "Now I begin to have a little sympathy for these poor prisoners in the Temple," and more of the kind. Their expressions of countenance are really comical.

At Marat's instigation, the Convention set a price of three hundred thousand francs on the head of Dumouriez, and decreed the extraordinary measure of holding the fathers, mothers, wives or children of all officers implicated with him as hostages for the imprisoned commissioners.

The tide of invasion rolled on. Why France was not swamped by it is a marvel and a mystery. By July, 1793, no less than five foreign armies were crossing the French frontiers, and the English were in possession of the harbour of Toulon.

Yet France, as we know, was saved. She was saved by her mad and imbecile Convention and by her atrocious Jacobin Club; by the ardour of her soldiers and the general patriotic enthusiasm; by a system of terrorism such as the world has never seen, but which kept in check the internal enemies.

The patriotic enthusiasm was fostered in every way: by cartoons such as those we have been considering; by plays that "retraced the glorious

[1] Plate 145, p. 329.

events of the Revolution and the virtues of the defenders of liberty." Brutus, William Tell, and the Gracchi were frequently seen upon the stage, while other subjects that might tend to "deprave public sentiment and awaken the shameful superstition of royalty" were tabooed. The public squares and streets of the city received republican names; the very words *ville* and *village* were thrust out of the language because related to villeinage; the coinage had to be changed, for of course there could no longer be *louis d'ors*. There were to be instead "republicans" and "gold francs," which were to bear the inscription, "The people alone is sovereign."[1] Children were to be given only republican names in baptism: no more of your Charles's, Louis's, Henrys; of your Maries and Elizabeths. Victors and Franklins and Pierres were to take their places. The Duc d'Orléans became Philippe Égalité. We have names so bizarre that they excited the derision even of patriotic newspapers: for instance, "Liberty of Conscience." The *Feuille Villageoise* writes of this name: "A father when giving his daughter a paternal kiss, a comrade in the joyous games of youth, a lover in the transports of a legitimate affection—*will* they call her 'Liberty of Conscience'?" It insists that the purpose of a name is to call or designate some one, and maintains that this does not fulfil its purpose.

As a real concession to Equality the old communal lands of France were divided up among the

[1] Duvergier, vi., 212.

citizens,[1] exception being made in the cases of mountains, marshes, etc., that were more useful to the community as a whole. Old obligations, like that which compelled the town of Schoeffersheim to maintain an ever-burning lamp for the repose of the soul of its old Seigneur, were declared null and void. The lamp had been burning for four hundred years, but it now went out.[2]

Zealous converts were won for the Revolution by playing fast and loose with all the old-established rights of property. Illegitimate children, being "the elders of the human race and the founders of all society," were to inherit equally with legitimate; mothers and fathers who, on account of the size of their families could not make both ends meet, were to be given national aid.[3] Those about to become mothers might demand this aid beforehand and—Oh shades of Rousseau!—will get a *layette* worth eighteen francs in addition if they promise to nurse their babies themselves. Foundlings are to be the special care of the nation but, lest their feelings should be hurt, they are never to be called anything but "orphans."

Revenue for all this was to be obtained by taxing the "superfluity" of the rich; and the actual need of the father of a family was placed at 1500 francs a year. All else was superfluity. To have a larger income than 30,000 francs a year was prohibited. Thus, if one's income happened to be 50,000 francs the tax would amount to at least 20,000 francs.[4]

[1] Duvergier, v., 325 (Decree of June 10, 1793). [2] *Ib.*, v., 347.
[3] *Ib.*, v., 362. [4] Buchez et Roux, xxvi., 399.

There were times when even such taxation as this did not produce sufficient revenue; but in one case, at least, we have this laconic decree: "There shall be a forced loan of one billion on all rich citizens."[1]

In the course of the debate on this latter measure Cambon remarked: "It is only just that those who never served Liberty with their arms should serve it with their fortunes." Such sentiments were becoming very popular, and we are told that the passing of the decree summarily borrowing a billion francs was greeted with great applause on the part of the citizens in the gallery.[2]

These were drastic measures of course, but like all the terrorism and all the artificial inspiring of patriotism they helped towards the final result. That there was another way of producing that result—namely, ceasing from the belligerent attitude towards the other powers, many of which were very much averse to the war—does not seem to have entered any patriotic head.

The Commune of Paris, as was to be expected, went much farther even than the National Convention in catering to the proletariat. In November, 1793, it decreed that riches and poverty were alike abolished; to be idle and to beg were alike forbidden. The sick, the indigent, the old, and the orphans were to be lodged, nourished, and clothed at the expense of their neighbours; bakers must bake only one kind of bread, the "bread of equality."[1] In December Danton pro-

[1] Buchez et Roux, xxvii., 150. [2] *Débats et Décrets*, May 20, 1793.
[3] For these measures of the Commune see *Moniteur*, Nov. 26, 1793.

cured a vote in the Convention confiscating the property of those who had sons among the *émigrés* unless they could prove that they were ardent patriots. Already decrees had been issued forbidding any rich persons to hide their gold, silver, or jewels. Those who gave information of such concealment were entitled to five per cent. of the value.[1]

Such, then, was the spirit of legislation during these anxious days. The same spirit reigned in the armies and helped to make them effective. The Convention kept a tight rein by means of its representatives-on-mission, an institution old as the days of Charlemagne who was wont to send out his *missi dominici*, two by two, to control and supervise all the local authorities.

The authority of these emissaries of the Convention was practically unlimited. Life and death were in their hands, and it is well known how Carrier in Nantes was able to invent and carry out a method of disposing of his prisoners in batches by sending them out on the Loire in scows that were then scuttled.

St.-Just and Le Bas,[2] on mission to the army, once called for a loan of nine millions to be paid by the rich citizens of Strassburg within twenty-four hours. Similar peremptory orders brought in ten thousand pairs of shoes, one thousand beds, and every cloak belonging to a civilian. The representatives could summarily remove even the most renowned of the generals.

[1] *Moniteur*, Nov. 14, 1793.

[2] Buchez et Roux, vol. xxvii., passim, has accounts of such confiscations.

Over the heads of all, now, floated the dread of the Revolutionary Tribunal. It was no longer the comparatively gentle institution that had been established on August 17, 1792. It had been reorganized on March 9, 1793, after Danton had cried: "Let us be terrible to spare the people from so being. . . . Let us drink, if we must, the blood of humanity's enemies!"[1] The first official bulletin of the tribunal[2] announced that "it has been found needful once more to swing the avenging axe . . . to destroy the ferocious beast that nothing could tame." The Cordelier Club, which Danton had founded, voted to "veil for a time the rights of man." The chief function of the tribunal was to be the inquiring into plots. It was to deal especially with such persons as "by their conduct or the manifestation of opinions should have tried to lead the people astray." Those who had held any office or position under the old régime were especially recommended to its supervision.[3]

No wonder that Vergniaud cried out against "this inquisition a thousand times more formidable than that of Venice," and declared that he would die rather than consent to its establishment. Cambon was prophetic when he feared that the Convention itself might fall a victim to the tribunal.

In its first public prosecutor, Fouquier-Tinville, the extremists found a man after their own heart.[4] A more cruel, more ferocious man never existed.

[1] Wallon, i., 51 ff.
[2] Buchez et Roux, xxv., 305.
[3] *Ib.*, xxv., 18 ff.
[4] Domenget, *Fouquier-Tinville et le Tribunal Révolutionnaire.*

He had advocated bleeding the condemned that they might give the executioner less trouble.

On April 6, 1793, was established another institution that was to be most closely allied to the Revolutionary Tribunal—the Committee of Public Safety.[1] It might arrest whom it pleased, might issue edicts, and was not to be asked to account for its expenditures. Even Marat announced that this was setting up a new tyrant, but declared that it was necessary in order to crush the despotism of kings. Among its members when at the height of its influence—after July, 1793—were Robespierre, Couthon, St.-Just and Billaud-Varennes. By that time the whole government was in its hands. It gave its orders to the civil and military officials, instructed the representatives on mission, and negotiated with foreign powers. It had under it the local committees of surveillance all over France. To these committees it once addressed the following circular:

> The activity originating in the bosom of the Convention culminates in you. You are, so to speak, the hands of the body politic of which the Convention is the head and we are the eyes. It is through you that the national will, once formulated, strikes. You are the levers by which it crushes resistance. You, then, are like those formidable engines of war which are placed in front by the general and merely await the electric spark before launching terror and death.[2]

The Committee of Public Safety used its eyes

[1] J. Gros, *Le Comité de Salut Public*, Paris, 1893.

[2] Aulard, *Hist. Pol.*, 353.

well with regard to these local committees and frequently "purified" them: that is, expelled those members who gave it grounds for disapproval.

One sees here in France, throughout 1793 and 1794, a marvellous network of supervision not unlike that commonly attributed to the great Jesuit Order in the 16th and 17th centuries. These people really seem to have believed that they could keep track of the political opinions of every man in France. The Convention was made to decree that even its own members were not inviolable[1] and that on the exterior of every house in France must be placed the names, forenames, surnames, ages, and professions of those inhabiting it. Cards of civism were to be required of every person and those who could not produce them were to be placed under arrest.[2] Domiciliary visits were made in search of suspected persons, and even the galleries of the National Convention were passed in review.

To this it had come in the land of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity!

[1] *Moniteur*, April 1, 1793. [2] Buchez et Roux, xxv., 150–155.

CHAPTER X

PROSCRIPTION

HOT as had been the passions during the struggle against royalty they were as nothing compared to those which party strife now engendered.[1] There had been some excuse for deposing the King; he had broken his promises, violated his oaths. There was not the shadow of such an excuse for the treatment of the Gironde by the Mountain. It was simply a case of one faction saying to another: "If you do not vote as we please we will coerce you into doing so, or force you out of the Assembly." There was the pretence, of course, that the good of the state demanded such action, but woe to the state where there is no check on arbitrariness.

From the first this arbitrariness was the real question at issue. The Parisian delegation, headed by Danton, Robespierre, and Marat, was bound to have its way. When accused of wishing to exercise despotic power, the Mountain retaliated by a charge that the Gironde was trying to decentralize France, to cut it up into separate states like the United States of America. Between dictatorship

[1] Mortimer-Terneux has the best account of this whole struggle.

and federalism: there lay the real conflict. It was no fair struggle. The Gironde had the majority, as we have seen. But the Mountain had combativeness, ruthlessness, and good organization. It could rely, too, on insurrection in Paris; it could, and did, pack the galleries of the Convention with its adherents.

There had been clashes in the very first sessions. The Gironde wished an inquiry into the whole subject of the September massacres. This the Mountain opposed—not unnaturally, seeing that some of its leading members had personally been concerned in the matter. The general tone was so autocratic that Buzot asked if, then they were all slaves to certain members from Paris.

The Gironde finally brought forward the suggestion that the Convention have its own bodyguard, to be recruited in equal measure from all of the eighty-three departments. It was a fair proposition but was frantically resented by the Mountain. There had been no attempt to conceal the fact that the measure was directed against Paris. Lasource had openly declared in debate that "Paris must be reduced to one eighty-third of influence." Marat and Robespierre had been denounced by name. Marat, in his defence, made a theatrical *coup*. Suddenly pointing a pistol to his brow, he declared that, had he been condemned unheard, he would have blown out his brains at the foot of the Speaker's desk. "Profound sensation!" say the minutes,[1] which, of

[1] *Procès-verbal*, Sept. 25, 1792.

course, was what Marat desired. He more than any other man was to be responsible in the next few months for keeping excitement at fever pitch. His newspaper, the *Ami du Peuple*, was one long shriek of denunciation.

Among the grievances of the Girondists were: that Paris was unduly favoured by legislation; that the taxes from the provinces went to further her special interests; that army supplies were ordered exclusively from her merchants. And what had she done to deserve all this? She had permitted the September massacres! That was the taunt that ever recurred. The investigation hung over the head of the Mountain like the sword of Damocles. It was staved off as long as possible.

The violence of some of the scenes in the Convention when such matters were being discussed fairly beggars description. Accusations were bandied to and fro. Bazire once even tried to prove that the aristocrats had instigated the massacres in order to throw the odium on the Commune.[1] The Girondists were charged with wishing to have a Pretorian guard at their disposal.

The personal attacks were virulent. Marat's very name made him shiver with horror, declared Boileau; and he demanded that the desk where Marat had just spoken should be disinfected! Louvet likened Robespierre to "all the usurpers from Cæsar to Cromwell, from Sulla to Masaniello," and, indeed, uttered such a tirade against him, that the great leader for a moment was nearly

[1] *Procès-verbal*, Nov. 6, 1792.

crushed. When Louvet had ceased speaking, Cambon shook his fist in the direction of the Mountain and cried: "Wretches, that is the death-sentence of dictators!" But Robespierre had asked for delay to prepare his reply and then had come forth triumphant from the ordeal. He even dared to defend the massacres as a necessary measure of safety; and that was the theory now boldly adopted by his party: "It cannot be disguised," cried Collot-d'Herbois in the Jacobin Club, "that the terrible affair of September 2d is the main article of our creed of liberty!" His theory was that but for the massacres the Revolution would never have been accomplished.

Gensonné reviled the men of the Mountain as "sycophants" and "demagogues"; as "charlatans of patriotism and false adorers of liberty"; as "shriekers" who pretended to have saved the state and who had played no greater part in the matter than the geese in the capitol when they saved ancient Rome. Robespierre was once likened to the Old Man of the Mountain of crusading times, whose hired band gave to the world the name and conception of Assassins. Guadet likened Marat to a croaking toad, and Marat promptly responded with "Shut up, vile bird!"

Marat accused the Girondists of being accomplices of the traitor Dumouriez. He meant to force them from their last intrenchments, he wrote, and make them declare themselves royalists. He himself had been decreed under arrest and haled before the Revolutionary Tribunal. But the judges were all

adherents of the Commune and Marat was escorted back to his seat in the Convention garlanded with laurels. The idea had already taken form with him that a number of the Girondists must be expelled. He wrote a proud letter during his arrest: "Before belonging to the Convention I belonged to the fatherland; I am at the service of the people, of whom I am the eyes. . . . I do not wish the Assembly dissolved: I demand that it be purged of the traitors who seek to destroy the nation by restoring despotism." Traitors, thieves, conspirators, are his ever-recurring appellations for the Girondists.

The Girondists were stung and goaded into fury. The deliberations in the Convention were no longer free. Isnard, one of the chief orators, was led into using language that was to serve as a millstone around his own neck: "If the national representatives are molested, I declare in the name of all France that Paris shall fall and men shall be searching the banks of the Seine to see if it ever existed!" Searching the banks of the Seine! The utterance, to these blind fanatics, was criminal. It betrayed the existence of a plot to overthrow Paris. It was full evidence of a conspiracy!

The next development in the quarrel was that a deputation from the Commune formally demanded the expulsion of twenty-two Girondist deputies as "guilty of the crime of felony against the sovereign people." Guadet asked in this connection if the Convention was the highest power in the land or if there was one above it. There *was* one above it and that was the Commune of

Paris. This body began corresponding with other communes now, with regard to this matter of the expulsion. Its own deputations assume an ever lordlier tone. It wishes more money taken from the rich for the benefit of the poor; it proposes measures for the salvation of the republic: "If you do not adopt them, we who do intend to save it shall declare ourselves in a state of insurrection!"

On May 10th the Convention moved to the Tuileries palace where a hall had been prepared for it. The "sovereign" had come into its own and manifested its power by acts of great oppression. In other words, the adherents of the Mountain forcibly kept from the galleries the adherents of the Gironde. It even seemed as though the Commune were meditating new massacres. Guadet, the Girondist, moved that the wound be probed to the bottom and the whole Municipal Council cashiered. His motion was not carried, but the Gironde obtained the appointing of a committee to inquire into the conduct of the Communal Council as well as of the sections of Paris. This Committee of Twelve was as hateful to the Mountain as had been the contemplated guard from the departments, and the climax was reached when the demagogue Hébert, editor of the *Père Duchêne*, was declared under arrest.

The members of the Mountain knew all the ruses in parliamentary tactics much better than did their opponents. At dead of night they unexpectedly called a vote disbanding the Committee of Twelve and ordering the release of Hébert.

The next day, of course, the vote was rescinded, but Hébert was at liberty.

With the arrival of bad news from the frontier on May 29th, Paris fell into one of its periodical fits of frenzy. The Communal Council declared itself in permanence, and announced that it would save the republic. On May 31st it gave the signal for an attack on the "aristocratic factions"—in other words on the Girondist members of the National Convention! Marat had been foremost in bringing things to this pass. How he had railed at those who had tried "to crush the Mountain, bulwark of Liberty!" He had urged the people to take up arms and not lay them down until the Convention should have been "purified." Purification was the technical term in the Jacobin Club for removing those whose opinions were not orthodox. When insurrection was finally proclaimed, Marat himself climbed the tower of Notre Dame and sounded the tocsin with his own hand. The Communal forces were recruited by paying those willing to join in the enterprise. Hanriot, one of the workers in blood during the September massacres, was made Commander of the National Guards.

All was ready now for one of the greatest blows at liberty that ever Frenchmen had struck. The Commune sent its commands to the National Convention: the Committee of Twelve as well as twenty-two other Girondists were to be arrested and brought to trial. Among the sins of the members it proscribed, the Commune mentioned,

particularly, Isnard's speech about searching the banks of the Seine to see if Paris ever existed. Was not such a speech in itself proof positive of a conspiracy to destroy Paris?

The Commune sent forces to surround ex-Minister Roland's house, but Roland had already been spirited away. Madame Roland, however, was taken and carried off to prison. We have her energetic protest to the Convention, but it was of no avail.

The 31st of May ended with a strange sort of reconciliation, and Girondists and Mountaineers embraced, sang, danced, and generally revelled until dawn. The next day a revised list was handed in with the peremptory demand that "all these traitors be made to bite the dust." The grand climax was reserved for the 2d of June.

The attitude of the Convention in general reminds one of that of the Legislative Assembly when it was a question of protecting Louis XVI. The Mountain had no *esprit de corps* as far as the other members were concerned; its orators taunted and goaded the Girondists in every way. It was proposed that for the sake of peace the denounced members voluntarily suspend themselves; but Marat cried out against this, declaring that "one must be pure to offer sacrifices to one's country!"

In answer to the taunts, the Girondist orators unfolded a very lofty eloquence. Barbaroux chided his opponents. He had seen victims led to the altar, he said, garlanded with flowers and decked with ribbons, but the priest who offered them in sacrifice had not insulted them. Lanjui-

nais unfolded a prophetic vision of the horrible monster of dictatorship advancing over heaps of ruins and piles of corpses, swallowing the deputies one by one and overthrowing the republic. These were swan songs: the last efforts of great orators.

For Hanriot was closing in around the Tuileries with the hired assassins of the Commune. What a message to send to one's legislators! If the inculpated members were not handed over within one hour, he, Hanriot, would have the president of the National Convention dragged out and shot!

The Convention determined to march out of its hall and see if none among these National Guards would rally to its aid. Barère had declared that slaves could no longer make laws. Stranger procession never was! Individual deputies were seized by the *tricoteuses* who rushed down from the galleries and tried to hold them back. Shouts of "Long live the Mountain!" filled the air. Marat, too, was loudly cheered. At sight of the members, Hanriot bade his cannoneers stand to their guns.

The procession held together and crossed the garden. But all attempts to pass out by the Pont Tournant were in vain. The line broke. The deputies slunk back to their hall much as Louis XVI and his family had done after the refusal of the crowd to let them drive to St. Cloud in April, 1791. The Mountain was victorious. The members once more took their seats. Couthon moved the arrest of the twelve, of the twenty-two, and of the

Ministers Clavière and Lebrun. His prefatory remark makes one wonder if he was sarcastic: "Now that you are free to deliberate . . .!" It was a strange kind of freedom! And after Marat had personally revised the lists, and thirty-one Girondists, including all the greatest orators, had been taken into custody, the Commune sent and thanked the Convention for its patriotic conduct and congratulated it on having voted without coercion!

How did France take the news of this treatment of its elected deputies? There was a bright flare of rebellion in almost every department. The town of Lyons raised twenty thousand men and declared the whole Mountain in the ban. Armies mustered in Calvados and elsewhere. Moreover, in the Convention, seventy-five members found courage to sign an energetic protest. Of the arrested members themselves, a number escaped, rallied at Caen in Normandy, and prepared for civil war.

But just as the Commune had controlled public opinion in the case of the storming of the Tuileries and the September massacres, so now it spread its own version of this affair through the press and through the post-office. The people should know the truth about these insurgents: they were counter-revolutionists—in league with royalists! The Mountain was soon able to pit army against army, and on July 13th, a day otherwise memorable, the opposing forces met in the neighbourhood of the Norman town of Vernon. The encounter,

indeed, was nearer to the ridiculous than to the sublime. One man only was killed and both sides ran away!

Yet the combat sealed the fate of the Girondists. They had staked all and their opponents were hourly gaining ground. They were abandoned by the town of Caen, and on the door of the room that had served as their place of assembly a placard announced that they were outlaws. The Convention itself declared them traitors to their country. Pétion, once the idol of Paris; Buzot, the man whom Madame Roland loved more than she did her husband; Louvet, the popular author; Barbaroux, and others, started off, disguised as soldiers, to reach the sea and take ship for their own beloved province where they expected to be welcomed with open arms. After incredible hardships they reached Bordeaux only to find that here, too, the insurrection had been quelled. Then began the awful flight, the tracking like wild beasts, the hiding in caves, cellars, and deserted quarries: all of which Louvet has so graphically described in his memoirs.

We have said that the day of the encounter at Vernon was otherwise memorable. On that day Charlotte Corday avenged the expulsion of the Girondists from the Convention by stabbing to the heart their worst enemy, Marat. The inspiration to the deed—she had acted entirely of her own initiative—had come from consorting with the fugitive deputies at Caen. "What finally decided me," she wrote to Barbaroux, "was the courage

with which our volunteers enrolled on July 7th." She had been present when the forces mustered.

Charlotte Corday, however, was far from having acted on the spur of the moment. She had been a close student of Revolutionary affairs. She declared at her trial that she had read over five hundred pamphlets dealing with the subject. One of her special admirations in history was the mother of the Gracchi. Just before the bloody deed, of which there is no need to recount the well-known details, she wrote a letter to "law-abiding and peace-loving Frenchmen," in which she bitterly arraigned the Mountain and justified her intended act. She called Marat an odious monster, a "wild beast fattening on human blood." "He told me that in a few days he would have you all guillotined in Paris," she wrote to Barbaroux; "these last words sealed his fate."

Like the Tragic Muse in person she had risen above all the little sordid details of her hard task. Twice, if not three times, she had gone to Marat's house with the great knife concealed in the folds of her dress. Like the Tragic Muse, too—so indifferent to her own fate that even her worst enemies marvelled—she went to her execution in the scarlet robe of a murderess. Her one request was not for any alleviation of her lot but for permission to hand down her features to posterity. She wrote to the Committee of Public Safety: "As I still have a few minutes to live, may I hope, Citizens, for permission to have my portrait painted?"

We have a portrait,[1] generally recognized as the most authentic, which was painted by Hauer. He was present at her trial and is said to have been allowed to visit her in her cell.

Of Marat in the act of being stabbed and of Marat dead there were numerous representations. His crooked, leering face was easy to reproduce. Louis David, the artist, painted a famous picture of the scene, and we have an engraving by Verite for which the plaster cast of Marat's features served as model.[2] The gaping wound is there, with the blood oozing from it, and the demagogue is quoted as saying: "Unable to corrupt, they have assassinated me!"

There was a sudden wave of Marat worship. He was likened to Christ. On the temporary tomb[3] in which he was laid until he could be transferred to the Pantheon was placed the inscription: "From the depths of his black cave he made traitors tremble. A perfidious hand snatched him away from the love of his people." The representation of the tomb is headed: "To the immortal glory of Marat, the people's friend."

But Marat's death was not looked upon as a closed episode. There lay the chief tragedy. Charlotte Corday's act had been more than in vain for Marat became a martyr.

Over the door of the house where Marat had lived was placed this line: "Weep, but remember that he must be avenged!" Everything was done to inflame passions that were already at fever heat.

[1] Plate 146, p. 351. [2] Plate 147, p. 353. [3] Plate 148, p. 355.

Plate 146. A portrait of Charlotte Corday. From the painting by Hauer.

The body was exposed to view in the bath and with the blood-stained shirt hanging near. Orator succeeded orator and wrung tears by plaintive laments:

> Citizens, strew flowers over the pale corpse of Marat. He was our friend, the friend of the people. For the people he lived, for the people he died. . . . Marat, rare and sublime soul, we will imitate thee, we will crush all traitors! Our courage, our virtue shall avenge thy death. We swear it on thy bloody corpse, on the dagger which has pierced thy breast! We swear it![1]

The *Chronique de Paris*,[2] after telling how a fury from Caen has plunged a dagger into the breast of the apostle and martyr of liberty, declares solemnly that the hour of freedom has sounded and that the blood that has just flowed is the fulminating decree of condemnation for all traitors. The laws and coercive measures become now more uncompromisingly severe, more utterly tyrannical. Speculators in grain, for instance—who are scourged as vampires, beasts of prey, and assassins of the poor—are declared to be guilty of a capital crime.[3] A repetition of a refusal to receive assignats as legal tender is to be punishable with twenty years in irons.[4] On August 1st all Bourbons not in prison were expelled from the soil of France, while the expenditures for the captives in the Temple were reduced to a minimum. A special decree had

[1] *Journal de la Montagne*, in Buchez et Roux, xxviii., 388.
[2] July 17th. [3] *Moniteur*, July 26th. [4] *Ib.*, July 30th.

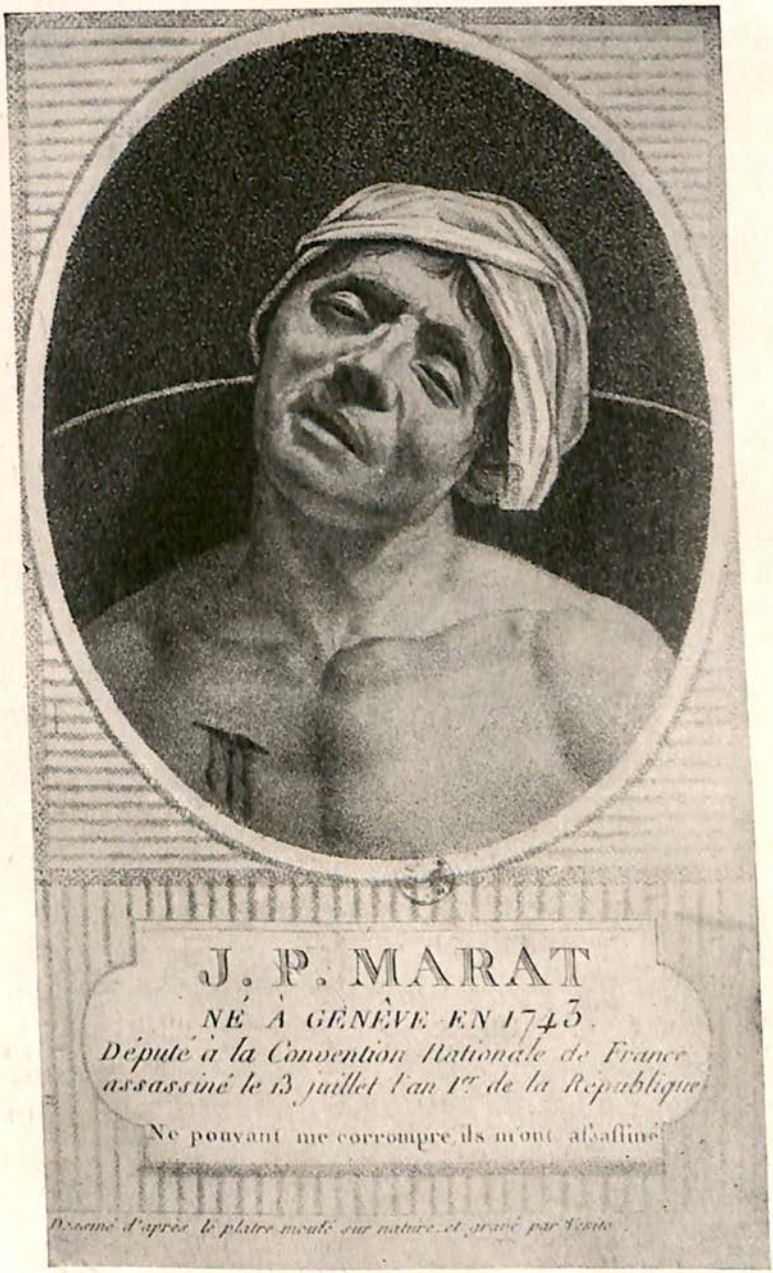
J. P. MARAT
NÉ À GENÈVE EN 1743.
Député à la Convention Nationale de France
assassiné le 13 juillet l'an 1er de la République
Ne pouvant me corrompre ils m'ont assassiné

Plate 147. A portrait of Marat engraved from his death-mask and showing the gaping wound in his breast.

already ordered that Marie Antoinette be separated from her son.[1]

On August 6th the *Journal de la Montagne* tells us:

> The administration has taken steps to arrest all suspected persons. Last Friday the so-called National Theatre, the Vaudeville, and the Opéra, were surrounded by an armed force between eight and nine o'clock. No one might leave without showing his card [of civism]. The number of young men arrested is estimated at five hundred.

Under the Girondist régime a new Constitution had been drawn up and almost brought to completion. It was, of course, now a dead letter for it was tainted with federalism. But a new one was ready in about seven weeks. It had become as easy to make laws as to issue paper money; more than eleven thousand of them were passed under France's first three Assemblies.

What shall we say of the new Constitution? It was more socialistic than its predecessors, going so far as to formulate the theory that society owed support to those unable to find work and to declare insurrection a sacred duty under certain circumstances. The right of forming popular societies like the Jacobin Club was also vindicated. On July 25th the Convention had decreed it a crime against liberty, and punishable as such, to attempt to dissolve such societies.[2]

[1] The original manuscript of the decree, National Archives.

[2] Duvergier, vi., 54.

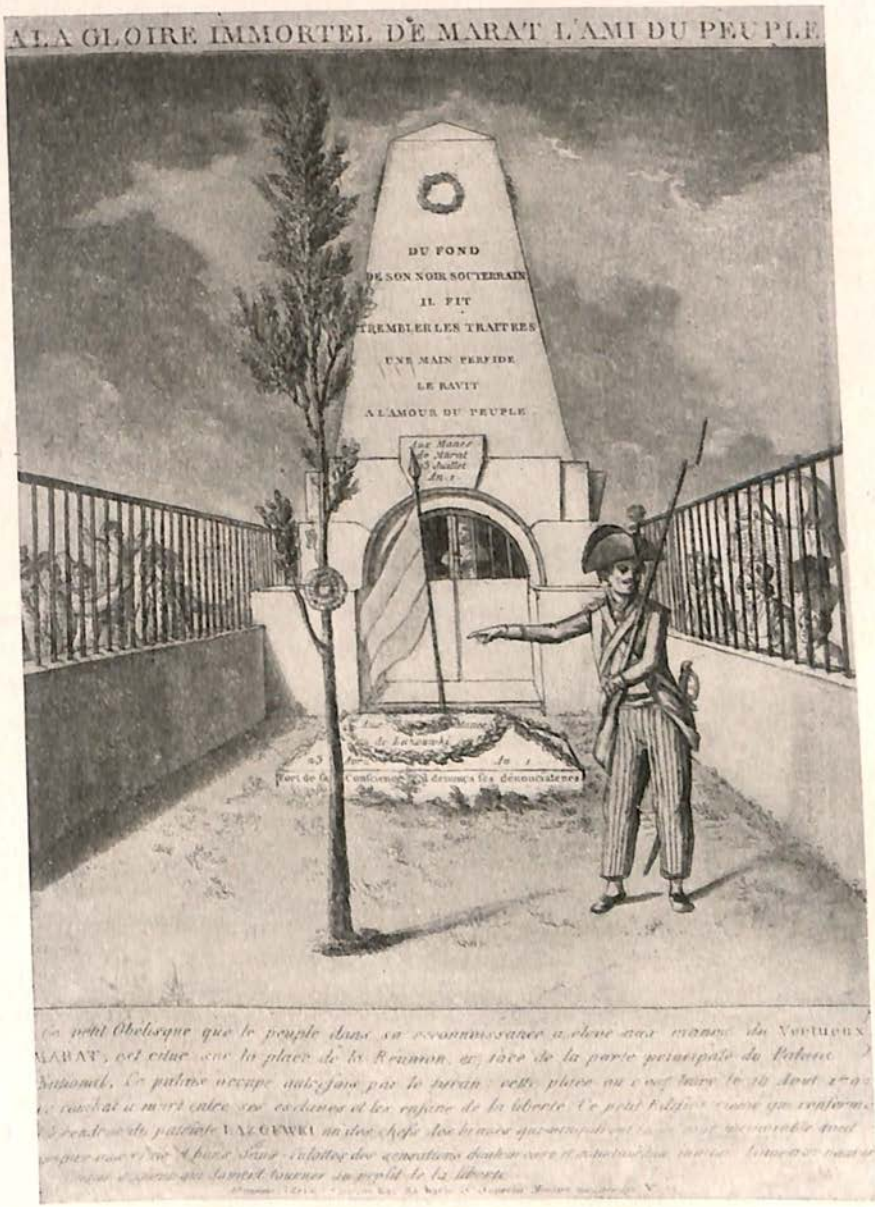

Plate 148. A representation of the tomb in which Marat's remains were placed before being transferred to the Pantheon. It faced the "National Palace," formerly the Tuileries.

This Constitution of 1793, although it was accepted by nearly all France, was never to be applied; for, as we shall see presently, permanent

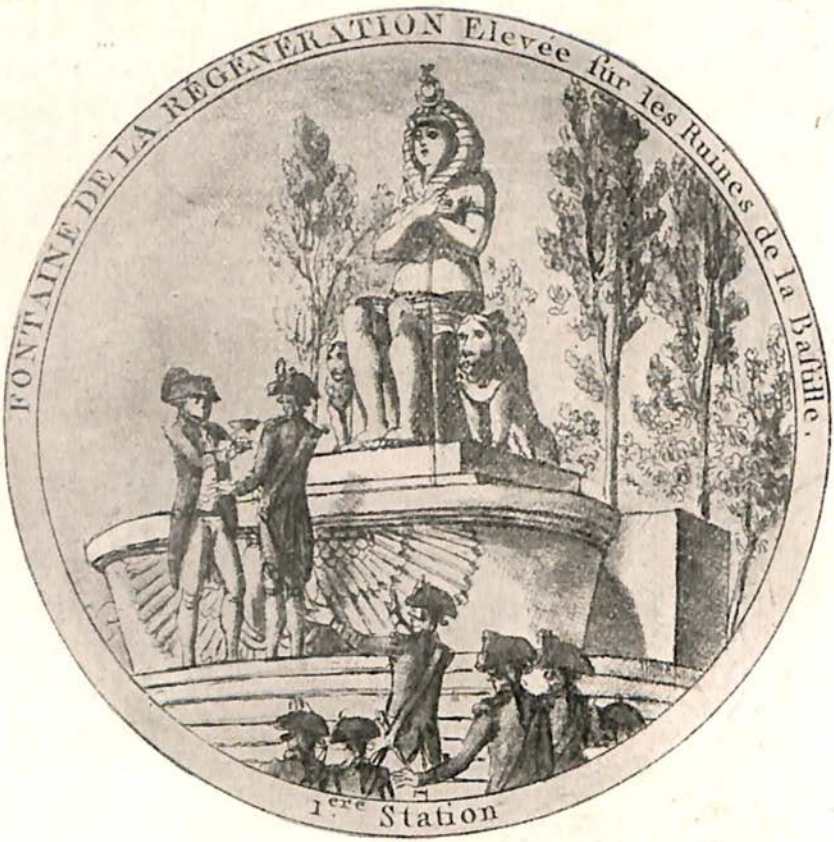

Plate 149. A representation of the first stage of the Fête to Unity and Indivisibility. The Fountain of Regeneration is to be erected on the site of the Bastile.

laws of any kind were to prove too hampering for liberty. But for the moment the Mountain was intensely proud of its work. In honour of the acceptance of the Constitution and at the same time of the victory over federalism, it was determined to give one of the grandest fêtes that the mind of man had ever imagined. The day chosen

was August 10th, anniversary of the storming of the Tuileries.

The arrangements were made by David, the famous painter, to whom it seems to have been indifferent whether he glorified the republic or the Empire, Robespierre or Napoleon. His full programme for the occasion has been preserved[1] but would be much less intelligible were it not for a series of six sketches, possibly also by David, which show the different stages of the fête.

We have reached the highest point of symbolism in the French Revolution. Alas, these poor people needed to be dazzled and blinded in order to make them forget the hideous realities beneath it all! Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity had proved hollow mockeries; all the more were they to be clung fast to as high ideals. David's report to the Convention embodying his programme for the day is such a treasure-trove of Revolutionary allegory that it is necessary to give it here in full:

The French assembled to celebrate the fête of Unity and Indivisibility will rise before dawn. The touching scene of their reunion will be lightened by the first rays of the sun. This beneficent star whose light extends throughout the universe will be to them the symbol of truth to which they will address praises and hymns.

The gathering will take place on the site of the Bastile.[2] In the midst of its ruins will be erected the fountain of *Regeneration* representing nature. From her fertile breasts (which she will press with her hands) will spurt an abundance of pure and healthful water of which

[1] In the *Chronique de Paris*, July 18th.

[2] Plate 149, p. 356.

shall drink, each in his turn, eighty-six commissioners, sent by the primary assemblies—one, namely, from each department, seniority being given the preference.

A single cup shall serve for all. After the president of the National Convention shall have watered the soil of liberty by a sort of libation, he shall be the first to drink; he shall then pass the cup in succession to the commissioners of the primary assemblies. They shall be summoned alphabetically to the sound of the drum and trumpet. Each time a commissioner shall have drunk, a salvo of artillery shall announce the consummation of this act of fraternity.

Then, to the beloved air of the "Children of Marseilles," strophes shall be sung that bear analogy to the ceremony. The surrounding scene shall be simple; its richness shall be adopted from nature. Here and there one shall see, traced on stones, inscriptions which shall recall the monument of our ancient servitude; and the commissioners, having all drunk, shall reciprocally give each other the fraternal kiss.

The cortège shall march along the boulevards. At its head shall be the popular societies in a body. They shall bear a banner on which shall be painted the eye of vigilance penetrating a thick cloud.

The second group shall be composed of the National Convention marching in a body, its ushers in the lead. As the one and only distinctive mark, each of its members shall bear in his hand a bouquet, formed of sheaves of wheat and of different fruits. Eight of them shall carry on a litter an ark; it shall be open; it shall have in it the tablets on which are engraved the rights of man and the constitutional document. The commissioners delegated from the primary assemblies of the eighty-six departments shall form a chain around the National Convention. They shall be joined one to another by the light but indissoluble bond of Unity and Indivisibility formed by a tri-coloured cordon. Each one of them shall be distinguished by a pike or portion

of the fascicle his department will have confided to him—which he shall hold in one hand with a little banner inscribed with the name of his department—and by an olive-branch, symbol of peace, which he shall carry in the other. The delegates from the primary assemblies shall likewise carry the olive-branch in their hands.

The third group shall be composed of the whole worthy mass of the sovereign: here everything is eclipsed, everything mingled in the presence of the primary assemblies. Here there is no longer such a thing as a corporation. All useful members of society shall be massed together indiscriminately, although characterized by their distinctive marks.

Thus shall one see the president of the provisional executive council on a line with the blacksmith; the mayor with his scarf side by side with the wood-chopper or mason; the judge, in his robes and his plumed hat, next to the dyer or shoemaker. The black African, differing only in colour, shall walk beside the white European. The interesting scholars of the institution for the blind, drawn on a moving platform, shall present the touching spectacle of misfortune honoured. You, too, shall be there, tender nurslings of the foundling asylum, carried in white bassinettes: you shall begin to enjoy your civil rights which you have so justly recovered! And you, worthy labourers, you shall carry in triumph the useful and honourable tools of your calling! Finally in the midst of this numerous and industrious family, one will especially notice a true triumphal car formed by a simple plough on which will be seated an old man and his old wife, drawn by their own children—a touching example of filial piety and of veneration for old age.

Among the attributes of all its different trades one will read these words written in large letters: "Such is the service which an indefatigable people renders to human society."

A military group shall follow this one, escorting in

triumph a car drawn by eight white horses. It will contain an urn, depository of the ashes of the heroes who have died gloriously for their country. This car, adorned with garlands and civic crowns, shall be surrounded by the

Plate 150. A representation of the second stage of the Fête to Unity and Indivisibility. The meeting with the "Heroines of Liberty."

relatives of those whose virtue and courage are being honoured; the citizens of every age and of every sex [sic] shall each carry garlands of flowers in their hands. Braziers shall burn perfumes around the car and military music shall make the air resound with its warlike tones. A detachment of infantry and cavalry shall bring up the rear and in the midst of it shall be drawn carts covered with

hangings shot through with fleurs-de-lis and filled with the plunder of the vile attributes of royalty and all these haughty gewgaws of ignorant nobility. On banners in these carts one will read these words: "People, here is what has caused all the misfortunes of human society."

When the procession has arrived in this order on the Boulevard Poissonière, one will meet,[1] under a portico or triumphal arch, the heroines of the fifth and sixth of October, seated as they were then on their cannon. Some will bear branches of trees, others trophies which shall be unequivocal signs of the brilliant victory these courageous citizenesses won at that time over the servile body-guards. There they shall receive from the hands of the president or the National Convention a branch of laurel and then, with their cannon turned round, they shall follow the line of march and, always with a proud attitude, shall join the sovereign. On the monument will be inscriptions recalling these two memorable days. The harangues, the joyous songs, the salvos of artillery, will be renewed at each halting-place.

Citizens, we have reached the immortal and imperishable day of the 10th.[2] It is in the *Place de la Révolution*, it is on the spot where the tyrant died that it must be celebrated.

On the remains of the pedestal of Tyranny which are still there shall be erected the statue of Liberty, which shall be inaugurated with due solemnity. Tufted oaks shall form around her an imposing mass of shade and verdure.[3] The branches shall be covered with offerings from all free French people. Tri-coloured ribbons, liberty caps, hymns, inscriptions, paintings, will be the fruits that will please the goddess. At her feet will be an enormous pyre, reached by steps from on all sides: there in profoundest silence shall be offered in expiatory sacrifice the impostured attributes of royalty. There, in the presence of the beloved goddess of the French, the eighty-six commissioners, each with a

[1] Plate 150, p. 360. [2] Plate 151, p. 362.

[3] For a better view of this statue of Liberty, see Plate 152, p. 363.

torch in his hand, shall vie with each other in applying the flame; there the memory of the tyrant shall be devoted to public execration and then immediately thousands of birds, restored to liberty and bearing on their necks light bands

Plate 151. A representation of the third stage of the Fête to Unity and Indivisibility. The statue of the Goddess of Liberty was on the pedestal of the old statue of Louis XV.

on which shall be written some articles of the declaration of the rights of man, shall take their rapid flight through the air and carry to heaven the testimony of liberty restored to earth.

The fourth halt[1] shall be made in the *Place des Invalides*. In the middle of the *Place*, on the summit of a mountain,

[1] Plate 153, p. 364.

Plate 152. A view of the Place de la Révolution (now Place de la Concorde) with the statue of the Goddess of Liberty.

shall be represented a colossal figure, the French people, gathering in its vigorous arms the departmental bundle of staves. Ambitious federalism, coming forth from its slimy marsh, with one hand brushing aside the reeds, tries with

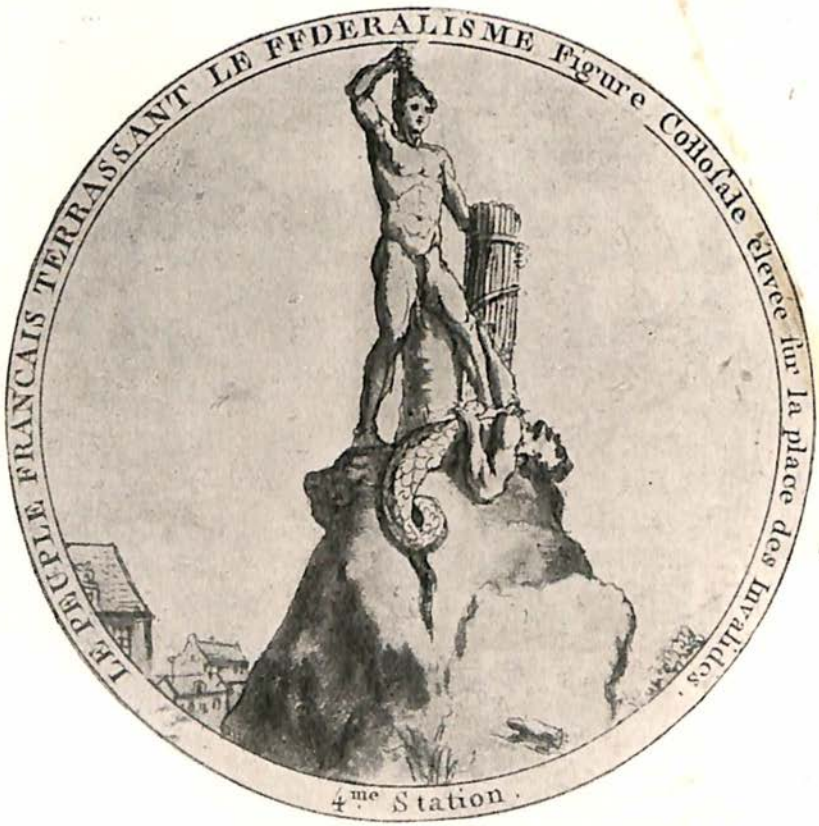

Plate 153. A representation of the fourth stage of the Fête to Unity and Indivisibility. A colossal figure symbolizing the French people is annihilating the monster called Federalism.

the other to detach some of the staves; the French people catches sight of it, takes its club, strikes it, and makes it return to its pullulating waters never to quit them again.

The fifth and last halt,[1] finally, shall be at the Champ de Mars. Before entering it, a striking homage shall be paid to Equality—a rightful and necessary act in a republic.

[1] Plate 154, p. 365.

They will pass under a gateway of which nature will seem to have borne the whole expense. Two figures,[1] symbols of Equality and Liberty, shaded by dense foliage and facing each other with some distance between, shall hold at a

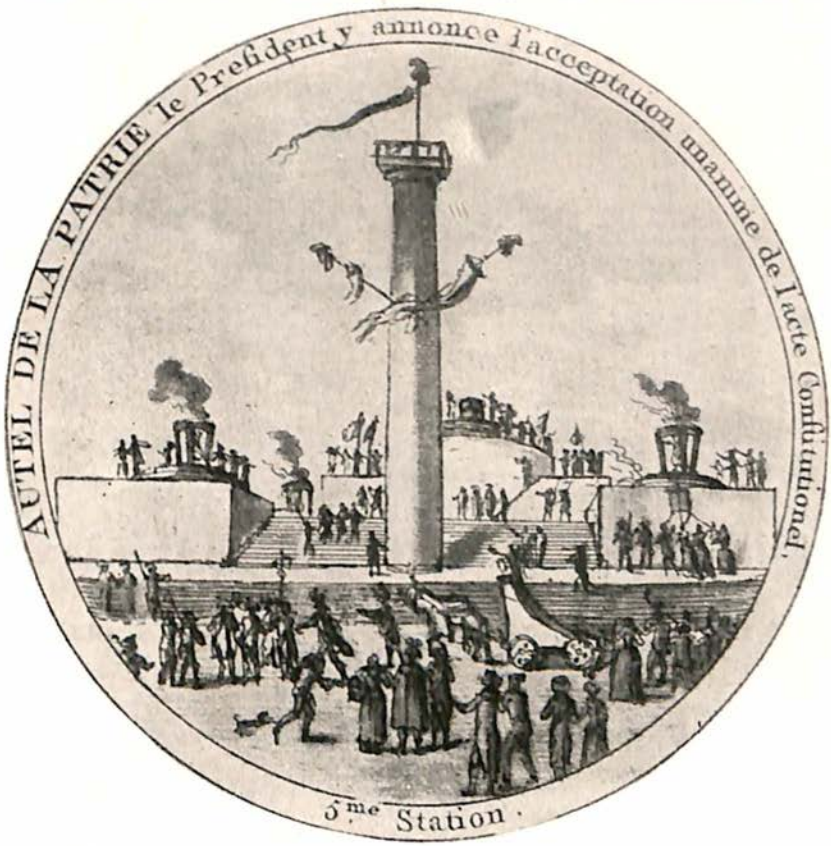

Plate 154. A representation of the fifth stage of the Fête to Unity and Indivisibility. On the altar of the Fatherland (Champ de Mars), the president of the Convention is announcing the acceptance of the new Constitution.

proper height a tri-coloured garland drawn to full length from which shall be hung an enormous level—the national level. It shall soar over the heads of all without distinction of persons. Ye proud ones, ye shall bend your necks!

Arrived at the Champ de Mars, the president of the

[1] *Termes* in the original, being busts rising directly out of the pedestal as one sees them to-day in Versailles.

National Convention, the Convention, the eighty-six commissioners of the primary assemblies shall mount the steps of the altar of the fatherland. At the same time every one shall go and attach to the outer surface of the altar his offering: the fruits of his labour, the implements of his trade or art. It will thus be more magnificently adorned than by the far-fetched emblems of insignificant painting.

Here we have an immense and industrious people doing homage to its country with the instruments of the calling by which it supports wife and children. When this ceremony is over, the people shall range themselves round the altar. Then the president of the National Convention, having laid on the altar of the Fatherland all the counts of the ballots in the primary assemblies, the will of the French people regarding the Constitution shall be proclaimed in the presence of all the delegates of the sovereign and under the vault of heaven. The people shall take a vow to defend it unto death. A general salvo shall announce this sublime taking of the oath. This done, the eighty-six commissioners delegated by the primary assemblies shall advance towards the president of the Convention and shall deliver over to him, each in turn, the portion of the bundle of staves he has been carrying in his hand throughout the whole march. The president shall seize them and shall bind them all together with a tri-coloured ribbon; then shall give back to the people the bundle tightly tied, explaining that the people will be invincible if there be no division among them. He will also hand over to them the ark holding the Constitution and will proclaim aloud: "People, I make you the depositary of the Constitution under the safeguard of all the virtues."

The people will respectfully receive the ark and the bundle of staves and will carry them in triumph. Fraternal kisses, a thousand times repeated, will terminate this novel and touching scene.

In the engraving we have a sixth stage of the

proceedings[1] taking place around a funeral monument erected in the Champ de Mars in memory of the warriors who had died for their country. This was probably only a project, the times being

Plate 155. A representation of the sixth stage of the Fête to Unity and Indivisibility. The temple is in honour of the dead warriors.

too troubled for the erection of so elaborate a monument. David himself was occupied with Marat's funeral, and we see from the newspapers how, in the very articles describing the fête, the call to arms is interwoven. The *Chronique de Paris* writes on August 16th:

[1] Plate 155, above.

Never since men and empires existed did a greater social act culminate in a fête so august and so touching. . . . O spectacle the most magnificent and the most moving that Earth ever displayed to the eyes of the Eternal!

Plate 156. A symbolical representation of Unity and Indivisibility.

To arms, Frenchmen! At the very moment when a nation of friends and brothers are clasping each other in their embraces the despots of Europe are violating our property and devastating our frontiers. . . . This time let all perish; and let their bones bleaching in our fields rise like trophies in the ground that their blood will have rendered more fertile!

The ark with the Constitution and the bundle of

staves representing Unity and Indivisibility were carried the next day into the hall of the National Convention and David promised to design a resting-place for them. Yet before the Constitution could go into effect it was found necessary to

Plate 157. A symbolical representation of Unity and Indivisibility watched over by the vigilant eye of the Jacobins.

decree that "the government of France is to be revolutionary until peace is proclaimed" and that terror was the order of the day. It remained forever a dead letter.

We have various symbolical representations that have to do with this theme of indivisibility. In one,[1] France is looking forward to a new day, her feet on

[1] Plate 156, p. 368.

the dead hydra of Fedefalism, her arm resting on a shield with the bundle of staves tightly tied together, while beneath is the inscription, "In the name of the republic one and indivisible." In another production[1] the most prominent feature is an eye—the eye of vigilance of the Jacobins. David, it will be remembered, had given the most prominent place in his procession to the so-called popular societies, and this emblem of the eye had figured on their banner. Then, indeed, the eye had been represented as piercing a thick cloud: now it is in the very centre of the blazing sun. From that sun, in all directions, emanate vivifying rays, and to it are turning the barking dog and the crowing cock, watchers-out for France's safety. Unity has become as much of an attribute of the young republic as Liberty, Equality, or Fraternity. But there is a dark presence now on almost all the symbols. In different forms we are told again and again that the alternative is death. The Reign of Terror has begun.

[1] Plate 157, p. 369.

CHAPTER XI

TERROR

AN engraving [1] published after the victory over the Girondists, and glorifying the unity and indivisibility of the French republic, has a cap of liberty and a grinning skull with the words between, "No middle course"; and that was to be the policy of those governing France during the whole of the next dark year. We have a representation, too, of the Martyrs of Liberty [2] whose deaths are to be avenged: Lepelletier, who was murdered at the time of Louis XVI's execution; Marat, and Chalier, who was put to death four days after Marat by adherents of the Girondists, in the town of Lyons. In the background on the left one sees the Bastile with the inevitable "Live free or die," on the right the Pantheon, where these three are to be received among France's great men.

On July 27th Robespierre became a member of the Committee of Public Safety, and the series of severe measures began that were to send so many hundreds to the guillotine merely because of their political opinions and that made a pure mockery

[1] Plate 158, p. 372.

[2] Plate 159, p. 373.

of all legal forms. On July 30th the Revolutionary Tribunal was divided into two sections, thus doubling its activity. A few days later it was redivided into four. We now begin to hear frequently of a new class of criminals, the suspects. We have

POINT DE MILIEU
OBEISSANCE AUX LOIX ACCEPTÉES PAR LE PEUPLE SOUVERAIN
CONSTITUTION REPUBLICAINE 1793
10 AOUST 1792
31 MAI ET 2 JUIN 1793
UNITÉ, INDIVISIBILITÉ DE LA RÉP. FRA.

Plate 158. An emblem of the Reign of Terror. There is to be no mean between Liberty and Death.

harangues like this in the Convention: "No more quarter, no more mercy for traitors"—(simultaneous cries from all parts of the hall of "No! No!") "If we do not get ahead of them they will get ahead of us. Let us cast between them and us the barrier of Eternity . . . The day of justice and of wrath has come."

Billaud-Varennes moved the establishment of a

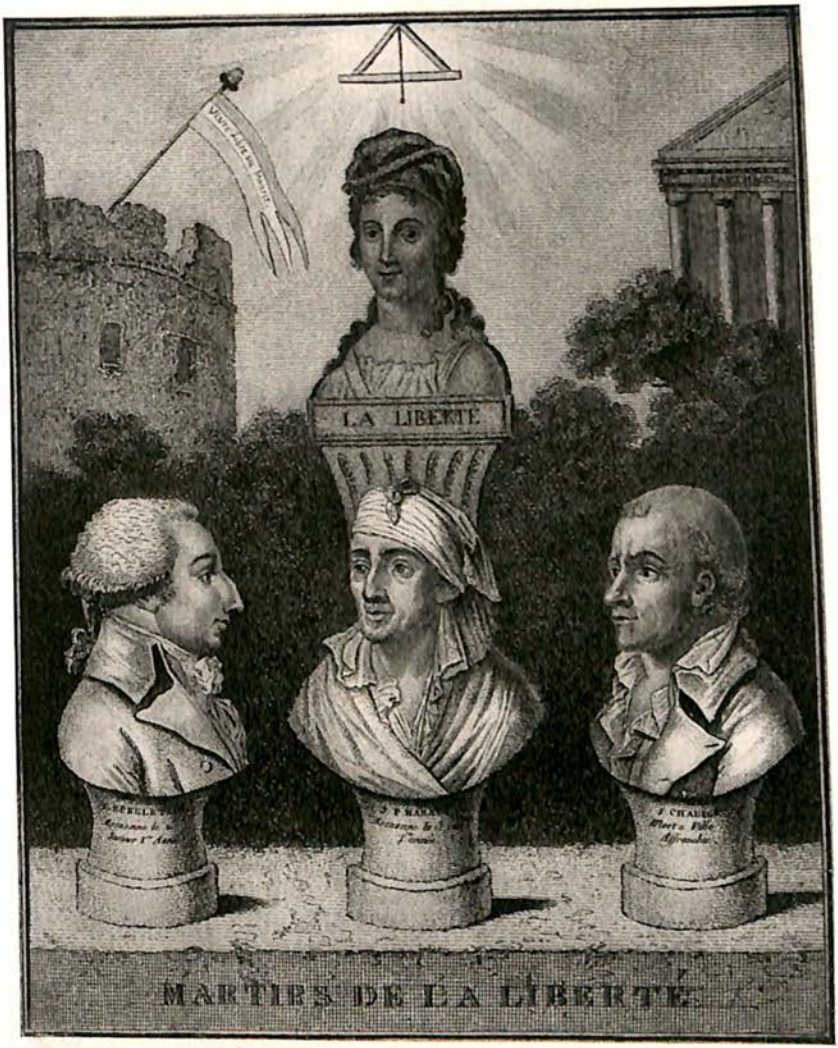

Plate 159. A representation of Liberty and her great martyrs, Lepelletier, Marat, and Chalier, whose deaths cry for vengeance.

Revolutionary army, and Danton, in supporting him, called for bi-weekly assemblies of the sections of Paris, each person attending to be given forty *sous* a day and a hundred million francs being appropriated to supply these citizens with arms—measures which were immediately passed. The Revolutionary committees were given power to issue warrants of arrest, as well as to make domiciliary visits and seize what weapons they might find.

> The satellites of tyrants [cried the spokesman of a Jacobin deputation on September 6th], the ferocious islanders, the tyrants of the North who spread devastation among us, are less to be feared than the traitors who disquiet us within, who sow discord, who arm us one against the other. . . . It is time that Equality wield her scythe above all heads. It is time to frighten all conspirators. Yes, Legislators, make terror the order of the day! (Vehement applause!)

"The day has come to be as inflexible as you have hitherto been weak!" cried Drouet; "the moment is there for shedding the blood of the guilty! . . . Let us be brigands—" but here, to its credit, there were murmurs in the Assembly. Drouet had to explain away his forcible utterance and contented himself with extolling the words of the delegate from the Commune, "Let us make terror the order of the day," and with apostrophizing the enemies of the Mountain—"Well, the Mountain will crush you!" It was decided that the Revolutionary army should number six thousand men.

As at the time of the September massacres, so now the happenings in the field served as an excuse for all the severities. On July 23d, Mainz had been lost to France after its garrison had been reduced to eating cats and mice; on the 28th Valenciennes had been recovered by the Austrians; on August 27th Toulon admitted the English to its harbour. The rebels were in the ascendant in La Vendée and in Lyons. The Convention decreed the levée *en masse*, and ordered the young men to hurry to the battle-line and the old men to sit in the public squares and preach hatred of kings and the unity of the republic. The women were to make tents and uniforms and act as nurses, while even the children were to fray lint. The public buildings were turned into barracks, the squares into arsenals. All horses not needed for agriculture were requisitioned; all cellar floors were to be scraped for saltpetre to be used in the manufacture of gunpowder.

In September strong fetters were laid upon commerce by fixing a maximum price at which the necessaries of life might be sold, a measure which very soon resulted in famine. It was characteristic of these men to accomplish their narrowest views, regardless of consequences. Their one idea was that the patriots must be clothed and fed at a price within their means. This, they declared, was more important to the national welfare than that merchants should grow rich. So a long list was prepared fixing the prices of objects of prime necessity; and these objects were made to range from meat

to white paper. The blow to enterprise was deadly.

No wonder such measures roused discontent and that the women of the market armed themselves with whips and declared they would trounce all who wore the national cockade. "All agree on one point," writes an agent of the police, "the need of a new order of things." One of the government spies reported that a pack of playing-cards was circulating in which the Kings were made in the likeness of Dumouriez, the Queens were Charlotte Cordays, and the Knaves were the soldiers of the republic! Alarming symptoms, cankerous sores, for which Hébert and Chaumette, Robespierre and St.-Just, could think of no remedies but more and more Draconic laws! These reptiles with venomous stings must be crushed, this impious struggle must cease, the enemies of the republic must be destroyed lest they in turn destroy. "Hercules is ready! Give the club into his robust hands," cried Chaumette," and soon the soil of Liberty will be purged of all the brigands that infest it!" It was Chaumette who wished all parks and gardens of the rich to be ploughed up and planted to vegetables. He urged the arrest of all nobles as enemies of humanity.

On September 17th it was decreed that "all suspects who are still at liberty shall be placed under arrest," and the decree applied to all French territory. Suspects were defined as those who had shown themselves the friends of tyranny and federalism either by words they might have

written or remarks they might have made, and even those who cannot prove their patriotism and "have not constantly manifested their attachment to the Revolution." Tribunals were authorized to retain in jail even those who had been legally acquitted.

No wonder the number of prisons had to be trebled and quadrupled. The law was to be no dead letter. We have the instructions that Chaumette issued to the "sections" of Paris as to how the suspects were to be recognized. Included are those who have tried to impede the work of the local assemblies by "astute discourses," as well as those who "speak mysteriously of the misfortunes of the republic and bewail the fate of the people but are always ready to spread bad news, even when affecting to grieve over it." Those who "while they have done nothing against Liberty yet have done nothing for it" are likewise to be classed among the suspects. When we reflect that informers were always welcomed and rewarded, and that in each town of France the Jacobin Club, receiving its orders from the mother society in Paris kept open the eye of vigilance, one wonders if even religious persecution in the ignorant Middle Ages ever went so far.

The all-important certificates of civism were refused by the Commune of Paris to whole categories of persons—to all of the twenty thousand, for instance, who had signed the petition protesting against the violence done to the King on June 20, 1792. The actors of the Théâtre Français were

arrested for uttering a verse that occurred in the play of *Pamela:* " The party that triumphs is the only legitimate one."

The sufferings to which the flower of France—those who made the least attempt to think or act independently—were now subjected are almost inconceivable. It is true the fiction was kept up for a while that this detention was merely a measure of public safety and that the prisoners might make themselves as comfortable as the circumstances permitted. Those who were sent to the Luxembourg, especially, occupied fine airy apartments, and the accounts of some of the doings remind one of Boccaccio. In *Port-Royal,* which had been rechristened *Port-Libre,* it was the same. There were irrepressible spirits who feasted, enjoyed music, played games, and made love. The usages of polite society were observed, and a Monsieur de Nicolai, we are told, never could meet a fellow-prisoner at a door without disputing who should pass out first. Visitors were admitted, and the prisoners might send out and purchase what they wished or could pay for. There are records of kindly *concierges* who did all in their power to make their charges comfortable.

But the ignominy, the shame, the injustice, the separation from those near and dear and the uncertainty as to their fate: the eventual crowding, too, and the daily dread of the summons from the Revolutionary Tribunal, soon made life a perfect hell. And a great number of prisons were little better than dungeons. The most dreaded of all

was the Conciergerie, always the last halting-place on the path to the guillotine. In the so-called *Souricière* which was inexpressibly foul and disgusting, one had to fight all night to save one's extremities from rats. Madame Roland, in Saint-Pelagie, complained of the narrowness, of the dirt, of the annoyance of hearing the great bolts fastened, of the want of air, of the exposure to the gaze of the jailor. Yet Madame Roland exceeded almost all in the fortitude with which she bore her long sufferings and the kindliness and self-sacrifice with which she tried to alleviate the lot of those about her. She found sufficient composure of mind while in prison to write her memoirs and to provide for their being spirited away to a place of safety. Only half, indeed, of what she wrote has been preserved.

Those Girondists, too, who had not escaped from Paris bore the inevitable philosophically, and passed the time in profitable conversation and in singing the songs of their southern home—the home of the Troubadours.

The gaiety on which some writers are pleased to dwell was often mere hysterical desperation. Riouffe, himself long a prisoner, tells of bursts of mad joy, of mock-guillotinings, of repasts where one tried not to realize that half of those present were there for the last time. Suicides were frequent: the ex-Minister Clavière silently hammered a dagger into his own heart.

Every now and then the *Moniteur*, the official organ of the government, gave the total number

of prisoners confined in Paris, though probably the truth was but half told. After October, 1793, when all pretence of constitutionalism had vanished, the numbers rose by leaps and bounds, and, at the height of the Terror, there were about eight thousand in prison at one time.

On October 10th it was decreed by the Convention that the government of France should be revolutionary so long as war continued. There could be no prosperity, declared St.-Just, so long as one enemy of Liberty continued to draw the breath of life. Steel was to take the place of justice. The people were to reign over the rich and "make them bathe their proud brows in sweat."

On that same day the Convention hurled its anathema at the whole flourishing town of Lyons, which, it will be remembered, had raised an army and outlawed the Mountain:

> The town of Lyons shall be destroyed; the name Lyons shall be effaced from the list of towns of the Republic. What remains of the houses shall henceforth be called *Ville Affranchie*. A column shall be erected on the ruins to attest to posterity the crimes and the punishment of the royalists of this town. On it shall be inscribed: "Lyons made war on Liberty. Lyons is no more."

We have interesting letters from Collot-d'Herbois[1] who was sent to oversee the demolition and the punishment of the rebels:

> Terror, salutary terror, is truly here the order of the day

[1] Buchez et Roux, xxx., 399.

Plate 160. A cartoon summing up the régime of Robespierre and showing the Frenchman blindly groping for Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity with Death ever at hand as the alternative.

. . . when we are able, we use cannon and mines in the work of destruction, but you can imagine that among a population of 150,000 these measures find many obstacles. . . . Sixty-four of these conspirators were shot yesterday. . . . Two hundred and thirty are to fall to-day. . . . I do not think I have once shown weakness, though health and strength have often failed me. . . . There are sixty thousand individuals here who will never make republicans: we must have them sent away and carefully scattered over the republic. . . . The long siege and general daily danger have inspired a sort of indifference to life: yes, a total scorn of death. Yesterday, returning from an execution a spectator said: " There 's no great hardship about that. What shall I do to be guillotined? Insult the representatives?" . . . I have new measures in mind, weighty and effectual.

We have letters from other "patriots" sent to Lyons that are even more horrible than those of Collot-d'Herbois, because in them one detects a note of actual glee:

Heads, more heads every day! . . . How you would have enjoyed seeing national justice meted out to two hundred and nine rogues! . . . What cement for the republic! . . . I say fête, citizen president—yes, fête is the right word! . . . The guillotining and fusilading are not going badly!

Probably at this juncture appeared a cartoon[1] called " The French people or the régime of Robespierre." It must have been issued in the same defiant spirit as that of the spectator above quoted. The figure in the middle represents the people, and he is blindfolded. Around him are Liberty,

[1] Plate 160, p. 381.

Equality, Fraternity, and Death. He tries in vain to catch any one of them and comes to the conclusion: "It is I in this game that they are trying to catch."

On October 3d the Convention had decreed outlaws twenty fugitive Girondists, had ordered brought to trial twenty-one others, and had sent to arrest all of the seventy-five of its own members who had dared to remonstrate at the happenings of June 2d. The time had come to sentence Marie Antoinette, too, and Madame Roland.

For the former Queen of France the day even of respectful treatment had long since passed. On August 2d she had been removed to the Conciergerie, and in September, having been found corresponding with some one by means of pin-pricks in paper, had been placed in a double-doored, heavily barred cell and obliged to submit to the scrutiny of jailors, by night as well as by day. We know the sums that were spent for her maintenance: fifteen francs a day for her food; three francs and eighteen *sous* for trimming a skirt; eighteen *sous* for hair ribbon and shoe-strings; three francs twelve *sous* for tooth-wash, and sixteen francs for books. She had had two new caps—fourteen francs for the two. Not much for a woman who had found her husband's salary of twenty-five million francs and her own pin-money of four million francs entirely too small!

We have an engraving of Marie Antoinette[1] as she sits in her lonely cell looking up at the

[1] Plate 161, p. 384.

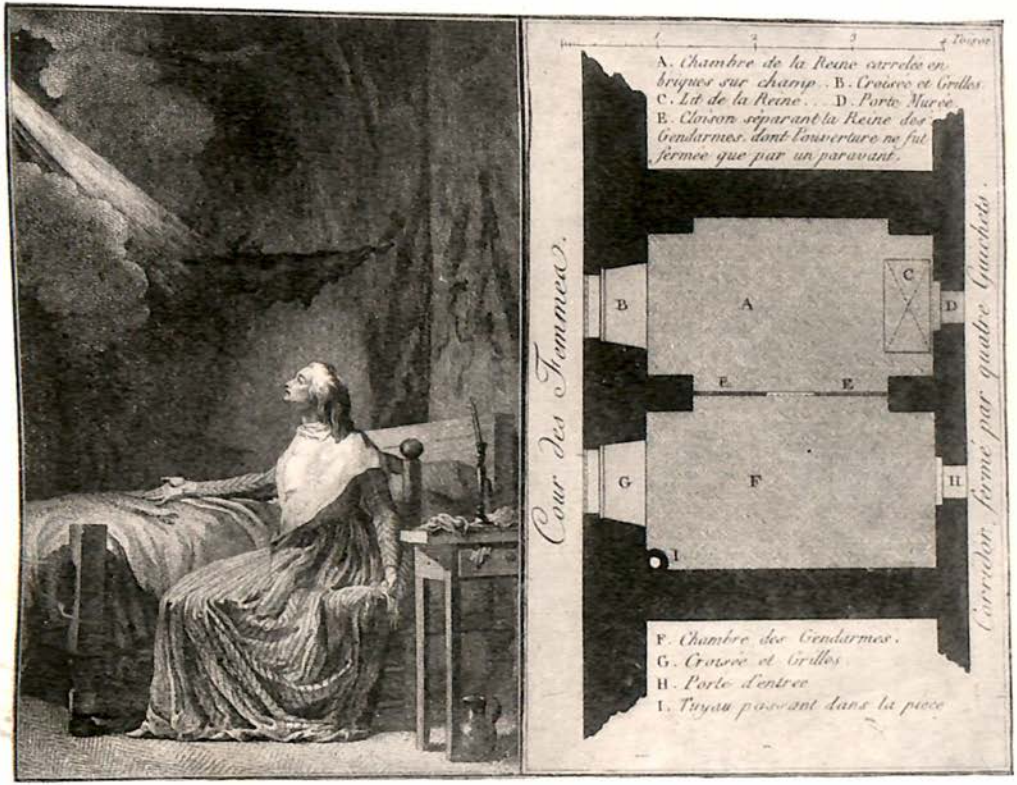
A. Chambre de la Reine carrelée en briques sur champ. B. Croisée et Grilles.
C. Lit de la Reine. D. Porte Murée.
E. Cloison séparant la Reine des Gendarmes, dont l'ouverture ne fut fermée que par un paravant.
Cour des Femmes.
Corridor fermé par quatre Guichets.
F. Chambre des Gendarmes.
G. Croisée et Grilles.
H. Porte d'entrée.
I. Tuyau passant dans la pièce.

Plate 161. A representation of Marie Antoinette in her prison cell in the Conciergerie. The plan shows the arrangement of the cell and also of the one occupied by the gendarmes.

scant rays of light that come though the small window. We can see in the accompanying plan the opening that separated her from the gendarmes. A screen was her only protection.

On the 11th of October the unhappy woman appeared before the Revolutionary Tribunal. Clothed in black, she entered the great hall of audience and seated herself in front of Fouquier-Tinville, the relentless public prosecutor, being guarded on either side by an officer of the law. The president of the tribunal, Hermann, carried on the interrogation. The mere dry protocol of the hearing is more eloquent than any rhetoric and shows what an ordeal it must have been. The hall was dim, being lighted only by two candles on the table of the scribe, who wrote down the minutes of the proceedings, which we still have. She could scarcely see the president, so the minutes tell us, and behind, completely in the shadow, were a number of faces that she could not recognize "which greatly disquieted Antoinette."

Her answers showed courage and ability. The questions ranged over the whole period since her arrival in France, and dealt with her extravagance, her political activity, the banquet at Versailles where the band played "O Richard, O my King," the flight to Varennes, the 10th of August. For the bloodshed on that latter date Fouquier-Tinville held her responsible. The man had a sort of lurid power of expression and must have thrilled his hearers as he depicted this fury sweeping into the hall of the Swiss guards, fiercely urging them

on, even taking in her mouth the lead they were manipulating and biting off pieces to serve as bullets. She had, Fouquier said, secretly advocated the firing on the people and had thrust a pistol into Louis XVI's unwilling hand. Some of the questions asked her were useless and cruel. Did she consider kings necessary to the happiness of the people? Did she regret that her son had lost his throne?

On October 15th Fouquier gave his summing up. Marie Antoinette was a Messalina, a Brunhilda, a Fredegunda, a Marie de Médicis. She had been a scourge, a leech to the French people. She had corrupted the morals of her own son and Fouquier charged her with abominable doings, the mere idea of which makes one shudder with horror. And the worst of it was that such a confession as Fouquier wished had been extorted from the little Dauphin who could not in the least have known the import of what he was saying. Marie Antoinette's only answer was, "Could a mother have done such things?"

All the different accusations were finally concentrated in the charge that she had "attempted to destroy budding Liberty." The jury rendered a unanimous verdict of death within twenty-four hours.

The next morning before dawn she wrote a queenly letter to Madame Elizabeth. It was never delivered, but was placed among the public documents and thus has been preserved. No one can read it to-day without feeling a tugging

Portrait de Marie Antoinette Reine
de France conduite au Supplice, dessiné à la
plume par David, Spectateur du Convoi, se placé
à une fenêtre avec la citoyenne Tullieu, épouse
du Représentant Tullieu, de qui je tiens cette
pièce.
Copié sur l'original existant dans la Collection Soulavie.

Plate 162. A sketch of Marie Antoinette made by David as she passed his window in the death-cart on her way to execution.

at the heart-strings. She has been condemned, she says, to death, but not to shame—that is only for criminals. Her own conscience is free from reproach. But how she regrets leaving those poor children! "You know I only lived for them and you." She prays that they may remain united through life and that Madame Elizabeth may be spared to watch over them. She expresses humility, religious fervour, and contrition for her shortcomings and ends pathetically with:

> Farewell, my good and gentle sister. May this letter reach you! Think of me always. With my whole heart I embrace you and those poor dear children. My God, how heart-rending it is to part from them forever! Farewell, farewell! I shall give myself up to my spiritual duties. As I am not free, they will probably bring me one of their priests, but I swear here that I will say no word to him but treat him like an absolute alien.

The artist David, sitting at the side of the notorious Madame Tallien, sketched Marie Antoinette as she passed him on the way to execution.[1] Was it meant for a caricature, or did the once beautiful Queen really look like that? Her hair had, indeed, been cut short in order that it might not interfere when the blade of the guillotine descended on her neck; she had been obliged to don the cap of Liberty; she rode in a common cart with her hands tied behind her back. At all events, the sketch is a striking symbol of the passing of the glory of this world, and months of loneliness and dread may

[1] Plate 162, p. 387.

well have given her that rigid look. The drawing is a more creditable memorial to her than it is to David.

Plate 163. A representation of a memorial urn with the silhouettes of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette.

We have the representation of a funeral urn with the hidden silhouettes of the King and Queen[1] which scarcely would have been allowed to circulate in France. There must have been many, however,

[1] Plate 163, above.

who felt inclined to weep, and we shall see in our next chapter that artists treated very dangerous subjects.

The trial of the Girondists followed immediately upon that of the Queen. The general charge was conspiracy against the unity and indivisibility of the republic. These men had dared to recommend a different public policy from that of the blind fanatics who were now in power—that was their real crime. How far removed were those dreams of liberty, those broken yokes and sundered chains, that filled the minds of the first Revolutionists! The rights of man, where now were they? The very essence of the parliamentary system is that men may not be called to account for honest opinions they may have expressed in debate. Yet now, every old grievance of the Mountain against the Gironde was aired anew. There was no attempt at a legal conviction for conspiracy. The only proofs adduced were utterances in the National Assembly, in the press, or in private letters that had been seized. Vergniaud's remark to Louis on August 10th declaring that the Assembly would uphold the constituted authorities was now imputed as a crime; every Girondist objection to the supremacy of Paris was rehearsed. One member had called it a den of crime, another a scene of carnage, still another had declared that it was "the tomb of national representation." The city which was the mother and protectress of Liberty, which had given birth to the republic, had been painted by these wretches

"under odious aspects," had been reported as "swimming in blood!" All France had been called in to destroy it. One can imagine that Isnard's unfortunate remark about the future traveller searching the banks of the Seine to see if Paris ever existed was not forgotten: "He has dared to unveil the intentions of the conspirators by this atrocious word."

Few trials have been more ludicrous both as regarded the charges and the kind of evidence admitted. Convictions and impressions were solemnly listened to, real arguments accorded no weight whatever. Brissot interrupted a witness by declaring that he never had uttered any such calumnies against Paris as were imputed to him. But did you ever deny those calumnies? asked the president of the tribunal, as if that settled the question. It was taken as proof of calumniating Paris that Brissot had once contrasted Robespierre's followers with honest people. Hébert accomplished a master-stroke by turning the odium for the September massacres on to the Girondists themselves. They had instigated them simply for the pleasure of throwing the blame on the Parisians. There was no objection when Hébert gave evidence against Roland that had come to him not even at second but at third hand. Louvet, he said, who was known to be Roland's agent, had told it to a deputy who had repeated it to him, Hébert. In the same way another witness, Montaut, said that Guadet had told Soulés who had told him, Montaut, of a certain plot to murder Marat.

Every patriotic action of the Girondists was treated as having been hypocritical and performed with ulterior motives in view: they "had taught all the enemies of the Revolution the hateful art of assassinating Liberty by adopting its rallying cry"; they had made a habit of imputing to real patriots the crimes they themselves were meditating. In short, our modern minds fairly reel when brought into the presence of such false reasoning.

Trial by jury was in its infancy in France and was intrenched by no bulwark of long-established procedure. Essential features of it were now calmly set aside. On October 29th, after the trial of the Girondists had lasted three days, the Jacobin Club petitioned the Convention to free the Revolutionary Tribunal "of formalities that stifle the conscience and hinder conviction" and permit the jury to give a verdict whenever, after three days, their consciences were sufficiently satisfied. The decree was passed, and the Revolutionary Tribunal decided on June 30th not to waste time in listening to the defence, but at once to sentence the Girondists.

We have the minutes of the tribunal for the session in which judgment was passed and they tell us with some detail what a commotion there was among the condemned when the sentence was read, what majesty of demeanour the patriots of the Mountain preserved, how some of the Girondists hurled invectives at their judges while others threw assignats to the people and cried, "Rally to us, friends!" how the people

trampled the assignats under foot and cried, "Long live the republic!" proving by this truly admirable conduct that they are inaccessible to corruption.

Despairing of the pass to which French justice had come, one of the condemned Girondists, Valazé, stabbed himself to the heart as he went out from the hall. He had cheated the guillotine. We have it on the authority of a clerk of the court that Fouquier-Tinville wished to have the corpse beheaded, but the tribunal merely decreed that "the corpse of said Valazé shall lie in a cart accompanying those that transport his accomplices to their place of punishment," and that he should be buried in the same grave. The session broke up late with cries of "Perish all traitors!" A fellow-prisoner of the Girondists[1] tells how that night they sang their own dirges and how "we were so uplifted by their courage that we only felt the blow long after it had fallen." Then, indeed, "despair seized us and, weeping, we showed each other the wretched straw-heap great Vergniaud had left to go with bound hands and lay his head upon the scaffold."

Rarely a day passed now without executions. Philippe d'Orléans had toyed with the Revolution, had changed his name to Philippe Égalité, had voted for the death of the King: but it availed him nothing. He was condemned as "an author or accomplice" of the Girondist plot. He showed pride and courage. "One would have taken him for a conqueror at the head of his soldiers," writes

[1] Riouffe.

a contemporary,[1] "rather than for a wretch being led by the minions of the law to execution." "I have merited death in expiation of my sins," d'Orléans said at the last; "I have contributed to the death of an innocent man. . . . May God unite us both with St. Louis!"

The real head of the Girondists remained—Madame Roland. She had been their guide and counsellor to the end and from her prison to theirs had sent letters of encouragement. She had expected to be called as a witness at their trial and had made all her arrangements for ending her career with as much *éclat* as possible. She had asked a friend to procure her "a sufficient quantity of opium," telling him that she intended to "thunder without reserve and then end it." Her friend had refused her the poison, and the decision of the court to hear no evidence for the defence had foiled her plan of plain speaking. On the very day of the execution of the Girondists she had been moved from the prison of St. Pélagie to the Conciergerie.

Few women have managed to stand out from their surroundings in bolder relief than Madame Roland. Her memoirs, which she called "an appeal to impartial posterity," have justly become famous. She was always effective, always dramatic, always in the lead. She appeared now at her trial strikingly dressed in white, with her long hair floating behind her, but was not allowed to read her defence. She drew up her own account of the questions that were asked her and the answers

[1] Beaulieu.

that she made. She was condemned to die together with a forger, and together they ate their last meal. Her *concierge's* daughter relates that Madame Roland tried to cheer the poor dejected man, that she made fun of him, telling how becoming it was to him to have the hair cut away from his neck. He entered the death-cart ahead of her; she told him that that was not showing proper politeness to a lady. We have a last glimpse of her from the pen of one who saw the cart go by. Fresh, calm, and smiling, the indomitable woman passed on. She was still trying to inspire with a little courage the wretched man at her side. His pallor and dejection were in striking contrast to her brilliant colouring and air of assurance. Two contemporaries, Riouffe and Des Essarts, vouch for the statement that on her arrival at the Place de la Révolution she turned to the statue of Liberty erected for the celebration on August 10th and cried: "O Liberty, what crimes they commit in thy name!"[1]

Madame Roland had once remarked that were her husband to be guillotined, she would perish at the foot of the scaffold, and that she was confident that he in turn would pierce his heart when he heard of her death. Exactly that happened now; there was no delay. In the park of a château about twelve miles from Rouen, where he had found refuge, he fell on the point of his sword-cane, having carefully pinned to his coat a note that has

[1] Lord Acton disbelieves the anecdote, but Perroud, the learned editor of the memoirs, sees no reason to doubt its truth.

been preserved[1] and that is as full of dignity as of pathos. No one doubts its genuineness. He asks that respect be shown to his remains as those of an honest man, foretells an awful judgment for France, and prays that his country may one day come to abhor its terrible crimes. On the back of the note is written: "Not fear but indignation. I left my retreat at the moment of hearing that they were about to murder my wife; nor do I care longer to remain in a world filled with crime."

No less sad than the fate of Roland was the end of those Girondists who had seen their hopes blasted by the outcome of the battle in Normandy and had found their way to Bordeaux. Tracked and hounded, Barbaroux, Guadet, and Salles were at last found hiding in a cave and put to death. Rabaut St.-Étienne was betrayed by a friend. Two bodies discovered in a field, the flesh gnawed by animals, proved to be Pétion, once mayor of Paris, and Buzot, the object of Madame Roland's love.

The guillotine was to continue its work without cessation now. The leaves were falling early, as Louis XVI had said. They were also falling thick and fast.

[1] It is in the National Archives where the author photographed it.

CHAPTER XII

IDOLATRY

THE last and most daring enterprise of the French Revolution remains to be chronicled —the storming of heaven. It was a logical outcome of the overthrow of all authority. Already in their complaints to the States-General of 1789, the clergy speak of the growing disregard of the Sabbath, of "the frightful progress of incredulity," of "the audacity with which impiety attacks even the Divinity Himself." They inveigh against an "impious and audacious sect that desecrates its false wisdom with the name of philosophy and seeks to overthrow the altars." This was literally what was now to be accomplished; for a time at least the altars in France were to be overthrown. The Christian Era was to be abolished, the Sabbath to be done away with, Christ to be publicly denied by hundreds of priests and bishops, the churches to be closed or handed over to ceremonies that were purely pagan.

All the measures that tended to secularize the clergy—the confiscation of their lands, the segregation into patriotic and unpatriotic priests, the

persecution of the refractory, the putting down the rebellion in La Vendée which was headed largely by priests: all these had been so many steps in the downward progress. The encouragement of sacerdotal marriages tended to throw ridicule on the whole old church system. In the conception of the party in power in France, God now merges into a sort of tutelary deity of patriotism, into Liberty, then into Reason, and finally into the amorphous Supreme Being of Robespierre. There is no phase of the Revolution more absorbingly interesting than this.

We cannot attempt here to follow the progress of irreligion in detail, but a few examples will show whither men's minds were tending.

Already in December, 1792, a deputy named Dupont had been allowed to make a regular tirade in the Convention against religion. He asked why when thrones were tottering, sceptres breaking, kings expiring, the altars of the gods were allowed to stand. A breath of Reason would make them disappear: "Nature and Reason —those are the gods of a man, those are my gods!" There were bursts of laughter as an *abbé*, in disgust, left the room. Dupont's open declaration that he was an atheist did, however, rouse opposition, but many cried: "Never mind, you 're an honest man!"

Freedom of speech was bearing strange fruits. After the death of Marat, his heart was placed in a sort of shrine in the garden of the Luxembourg, and an orator made the following invocation:

"O heart of Jesus, O heart of Marat! . . . You have an equal right to our homage!" Or take this extract from the proceedings of the Convention about six weeks later, the occasion being a deputation that demanded compulsory secular education: "One of the children accompanying the deputation demands that instead of being preached to *in the name of a so-called God* they be instructed in the principles of Equality and of the Rights of Man and the Constitution."

On October 5th[1] the Convention adopted the Revolutionary calendar that was a further step towards paganism, and that interests us here, in addition, because of the many symbols employed. The decree states that the new era is to date from the 22d of September, 1792, of the common era, which is now declared abolished. The 22d was chosen as the day of the founding of the republic and at the same time the day on which the sun arrived at the true autumnal equinox—omen that Liberty would soon enlighten both halves of the sphere. We are fortunate enough to possess one of these calendars,[2] which, being perpetual, did not vary from year to year. There are four seasons as before, and our artist has given us pretty little pictures to illustrate them. They show the progress of a loving pair. In autumn, the man is on horseback hunting; in winter, he kneels at her feet and avows his passion; in spring, the maid sits

[1] Aulard's *Révolution Française*, viii., 747 gives the date as 4th Frimaire, which would be Nov. 25th. But the MS. of the decree, which I photographed in the Archives, is plainly dated Oct. 5th.

[2] Plate 164, p. 400.

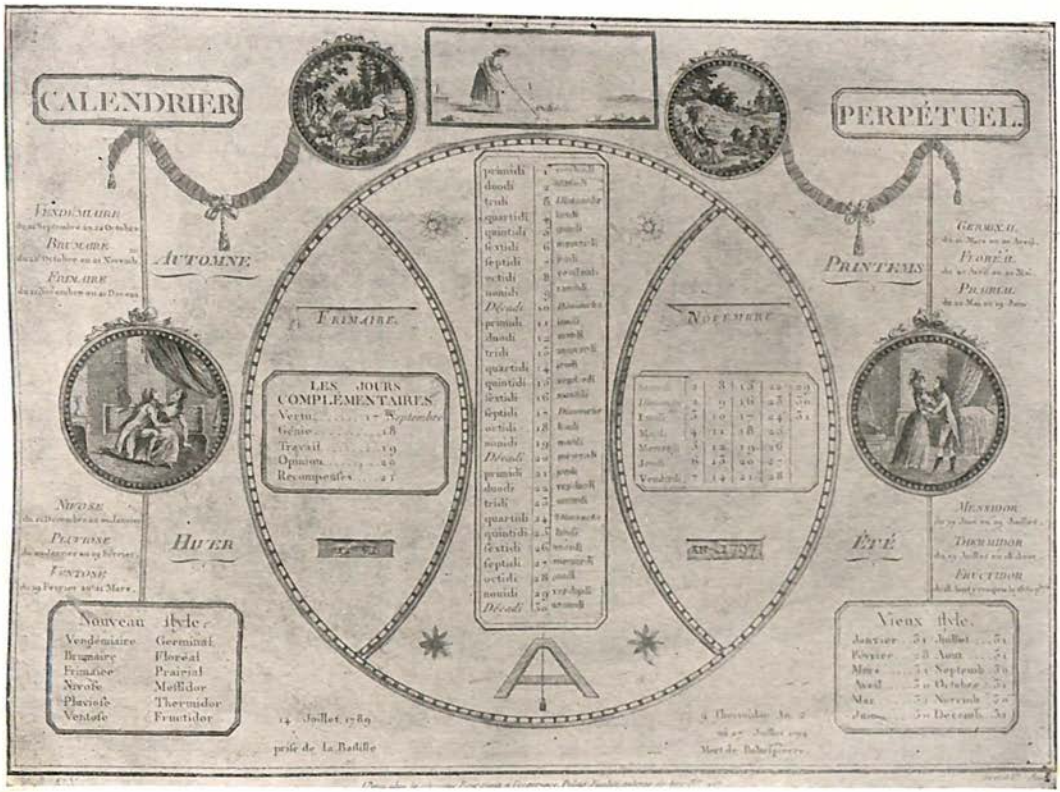

Plate 164. A revolutionary calendar. This served as well for one year as for another and for one month as for another.

pensive and watches the flocks and the birds, while in summer we see them arrived in the bridal chamber.

Each season has three months of thirty days each and each month has a name significant of its season. Take, for instance, the months: *Vendémiaire*, *Brumaire*, and *Frimaire:* they are the months of vintage, of mists, and of frosts, and the common ending *aire* shows that they all belong to autumn. Fabre d'Églantine, one of the committee appointed to draw up the calendar, declares that in these names he has tried to "profit by the imitative harmony of the language." *Nivôse*, *Pluviôse*, and *Ventôse* are the sad-sounding winter months; *Germinal*, *Floréal*, and *Prairial* have to do with the buds of spring, while all comes to its fruition in *Messidor*, *Thermidor* and *Fructidor*. There are no weeks in the Revolutionary calendar and one gains the impression that one of its chief aims was to eliminate Sunday. Each month is divided into three equal parts or decades, and the days are known by number: *primidi*, *duodi*, *tridi*, continuing up to *decadi* which is to be a holiday.

One main idea of the new system was to consecrate agriculture. The old Saints' calendar, Fabre tells us, had been a "repertory of lying, duplicity, and charlatanism"; but this "canonized crowd" is now to be expelled. The names are to be replaced by objects of rational interest, such as plants, trees, fruits, agricultural implements, and domestic animals. These are objects, writes witty Fabre, if not of *cult* at least of *cultivation*, and domestic

animals should be "far more precious in the sight of Reason than beatified skeletons dragged from the catacombs of Rome."

Plate 165 A representation of Reason. Note the Eye, the Jacobin emblem.

"In the sight of Reason." Reason, as yet often confounded with Liberty, was fast becoming the goddess of France. We have a representation of her,[1] showing how she sits on the crouching lion of French courage and restrains his fierce ardour.

[1] Plate 165, above.

In one hand is the torch of truth from the flame of which looks out the bright Jacobin eye of vigilance.

So the cat, the horse, the plough, the grape, the saffron, the chestnut, were to replace the old St. Johns, St. Georges, and St. Peters, and especially the St. Louises, though it is not clear that any serious attempt was made to have them do so. The calendar remained in actual force from 1793 to 1806 and has since served to make life bitter for many a historian.

If there were to be twelve equal months of thirty days each, there would remain five additional days, and, every four years, a sixth one. Fabre's disposal of these shows the flowery spirit of the Revolution. These days, writes Fabre, were first entitled epagomenal days, but this name he finds "mute to the imagination," giving to the people "but a cold idea." So he has thought of a collective name expressive both of the joy and of the wit of the French people. He would call these days the *sans-culottides*, declaring that even in classic times the region around rebellious Lyons had beeen called *Gallia bracata*, and the rest of Gaul must, accordingly, have been *non-culottée*. But old or new this appellation had been made illustrious by Liberty and ought to be solemnly consecrated.

The five *sans-culottides* were all to be holidays and were to be celebrated in a manner that should be emblematic of the virtues of the French. There was to be a day for Genius, a day for Labour, a day

for Actions, a day for Recompense, and a day for Opinion. The sixth day, recurring every four years, is to be known as the *Sans-culottide par excellence* and to be celebrated by national games. In the programme for the Fête of Opinion, Fabre's fancy has a chance to soar. On that one day the French people may make to its officials what personal remarks or criticisms it pleases: "The law gives full sway to the humorous and gay imagination of the French . . . and we venture to say that this one fête day will better restrain the magistrates within the bounds of duty throughout the year than even Draconian laws or all the tribunals of France."

It was very shortly after the issue of the Revolutionary calendar that Christ was formally and publicly denied—first in the region around Corbeil where there were public abjurations of faith, then within the very precincts of the National Convention. In the session of November 7th, an *abbé* designated himself as "priest, curate, and, therefore, charlatan" and received honourable mention. The Archbishop of Paris, Gobel, renounced superstition, as he called it, and declared that Liberty and "holy Equality" should henceforth be his gods. He laid down his ring and crozier and took up a cap of Liberty. Others followed suit. The Commune of Paris opened a regular bureau for abjurations and sent the Pope a copy of its decrees "to cure him of his errors." It announced a fête in Notre Dame, at which hymns would be sung to a statue of Liberty "erected in place of the *ci-devant*

Holy Virgin." The cathedral was transformed for the occasion, a mountain being erected with a Greek temple on the summit, wherein was an altar on which burned the torch of Truth. White-clad maidens with tri-coloured scarfs ascended the mountain and bowed before the altar. Reason, clad in a white skirt, blue mantle, and red cap, then came forth from the temple, and sitting on a bank of verdure, received the homage of the republicans. A hymn was sung in her praise and then she disappeared within the temple, turning however "to cast one more beneficent glance upon her friends."

We are at the heyday of what is known as Hébertism, for Hébert's *Père Duchêne* was the foremost advocate of this worship of reason, though Chaumette was the most active worker in the cause. One is astonished to find so well known an artist as Bartolozzi lending his aid to the propaganda, though he doubtless was well rewarded for it. We have a charming drawing[1] of Love and Reason embracing, while beneath is the text in verse:

Peoples, can you look with indifference on Love, long blind but to-day without a bandage; on Reason, sublime, borrowing the torch in order to change through its beams the destinies of France? Do thou, Love of Country, and thou, sage Reason, set aflame the horizon of this vast universe! Spring up in all hearts; your holy alliance is the firmest hope of good citizens. Show us the virtues as well as Liberty hovering over the ruins of overturned thrones!

[1] Plate 166, p. 407.

And thou, God of the humans, Supreme Intelligence, make the French the avengers of debased mortals. And everywhere the shield with the three colours shall be the happy emblem of omnipotence.

It is an everlasting blot on the National Convention that it submitted to be a participator in all this anti-Christian mummery, that it allowed itself to be swayed by such evanescent passions. The legislators were not directing public opinion or making laws according to their own consciences. But what could one expect of an Assembly that had allowed seventy-five of its members to be imprisoned for merely signing a protest! It was no longer representative of anything but tyranny. We shall soon see its factions devouring each other.

The Assembly-hall in the Tuileries was now treated to much the same scenes as had taken place in Notre Dame. Reason was borne in on a sort of throne to the sound of drums and music, and around her were maidens with garlands of roses. There were cries of "Long live Reason!" "Down with Fanaticism" [in other words Christianity!] Chaumette then told how Fanaticism's squinting eyes could no longer bear the light, how the Gothic vaults of Notre Dame had now for the first time heard the truth, how dead idols had made place for an animated image—*chef-d'œuvre* of nature—and he pointed to the young goddess who is described as young and infinitely pretty. Incredible as it may sound, he asked and obtained a decree of the Convention henceforth consecrating the world-famous cathedral to the worship of

Plate 166. A representation of Love and Reason embracing. By Bartolozzi

Reason. "Amid a thousand bravos" the president of the Convention gave the goddess a fraternal kiss, whereupon his secretaries asked and obtained the same privilege. The Convention in a body then repaired to Reason's new temple, although a number of the deputies silently escaped. "Ah, what a fine fête we had last *decadi!*" writes the *Père Duchêne.* ". . . How angry the good God must be! No doubt the last trump is about to sound."

There were similar celebrations in various places. At Rochefort, the orator of the day began his speech with "No, citizens, there is no future life!" At Nantes, the American consul played a prominent part in the celebration, holding one end of a tri-coloured ribbon of which the infamous Carrier, whose specialty was drowning his victims in great batches, held the other.

It will be remembered that the Convention supervised the government of France at this time by means of its representatives on mission, who were given almost dictatorial powers. Some outdid even the Parisian iconoclasts in their attacks on religion. One representative forced priests of Abbeville (department of the Somme) to mount the pulpit and confess that they were merely harlequins who played monkey tricks in order to cheat the people of their money. He, the representative, was then acclaimed with cries of "Long live the Convention!" and "We are saved!" At Amiens it was decreed that priests who ventured to celebrate mass should be handed over to

the Revolutionary Tribunal.[1] At Nevers, Chaumette and Fouché paid religious honours to the bust of Brutus, and Fouché ordered every priest either to marry, adopt a child, or nourish an indigent old man. It was Fouché, too, who ordered all outward signs of religion, even figures on tombstones, to be suppressed or replaced by effigies of sleep. He wished nuptials celebrated in a temple of love, and he officiated at a fête before an altar to Vesta on which was burning a sacred flame.

It was real iconoclasm, the iconoclasm of the eighth century. The images of the patron saints were replaced by those of Brutus, Lepelletier, and Marat, and at the same time we find the spoils of the churches actually brought into the hall of the Convention and paraded before the members. In a single day, November 13th, a dozen litter-loads of candelabra, chalices, gilded busts of bishops and monks and other church treasure were dumped upon the floor amid loud cries of "Long live the republic!" Again, among other objects, a deputation from St. Denis bore the head of that famous saint and apostrophized it as a "stinking relic." The department of the Nièvre sent spoils in silverware and in money to the value of nearly three million francs.

Chaumette reported in the Jacobin Club on November 18th that a fête had been celebrated in Lyons in honour of Chalier—a fête where "Fanaticism" had been struck to earth and where the chief actor

[1] Aulard, *Culte de la Raison*, pp. 24 ff.

had been "an ass decorated with all the pontifical trappings and bearing a mitre on its head." Four days later took place one of the great masquerades in the Convention and a deputation swore with raised hands to have no other cult than that of Reason, Liberty, Equality, and the Republic. The president, Laloi, replied to this deputation: "In one single instant you make vanish into nothingness eighteen centuries of errors."

We still have the official account in the *Moniteur* of one of the wildest of the iconoclastic orgies countenanced by the Convention.

The section of Gravilliers is admitted. At its head marches a troop of men clad in sacerdotal and pontifical robes. The music plays the *Carmagnole* and *Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre.* Banners and crosses are borne aloft. *Ah, le bel oiseau!* is played as the dais enters. Simultaneously all the citizens of the section disrobe, and from under the bedizenments of fanaticism one sees defenders of their country issue forth clothed in the national uniform. Each casts away his discarded vestments and the air is full of stoles, mitres, chasubles, and dalmatics.

A child then read a discourse doing homage to Reason.

The culmination of Hébertism was the decree passed by the Commune that all the churches of Paris be closed and all priests be excluded from public functions and employments, which latter measure was rescinded two days later. Hébert also obtained a vote that all the church steeples in Paris be levelled and all statues of saints be

demolished; but his influence was not of long duration and the measure was not carried out.

For this we have to thank Robespierre. Like many popular leaders, he was as hostile to those who went beyond him as to those who failed to come up to his personal standard. He could not recognize any righteousness but that which consisted in following his admonishments. "Timid goodness" was as abhorrent to him as open crime. He considered the ordinary practices of the church fanaticism, indeed, but now thundered away in the Jacobin Club against "the pompous and exaggerated zeal" with which they were being attacked. He accused Hébert and his followers of "usurping a false popularity" and of "attaching the bells of folly to the very sceptre of philosophy."

As a matter of fact, Robespierre had his own little religion all ready to impose. It was radical enough, too. He believed in a Divinity and declared that did God not exist one would have to invent him. But his Supreme Being was a mere personification of the attributes that he, Robespierre, admired—a defender of the free institutions of the French, a death-dealer to tyrants.

In the face of Robespierre's attacks the Hébertists were driven from one intrenchment to another. On November 28th, the decree closing all the churches was rescinded, and it was voted that the Council of the Commune should listen to no more discussions regarding religious or metaphysical ideas. The worship of Reason was soon dead in Paris though it persisted surprisingly long in the

provinces. The Convention, on December 5th, declared that "the French nation and its representatives respect the liberty of all forms of worship and proscribe none."

We shall soon see what were the consequences to Hébert of incurring Robespierre's enmity. The Committee of Public Safety, of which the latter was the leading spirit, was daily becoming more terrible. No former services in the cause of the Revolution were allowed to count. Gentle old Bailly, the hero of the Tennis Court oath and once Mayor of Paris, was executed for having proclaimed martial law against the sovereign people at the time of the petition of the Champ de Mars (July 17, 1791). The guillotine was set up on the scene of the crime, and the red flag Bailly had used was ignited and thrust in his face, causing him acute pain. His death was quickly followed by that of a long succession of ministers, deputies, generals (Luckner among them), magistrates, merchants, and artisans. There were a number of women, too, ranging in character from the infamous Madame du Barry, who unlike most of those of the real aristocracy died hard and uttered shrieks of despair, to innocent Carmelite nuns.

Robespierre's theory was that republics are founded on repression of crime as well as on virtues, that the land on which Liberty shines must see all monsters thrust back into the shadow, that the guilty must roll in the dust and be trampled under foot. And if one is to punish one must punish promptly, purging one's soul of all

feebleness. One's arm must be brazen and, like Brutus, one must be willing to sacrifice, if need be, children, brothers, friends. As Collot-d'Herbois expressed it, if patriotism drop from its height for an instant it is no longer patriotism. "Let Europe know," cried St.-Just, Robespierre's truest disciple, "that you mean to leave not one unhappy man nor one oppressor on French soil!"

In February, the Hébertists endeavoured to have the Committee of Public Safety dissolved; Robespierre denounced them in the Jacobin Club in his most scathing manner as "these patriots of yesterday who try to scale the Mountain and expel the veterans of the Revolution!" Yet he is quite as severe against the so-called "moderates" of whom Danton, strange to say, was the chief representative. The one, he declared, would transport you into the torrid, the other into the frigid zone; the one would make of Liberty a Bacchante, the other a common prostitute.

Robespierre's egotism as regards political tenets is simply astounding. He and he alone knows what is right and all others are enemies of the republic, not fit to cumber its soil. Yet the distinctions are often too fine for us to recognize. He is almost infantile when he seeks to expose the hidden motives of his enemies, and here he includes both Dantonists and Hébertists. Their zeal and their laxness are alike suspicious to him: "they oppose energetic measures, but, when unable to prevent them, carry these same measures to extremes;" "they will tell the truth just enough

to be able to lie with impunity;" "they are aflame for great resolutions that mean nothing and more than indifferent to those that can further the cause of the people."

The conclusion of one of his great speeches against these enemies[1] is full of naïve self-betrayal: "In their perfidious hands the remedies for our evils become so many poisons. All you can do, all you can say, they turn against you—*even the truths we have just been expounding!*" A terrible and dangerous man this Robespierre, because of his absolute faith in himself!

The Hébertists had never been noted for moderation of language and they used expressions against the Dantonists which gave Robespierre the handle he desired. Hébert and his adherents, in speeches at the Cordelier Club, glorified insurrection—"holy insurrection" one of them called it. Further than such incendiary talk they do not seem to have gone. But, on March 13th, St.-Just read a report "concerning conspiracies against the French people and Liberty," and that night Hébert and nineteen of his followers,—one, Ronsin, was commander of the "revolutionary army"—were placed under arrest. The conspiracy was painted in the blackest colours imaginable and popular opinion became bitterly hostile to the men who had been idols the week before. "My God, who would ever have thought it!" a woman was heard to exclaim. People looked forward to the execution as to a fête.

[1] Hamel, iii., 390.

Rumour supplied all the necessary evidence and distorted remarks and disjointed passages from *Père Duchêne* were the weapons that destroyed the Hébertists. Had not Ronsin declared that he wished he were Cromwell for twenty-four hours? Had not Dessieux said that "morals amount to nothing"? The trial lasted three days; on the fourth, the jury pronounced its conscience satisfied, although the counsel for the defence had not been heard. One prisoner was acquitted; he had been merely a decoy-duck sent to spy on the others. A woman was spared for the moment because she declared herself *enceinte.* The rest were executed within twenty-four hours, and when it came Hébert's turn, caps were swung in the air and there were prolonged shouts of "Long live the republic!"

On the very day of Hébert's execution, Robespierre yielded, we are told, to the instances of St.-Just and Billaud-Varennes, and the Committee of Public Safety decreed the arrest of Danton and all the chief men of his party. The blow was so heavy that the recoil almost overthrew Robespierre. This Danton had once been his friend; together they had risen to eminence. But Danton now stood in his way. He was too moderate, too much inclined to conciliation. Although he had served his country well his policy was different. At the news of his arrest by Robespierre there were cries in the Convention of "Down with the dictator!" Legendre, declaring that Danton was as pure as himself, demanded a hearing for the accused; but Robespierre's threatening eloquence

reduced him to such a state that he stammered forth excuses. Danton was a rotten idol which must not, in falling, be allowed to crush the Convention, though he, Robespierre, for his part, was ready to die. Danton and his partisans had followed Liberty, St.-Just declared, merely as a tiger follows its prey. In reality they were royalists. St.-Just, too, offered to die in defence of the truth; the friendly tomb would hide him from the shame of seeing the wicked triumph.

We must hasten over the trial of the Dantonists, mentioning merely enough to enable the reader to appreciate the symbolism of Robespierre's final great fête to the Supreme Being that had delivered France of its enemies. Never were men prouder in the presence of a tribunal. "Your age?" Camille Desmoulins was asked. " That of the *sans-culotte* Jesus, thirty-three years." "Your name and dwelling-place?" they said to Danton. "One will soon be in the Pantheon, the other in space!" The passionate replies to every question drove Fouquier-Tinville to desperation; he complained of "these accused who, like bandits, clamour to have witnesses heard in their defence." We still have the letter that he wrote to the Convention from the courtroom. "A horrible storm," it began, "has been raging ever since the session opened."

In discussing this letter, St.-Just cried: "What innocent man ever revolted against the law?" and the Convention decreed: "Any one who resists or insults national justice shall instantly

be deprived of the right to debate!" The Dantonists, accordingly, were led away while sentence was passed in their absence. Eighteen were condemned and executed. As Danton stood at the foot of the scaffold, he spoke tenderly of his

Plate 167. A production representing Robespierre as the sun rising above the mountain and giving light to the universe. There is a text in the original which is omitted here as it could not be brought within compass. It reads:

Notre montagne, enfin, est couverte de gloire;
L'intrigue est renversée; et la saine raison,
Sous le glaive des lois livrant la trahison,
Nous rend libre à jamais le champ de la victoire.

À Paris chez la C'enne Bergny Mde. d'Estampes, rue du Coq St. Honoré, No. 133.

young wife, then straightened himself up with "Danton, no weakness!"

We have a most curious production[1] that must have been issued at this juncture. The text applies well to the fall of the Dantonists: "Our Mountain at last is covered with glory; intrigue is overthrown and sane Reason delivering treason to the sword of the law frees for us forever the field of victory." Robespierre's head, rising like

[1] Plate 167, above.

the sun over the summit of the mountain, with the inscription, "I light up the whole universe," would seem to be an allusion to his new religion. It is more than probable that the whole was meant seriously and not sarcastically.

In order properly to introduce this new religion, Robespierre had, in May, 1794, procured from the Convention a decree recognizing not only the Supreme Being but also the immortality of the soul and announcing a great Fête. His report at the time had been ordered to be translated into every known tongue. A zealous commissioner of public instruction had proposed to banish all who did not believe in the divinity; but this Robespierre himself could not conscientiously advocate. But the Committee of Public Safety decreed that on every church should be placed the inscription: "The French people recognizes the Supreme Being and the immortality of the soul." There are churches to-day on which these words, graven in the stone, still stand.

An attempt to murder Robespierre, or rather a harmless incident exploited as such, gave him at this juncture the martyr-halo that he had long desired. The *Moniteur* declares that when, after his escape, he entered the Jacobin Club, "all hearts bounded in unison." He was chosen president of the National Convention. In an address at the Jacobin Club he swore "by the daggers red with the blood of the martyrs of the Revolution and recently pointed against us" to exterminate to the last rascal those who attacked Liberty.

David had charge of the projected Fête to the Supreme Being, just as he had had charge of the fête of the year before. Would he rise to the task? This was to be the final consecration of the whole work of the Revolution. Some repetition was unavoidable, but, on the whole, David was equal to the occasion. We need not dwell on the homage to the rising sun, on the fluttering emblems, the flowers and branches of trees. Each deputy wore a tri-coloured scarf and a hat with red, white, and blue plumes; each carried in his hand, too, a huge bouquet of flowers, fruits, and wheat-sheaves. All classes of the population were pressed into the service: the aged, whose eyes—so David had arranged it at least—were wet with tears of joy; the chaste spouses twining the floating hair of their daughters—yes, even the very infants at the breast had their rôle assigned them.

There was a huge car drawn by eight white bullocks with garlands around their horns. On this car sat Liberty under the shadow of a good-sized tree, and behind her was every known implement and emblem of agriculture.

The Convention assembled at the Tuileries, while an orchestra discoursed slow music and an immense crowd of spectators gathered. Robespierre, from an elevation, delivered the great speech of his life: "It has come at last the day forever blessed which the French people consecrates to the Supreme Being." He goes on to tell how tyranny, crime, and imposture have hitherto reigned in the world but how now the

immortal hand of the Supreme Being has graven in the hearts of men the death-sentence of despots. No longer shall kings prey upon the human species; no longer shall priests practice pride, perfidy, avarice, and debauchery. The Supreme Being adorns with modesty the brow of beauty, makes the mother's heart thrill with tenderness, fills the son's eyes with delicious tears as he falls on that mother's bosom, unites all mortals with a great chain of love and fidelity. Perish the tyrant who dares to break it!

Pausing in his harangue, Robespierre, at the head of the Convention, advanced to a sort of amphitheatre in the garden where, after addressing the crowd once more, he applied a lighted torch to a group of wooden statues representing atheism, ambition, discord, etc. As the wood burned away it disclosed one single statue—wisdom; and Robespierre cried exultingly:

> It has vanished into space, the monster that the genius of kings once vomited against France—may there go with it all the crime and all the misery of the world! . . . Being of beings, author of nature, the vile pander of despotism, the cruel and perfidious aristocrat outrages thee by invoking thee, but the defenders of Liberty can confidently throw themselves on thy paternal breast!

From which we learn that the Supreme Being is a male.

From the Tuileries the great procession, the car in its midst, marched to the Champ de Mars. A tri-coloured ribbon, held by groups representing infancy, youth, manhood, and old age, separated

the Convention from the crowd. Robespierre wore a sky-blue coat, trousers of nankeen, and white stockings, and walked alone and in the lead.

Now came the last and greatest flight of David's imagination. Mountains we have had before in celebrations, but never one like this. Fortunate we are to have a graphic illustration of it[1] to aid us in understanding the descriptions. The new mountain covered the altar of the fatherland—did it possibly occur to David that the Mountain Party actually had taken the place of the nation?—and was of huge dimensions, culminating in a great tree of Liberty. There were other trees, too, and grottoes, and arches, and winding paths, and there must have been room on its surface for many hundreds of people. Incense rose in clouds from enormous braziers, while flags and banners waved and trophies were brandished.

Could symbolism, could idolatry go farther? It was an apotheosis, a transfiguration. And all was action, all movement. While Liberty's great car drew up to one side, the deputies, gay with their tri-coloured plumes and their huge bouquets —one can see even the latter in the picture—formed in a double line and slowly climbed the mountain—up to the very summit. Beneath them, groups of men and maidens had taken their places, each group with its appointed task of glorification to perform. The maidens threw flowers high in the air; the youths drew their swords and vowed with loud voices to conquer

[1] Plate 168, p. 422.

VUE DE LA MONTAGNE ELEVEE AU CHAMP DE LA REUNION
pour la fête qui y a été célébrée en l'honneur de l'Etre Suprême le Decadi 20e Prairial de l'an 2e de la République Française

Plate 168. A representation of the mountain erected over the altar to the fatherland on the Champ de Mars, and of the National Convention marching up to the summit at the Fête to the Supreme Being.

the enemy or die; while the old men placed their hands on the heads of the youths and gave them the paternal benediction. Then cannon crashed repeatedly to signify vengeance on the hated foe, and the day ended with a rapturous clasping of all by all in embraces of fraternity.

The Fête to the Supreme Being was over.

CHAPTER XIII

REACTION

EVEN as he walked at the head of the procession in the Fête to the Supreme Being, Robespierre had heard ominous mutterings and sarcastic comments—allusions to his ambition, to his kingly aspirations, and to the Tarpeian rock. He noted the names of these detractors for future use—the notes were later found among his papers. At the Jacobin Club on July 1st, he speaks of calumnies that have been uttered "you would shudder were I to tell you *where!*"

The increased severity of the Revolutionary Tribunal undermined even Robespierre's popularity. A commission at Orange prepared to try some twelve or fifteen thousand persons—too many to send to Paris, writes the Convention's emissary. At the same time, the so-called laws of Prairial made many deputies fear for their own safety. In Paris alone, the daily executions averaged twenty-eight for seven successive weeks, and the guillotine had to be moved because the continual passing of death-carts along the Rue St. Honoré injured business. There would be batches of forty and sixty persons at a time. And there was no longer even a shadow

of justice in the trials *en masse*, where the judges had the sentences already signed, with room left to fill in the names, while the death-carts stood waiting at the door. People who had never even seen each other were executed as fellow-conspirators.

By these new laws death was to be the immediate penalty for such vague crimes as spreading false news or "trying to mar the purity of republican principles." Anything was to be admitted by way of proof that would convince "a just and reasonable mind." As if, any such were still to be found among these advocates of Liberty gone mad! No legal forms were any longer to be observed. There were no longer to be judges or juries, but merely commissioners, who were to proceed from prison to prison and dispose of the cases of all the inmates. "The only delay needed when punishing the country's enemies," declared Couthon, "is time to recognize them." He believed that it was a question of "exterminating the implacable satellites of tyranny" or of perishing with the republic. Robespierre exerted his whole influence in favour of these drastic laws, maintaining that there was not a single paragraph in them but what was founded on justice and on reason, and that true lovers of their country would welcome with transports the means of striking its enemies. He kept harping on all the good the government had done by killing traitors, and if he wished to ruin any one he referred to him as an ally of Danton. In the Convention he spoke like a Christian martyr and was doubtless as sincere:

"Give us strength to bear the immense, the almost superhuman burden you have imposed upon us!" Barère made the Convention shudder by telling how avid were the nation's enemies, especially the English, of Robespierre's blood, and how at an English masquerade-ball a woman dressed as Charlotte Corday had, with a raised dagger, pursued some one disguised as Robespierre and threatened to *Maratize* him! Robespierre himself referred to caricatures of him that were circulating in London, but declared that virtue and courage were his allies and that he was ready to die fighting tyrants and conspirators.

Within the seven weeks beginning June 10, 1794, more persons were guillotined than in the whole thirteen months preceding. We have a caricature of Robespierre's régime[1] that represents the executioner at last placing his own head under the blade as there was no one else left to guillotine. The goddess of Liberty looks on complacently, while beneath are heads in heaps sorted out according to calling: the clergy, the *parlement*, the nobility, the Constituent and Legislative Assemblies, the Convention. But by far the largest heap is that of the common people.

But what, now, was coming over Robespierre? During the six weeks that followed on the Fête to the Supreme Being, he kept away from the sessions of the Committee of Public Safety. Was it, as his defenders maintain, because he disapproved of all the bloodshed? If so, a very sudden

[1] Plate 169, p. 427.

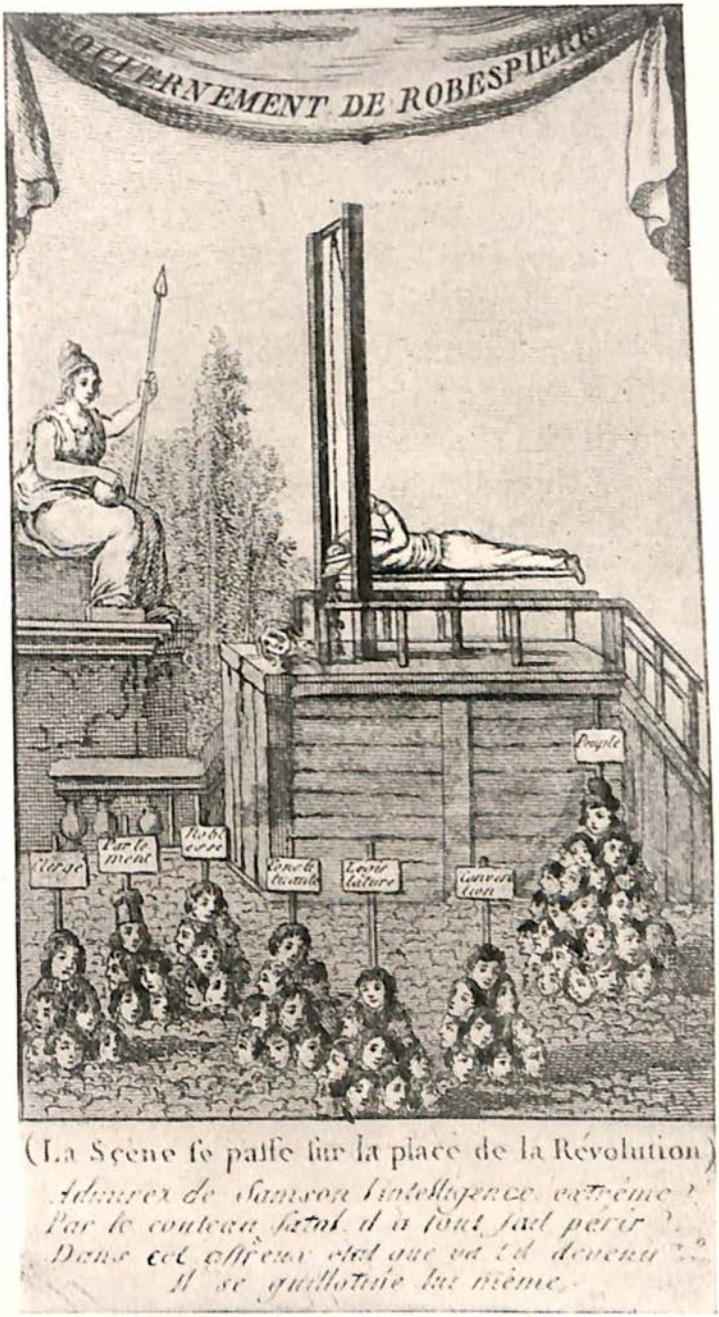

Plate 169. A caricature of Robespierre's régime. Other victims failing him, the executioner is guillotining himself.

change must have come over him since the days when he championed the laws of Prairial. Or was it because he read the signs of the times and saw ominous tokens that his rule was over? More than once he had to defend himself in the Jacobin Club, to refute the "absurd charges" that he was aiming at dictatorship and that members of the Convention were in danger from him.

He was harmed at this critical juncture by being involved in the charge of having protected an old woman, Catherine Theot, who was now brought to trial and who posed as the founder of a new religion and even called herself the Mother of God.

But what finally ruined Robespierre was not his personal ambition, not his dealings with an old sorceress, but the fact that France was gaining victories. They fell on him, writes Barère in his memoirs, like so many furies. So long as the enemies threatened the ruin and disruption of the country, men had deliberately closed their eyes to the hideous doings at home. But at Fleurus the French won, and both the Austrians and the English were driven out of Belgium. From day to day the feeling gained ground that the bloody system irrevocably associated with Robespierre's name was no longer necessary, that the national existence was no longer at stake.

We have the letters of a secret agent who warned Robespierre that storms were gathering round him, but who saw in still further severity his only hope of salvation. Robespierre was urged to appear in the Convention and strike a blow that

should utterly terrify his antagonists. "Go to work on a grand scale; go to work like the legislators of a great republic," writes the agent, who lays stress on the opposition to Robespierre's religious system and also on the affair of Catherine Theot.[1]

On July 26th, Robespierre did appear in the Convention and did make the speech his agent had advised. He began in a wheedling tone: he had come to dispel cruel errors; *they* were no tyrants, so the cries of outraged innocence would not offend them. It was not the Committee of Public Safety who were responsible for the Reign of Terror, it was the monsters who accused it. None but conspirators could have invented this idea of dictatorship. To think that *he*, Robespierre, should seem an object of dread to the men he loved and revered! For a sensitive soul like his, what a punishment! They call him a tyrant, but if he was one, these would be the very men to crawl at his feet and to let him stuff them with gold. No, he is no tyrant, he declares, he is a slave of Liberty, a living martyr of the republic.

Here we may imagine that the tame cat expression left him and the tigerish gleam flashed from his eyes. He has truths to utter, but if they wish him to conceal them, let them bring the hemlock and he will drink it. He must do his duty, he has traitors to denounce! In the very heart of the Convention there is a criminal coalition; among the conspirators are members even of the Com-

[1] All the chief documents for the last dealings of Robespierre with the Convention are to be found in Buchez et Roux, vol. xxxiii.

mittee of Public Safety. They are seeking the ruin of their country. What is the remedy? To seize these traitors! To rid the defenders of Liberty of this horde of rascals!

So completely was the Convention under the spell of Robespierre's rushing eloquence that the full import of these remarks was not at first perceived. It was voted to print his discourse and distribute it among all the departments of France. Then a vague fear came over the deputies. What was this charge of treason? Whose turn would come next? A member courageously called upon Robespierre to name those whom he accused, and others joined in the chorus. Robespierre had dared all and lost. He would not name them, he declared, not then, at least. The Convention revoked its decree to print his discourse and send it to the departments. Robespierre's prestige had received a crushing blow.

But the closing scene in this greatest of all political dramas was reserved for the next day. Shortly after mid-day, St.-Just rose to speak; but when it became evident that he meant to defend Robespierre, he encountered a towering wave of opposition. One whom Robespierre had personally injured, Tallien, threw caution to the winds. His heart ached, he declared, at all the woes of his country; the moment had come for rending the veil asunder! There were cries of approval from all sides: "Yes, yes, let the truth shine forth and let the traitors be known!" Among those denouncing St.-Just was one of Robes-

pierre's own Committee of Public Safety, Billaud-Varennes.

It was a supreme moment: tensest with passion of any in the Revolution. In this one man the whole policy of blood was now being condemned. The members applauded each blow that was struck at their former idol; they rose in a body, they waved their hats, they cheered the republic, the Convention, the Committee of Public Safety. They offered to die for Liberty. When Lebas, a friend of Robespierre's, tried to take the floor, he was shouted down, and when Robespierre himself made a dash for the speaker's desk, there were cries of "Down with him! Down with the tyrant!"

It was as though dogs had tasted blood. All hurled themselves on Robespierre. Billaud-Varennes threw the whole odium for the laws of Prairial on his former associate and, to quote the minutes literally, "all eyes are turned on Robespierre and express the horror he inspires; a general shudder is perceptible." Tallien threatened to stab "this new Cromwell" to the heart should the Convention not punish him. He now denounced others as adherents of Robespierre.

A score of times the hounded man tried to reply. Unanimous cries prevented him from speaking. He grew more and more agitated and furiously waved his arms. "Down with the tyrant!" came in a steady roar. "He turns for a moment to St.-Just," say the minutes, "whose attitude proclaims his despair at seeing himself unmasked and who has no encouragement to offer." Once more he

insisted on the floor, once more all the members cry, "Down with the tyrant!" and at last force him into silence.

All constraint was gone. A member even evoked laughter by ridiculing Robespierre as the one and only defender of Liberty, the martyr, the man of rare modesty. The latter found breath to accuse Tallien of falsehood, then the din silenced him again.

We have a most vivid and detailed account in the *Moniteur* of the scenes that followed: how Robespierre made a mute appeal with his eyes to his former friends of the Mountain, how some remained immovable, others turned away their heads but the great majority showed hostility; how the frantic man then appealed to the whole Assembly against these "bandits" and how finally he shrieked at the president of the Convention: "President of assassins, I demand the floor!" There was a violent commotion. The noise was so great that Robespierre wore himself out with efforts to make himself heard. His voice died away. He seemed at the last gasp. Then a member exclaimed: "It is the blood of Danton that is suffocating him!" This brought Robespierre back to life: " Then it is Danton you are trying to avenge!" he cried, and the tumult began anew.

There was now a demand, first isolated then becoming unanimous, for Robespierre's arrest. He begged them to decree his *death*, and it was declared that he well deserved such a fate. Thereupon the younger Robespierre rushed to his

brother's side and asked to die with him; "both," say the minutes, "their eyes sparkling with rage and seeing the uselessness of a further pretence of calmness, insult, abuse, and threaten the National Assembly."

The whole Convention rose. With an air of fury Robespierre runs to different parts of the hall; he mounts and descends the steps of the platform; he finally falls panting on a chair. His arrest is decreed amid thunders of applause, as is likewise that of Couthon, St.-Just, and Lebas. The ushers are summoned to bring them before the bar.

In the course of the next few hours, all the wildest scenes of the Revolution were re-enacted in swift succession. The tocsin rang, the barriers were closed, the Commune armed its satellites who rescued the Convention's prisoners. Save the paralytic Couthon, they were soon all in the Hotel de Ville.

To the Convention came news that a new Revolutionary government was being set up and that the meeting-place of the Committee of Public Safety was being surrounded. But the Convention itself was upheld now by many of the spectators and by the National Guards and showed a different spirit from what the Legislative Assembly had done on a similar occasion. Hanriot, again a leader of the mob, was arrested, then torn from his captors. The Convention proclaimed Hanriot, as well as the two Robespierres, St.-Just, Lebas, and Couthon, rebels and outlaws to be shot

down by any one at sight. A force of guards was despatched to the Hotel de Ville.

In the National Archives of France is a note, addressed to Couthon and signed by the Robespierres and St.-Just: "Couthon, all the patriots are outlawed; the entire people has risen; it would be treason to it not to come to us at the Commune!"

The cause of the Convention was rapidly gaining. There were deputations, protestations of fidelity, cheers. Word was sent to the guards that before the sun rose the conspirators must be snatched from their retreat and punished. A drenching rain helped to scatter the disorganized mob.

A pall of despair settled down upon the besieged. Then came acts of violence, of self-destruction. Hanriot was thrown from a window by a member of the Council of the Commune for daring to say that all was lost. Robespierre shot himself, shattering his jaw, and Lebas succeeded better with a similar attempt at suicide. St.-Just and some twenty adherents were arrested.

Over at the Tuileries, for a brief moment, the National Convention was thrown into a fresh panic. The president announced "the cowardly Robespierre is there. . . . It is doubtless your will that he do not come in." The suffering man had been borne on a litter to the scene of his former triumphs. A thousand voices cried "No." It was declared that the corpse of the tyrant would bring naught but the plague, that he and his accomplices must be guillotined on the Place de la

Révolution. He was carried to the quarters of the Committee of Public Safety.

One shudders at the accounts of the insults heaped upon the helpless Robespierre: how he was reproached, struck, spat upon, and pricked with knives. He lay long impassive, though suffering terribly; then for a moment the old Adam rose in him mightily. As he was being carried down the great staircase of the Tuileries, he suddenly collected all his strength and struck out savagely at one of his bearers.

He had been recognized as an enemy of his country, and therefore, according to Billaud-Varennes' maxim, needed no trial. Eighty-two of his partisans were guillotined with him.

As the last in our series of symbolical representations we have an allegory called "Equality triumphant or the Triumvirate punished."[1] Underneath is the text:

> Equality with the scales in one hand and the sword in the other hovers over the republic, her foot lightly resting on a level. She crushes the heads of the tyrant Robespierre, the hypocrite Couthon, and the insolent St.-Just. Their agents lie with them in the tomb of ignominy. The National Convention which, in the night from the 9th to the 10th of Thermidor displayed as much courage as virtue in putting down the triumvirs, has saved the country. Let us all repeat with it: Long live the Republic, Liberty, and Equality.

The complete reversal of what Robespierre

[1] Plate 170, p. 437.

might have called "my policies" did not come quite as swiftly as one would have imagined, although the influence of his fall was felt immediately. Space forbids our going into this matter of the reaction in detail, but it is interesting to look at the dates at least of some of the chief legislative acts, remembering that the date of Robespierre's execution was July 28, 1794.

Already on August 5th it was decreed that all categories of suspects not especially designated by the laws of September, 1793, should be at once set at liberty and that the reasons for their arrest should be furnished to those still detained or to their relatives and friends. In October a check was put on the reckless denunciations in the Convention that had caused that body to lose so many of its members.

The Convention was still chary of stirring up the question of the ownership of property confiscated during the Terror, and as late as December, 1794, declared formally that it would admit no demands for reversal of judgments in this matter. But in June, 1795, all confiscations of property made since March, 1793, were annulled, and with certain exceptions, restitution was made either to the owners or their heirs.

The Revolutionary Tribunal still continued in existence for a while, but with many modifications in the severity of the procedure; the accused were allowed not only to call witnesses but also to confront them one with another. In May, 1795, the whole institution was abolished and a return

Plate 170. An allegorical representation of Equality triumphing over Robespierre and his adherents. The workmanship looks like that of David who so recently had glorified Robespierre.

made to the state of affairs in September 1791. On February 21, 1795, freedom of worship was decreed, but within proper bounds. There was to be no state-religion, no salaried clergy, no flaunting of religious emblems.

The penalties against the *émigrés* continued in force, but in April it was decreed that their relatives and friends should be free from molestation.

Women, as we have seen, had played a very great part throughout the Revolution. But in a movement where so much harm was done by the frequent giving way to the excitement of the moment, their influence had been particularly baneful. This the National Convention fully recognized. On May 23, 1795, it had the courage —for it takes courage to oppose a whole sex and deprive it of rights long enjoyed but not worthily exercised—to decree that women might no longer be present at any political assembly and, furthermore, that they should be liable to arrest if they assembled in the streets to the number of more than five. This, then, was the outcome of woman's rights agitation during the Revolution.

In June, 1795, the daughter of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, the last survivor of the royal party that had been incarcerated in the Temple in August, 1792, was formally handed over by agreement to the Austrians. She became the Duchesse d'Angoulême. Her brother, the Dauphin, had died in captivity; or, at all events, not one of the thirty or more pretenders who afterwards cropped up ever succeeded in telling a really

plausible story. Even clever investigators like Le Nôtre and Barbey, who claim to have proved the Dauphin's escape from the Temple, do not profess to follow him farther than the door.

On August, 15, 1795, all sentences passed in Revolutionary matters since March 10, 1793, were revoked and all prisoners ordered to be released, unless the regular courts should have found reason to reindict them, and even then the period of detention already served was to be taken into consideration.

A great step forward was the abolition on August 23, 1795, of the Jacobin Club, and, indeed, of all political clubs or popular societies. The Convention was coming now to the very root of the matter. The name of *sans-culotte* had become odious, and on August 24th the term *sans-culottides* was voted out of the calendar. The priests—those at least who had refused to take the oath in the form required by a law of the 11th of Prairial of the year II—remained unforgiven. Indeed, by a law passed on October 14, 1795, those *émigrés* and refractory priests who had returned to France without permission were formally expelled once more, as well as all pronounced royalists.

There remained two acts of expiation. The surviving members of the Girondist party, so cruelly expelled on June 2, 1793, had been formally received back into the bosom of the Convention, and by decree of October 3, 1795, a day was solemnly consecrated to the memory of forty-

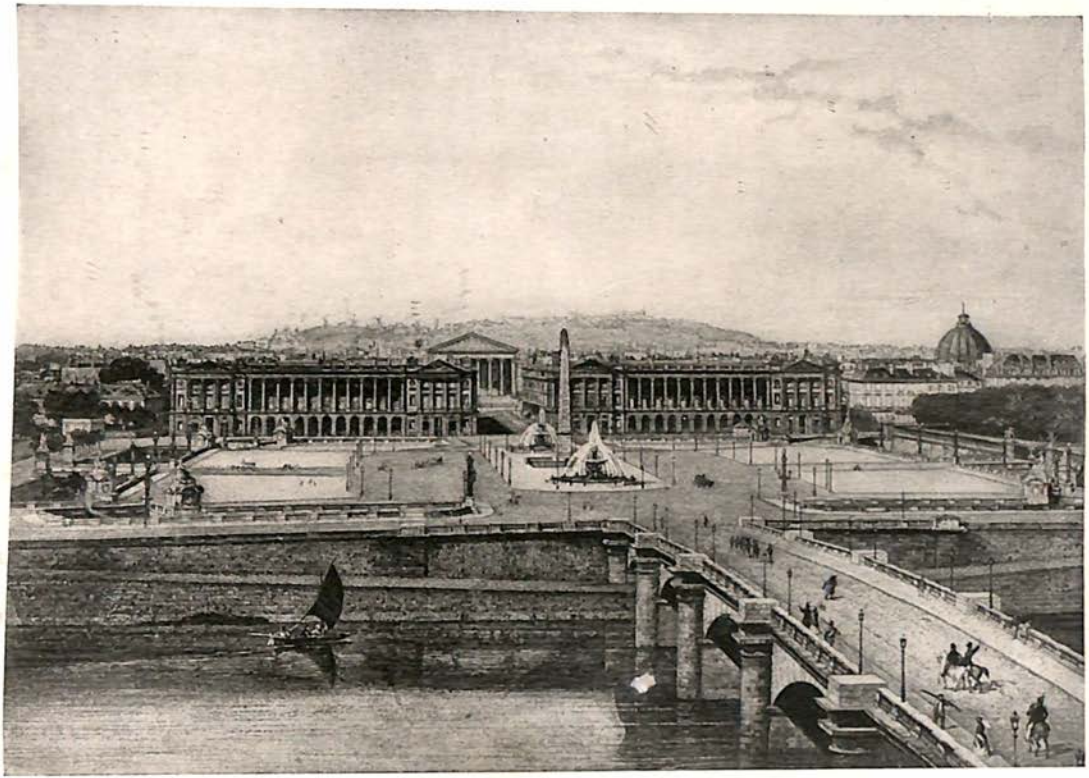

Plate 171. The Place de la Concorde formerly Place de la Révolution and Place Louis XV.

seven of them, who were mentioned by name as having perished in the prisons, or in the fortresses or on the scaffold, or as having taken their own lives "during the tyranny of the decemvirs." We find among them the eloquent Vergniaud, Valazé, Barbaroux, Pétion, Buzot, and Roland.

The last great act was a purely symbolical one—the renaming of what had been the great stage on which the drama of the Revolution had been acted. Once the *Place Louis Quinze*, then the *Place de la Révolution*, it hence-forward was to be the *Place de la Concorde.*[1]

Whatever ingenious historians may say as to the date of the conclusion of the Revolution, the decree of the fourth of Brumaire of the year IV (October 26, 1795) stands there as a great terminal monument. From that day all warrants of arrest, whether served as yet or not, all prosecutions, proceedings, and sentences that had to do with purely Revolutionary matters, were declared null and void. In connection with the naming of the *Place de la Concorde* it was expressly and literally decreed as follows: " The street which *leads to* this *Place* shall bear the name of *Rue de la Révolution*," meaning that the old troubled epoch had served its turn, but was now superseded.

[1] Plate 171, p. 440.

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